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SOME RECOLLECTIONS

BY VISCOUNT HALDANE

[It must be borne in mind by American readers that Lord Haldane, then Mr. Haldane, joined the Cabinet of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman as Secretary of State for War, in 1905, and continued to hold that portfolio under Mr. Asquith, after Sir Henry's death, until 1912, having been raised to the peerage in 1911 in recognition of his eminent services. In 1912 he became Lord Chancellor, retiring from that high office on the formation of the first Coalition Ministry in 1915.

— THE EDITORS.]

I

MANY things that happened in the years just before 1914, as well as the events of the Great War itself, are still too close to permit of our studying them in their full context. But before much time has passed the historians will have accumulated material that will overflow their libraries, and their hands will remain occupied for generations to come. At this moment all that can safely be attempted is that actual observers should set down what they have themselves observed. For there has rarely been a time when the juridical maxim that 'hearsay is not evidence' ought to be more sternly insisted on.

If I now venture to set down what follows in these pages, it is because I

had certain opportunities for forming a judgment at first hand for myself. I am not referring to the circumstance that for a brief period I once, long ago, lived the life of a student at a German university, or that I was frequently in Germany in the years that followed. Nor do I mean that I have tried to explore German habits of reflection, as they may be studied in the literature of Germany. Other people have done all these things more thoroughly and more extensively than I. What I do mean is that from the end of 1905 to the summer of 1912 I had special opportunities for direct observation of quite another kind. During that period I was Secretary of State for War in Great Britain, and from 1912 to April, 1915, I was the holder of another office and a member of the British Cabinet. During the first of these periods it fell to me to work out the military organization that would be required to ensure, as far as was practicable, against risk, should those strenuous efforts fail into which Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, had thrown his strength. He was endeavoring with all his might to guard the peace of Europe from danger. As he and I had for many years been on terms of close intimacy, it was not unnatural that he should ask me to do what I could by helping in some of the diplo-

matic work which was his, as well as by engaging in my own special task. Indeed, the two phases of activity could hardly be wholly separable.

I was not in Germany after May, 1912, for the duties of Lord Chancellor, which office I then entered on, made it unconstitutional for me to leave the United Kingdom, save under such exceptional conditions as were conceded by the King and the Cabinet when, in the autumn of 1913, I made a brief, yet to me ever-memorable, visit to the United States and Canada. But in 1906, while War Minister, I paid, on the invitation of the German Emperor, a visit to him at Berlin, to which city I went on after previously staying with King Edward at Marienbad, where he and the then Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, were resting.

While at Berlin I saw much of the Emperor, and I also saw certain of his ministers, notably Prince von Bülow, Herr von Tschirsky, and General von Einem, the first being at that time Chancellor, and the last two being respectively the Foreign and War Ministers. I was invited to look over for myself the organization of the German War Office, which I wished to study for purposes of reform at home; and this I did in some detail, in company with an expert adviser from my personal staff, Colonel Ellison, my military private secretary, who accompanied me on this journey. There the authorities explained to us the general nature of the organization for rapid mobilization which had been developed under the great von Moltke, and subsequently carried further. The character of this organization was, in its general features, no secret in Germany, although it was somewhat unfamiliar in Anglo-Saxon countries; and it interested my adviser and myself intensely.

At that time there was an active militarist party in Germany, which of

course was not wholly pleased at the friendly reception which we met with from the Emperor and from crowds in the streets of Berlin. We were well aware of the activity of this party. But it stood then unmistakably for a minority, and I formed the opinion that those who wanted Germany to remain at peace, quite as much as to be strong, had at least an excellent chance of keeping their feet. I realized, and had done so for years past, that it was not merely because of the *beaux yeux* of foreign peoples that Germany desired to maintain good relations all round. She had become fully conscious of a growing superiority in the application to industry of scientific knowledge, and in power founded on it to organize her resources; and her rulers hoped, and not without good ground, to succeed by these means in the peaceful penetration of the world.

I had personally for some time been busy in pushing the then somewhat coldly received claims for a better system of education, higher and technical as well as elementary, among my own countrymen, and had met with some success in pressing the establishment of teaching universities and of technical colleges, such as the new Imperial College of Science and Technology, at South Kensington. Of these we had very substantially increased the number during the eight years which preceded my visit to Berlin; but I had learned from visits of inspection to Germany that much more remained to be done before we could secure our commercial and industrial position against the unhesitating but unrelenting efforts of our formidable competitor.

As to the German people outside of official circles and the universities, I thought of them what I think of them now. They were very much like our own people, except in one thing. This was that they were trained simply to

obey, and to carry out whatever they were told by their rulers. I used, during numerous unofficial tours in Germany, to wander about *incognito*, and to smoke and drink beer with the peasants and the people whenever I could get the chance. What impressed me was the small part they had in directing their own government, and the little they knew about what it was doing. There was a general disposition to accept, as a definition of duty which must not be questioned, whatever they were told to do by the *Vorstand*. It is this habit of mind, dating back to the days of Frederick the Great, with only occasional and brief interruptions, which has led many people to think that the German people at large have in them 'a double dose of original sin.' Even when their soldiers have been exceptionally brutal in methods of warfare, I do not think that this is so. The habit of mind which prevails is that of always looking to the rulers for orders, and the brutality has been that enjoined — in accordance with its own military policy of shortening war by making it terrible to the enemy — by the General Staff of Germany, a body before whose injunctions even the Emperor, so far as my observation goes, has always bowed.

II

But I must now return to my formal visit to Berlin in the autumn of 1906. I was, as I have already said, everywhere cordially welcomed, and at the end the heads of the German army entertained me at a dinner in the War Office, at which the War Minister presided, and there was present, among others, the chief of the German General Staff. They were all friendly. I do not think that my impression was wrong that even the responsible heads of the army were then looking almost entirely to 'peaceful penetration,' with only

moral assistance from the prestige attaching to the possession of great armed forces in reserve. Our business in the United Kingdom was, therefore, to see that we were prepared for perils which might unexpectedly arise out of this policy, and not less, by developing our educational and industrial organization, to make ourselves fit to meet the greater likelihood of a coming keen competition in peaceful arts.

One thing that seemed to me essential for the preservation of good relations was that cordial and frequent intercourse between the people of the two countries should be encouraged and developed. I set myself in my speeches to avoid all expressions which might be construed as suggesting a critical attitude on our part, or a failure to recognize the existence of peaceful ideas among what was then, as I still think, a large majority of the people of Germany. The attitude of some newspapers in England, and still more that of the Chauvinist minority in Germany itself, made this a somewhat difficult task. But there were good people in those days in Germany as well as in England, and the United States might be counted on as likely to coöperate in discouraging friction.

Meanwhile there was the chance that the course of this policy might be interrupted by some event which we could not control. A conversation with the then chief of the German General Staff, General von Moltke, the nephew of the great man of that name, satisfied me that he did not really look with any pleasurable military expectation to the results of a war with the United Kingdom alone. It would, he observed to me, be in his opinion a long and possibly indecisive war, and must result in much of the overseas trade of both countries passing to a *tertius gaudens*, by which he meant the United States.

I had little doubt that what he said

to me on this occasion represented his real opinion. But I had in my mind the apprehension of an emergency of a different nature. Germany was more likely to attack France than ourselves. The Emperor had told me that, although he was trying to develop good relations with France, he was finding it difficult. This seemed to me ominous. The paradox presented itself that a war with Germany in which we were alone would be easier than a war in which France was attacked along with us; for if Germany succeeded in overrunning France, she might establish naval bases on the northern Channel ports of that country, quite close to our shores, and so, with the possible aid of the submarines, long-range guns, and air-machines of the future, interfere materially with our naval position in the Channel and our naval defenses against invasion.

I knew, too, that the French Government was apprehensive. In the historical speech which Sir Edward Grey made on August 3, 1914, the day before the British Government directed Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador in Berlin, to ask for his passports, he informed the House of Commons that as early as January, 1906, the French Government, after the Morocco difficulty, had drawn his attention to the international situation. It had informed him that it considered the danger of an attack on France by Germany to be a real one, and had inquired whether, in the event of an unprovoked attack, Great Britain would think that she had so much at stake as to make her willing to join in resisting it. If this were to be even a possible attitude for Great Britain, the French Government had intimated to him that it was in its opinion desirable that conversations should take place between the General Staff of France and the newly created General Staff of Great Britain, as to the form

which military coöperation in resisting invasion of the northern portions of France might best assume. We had a great navy and the French had a great army. But our navy could not operate on land, and the French army, although large, was not so large as that which Germany, with her superior resources in population, commanded. Could we then reconsider our military organization, so that we might be able rapidly to dispatch, if we ever thought it necessary in our own interests, say, 100,000 men in a well-formed army, not to invade Belgium, which no one thought of doing, but to guard the French frontier of Belgium in case the German army should seek to enter France in that way. If the German attack were made farther south, where the French chain of modern fortresses had rendered their defensive positions strong, the French army would then be able, being set free from the difficulty of mustering in full strength opposite Belgium, to guard the southern frontier.

Sir Edward Grey consulted the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, and myself as War Minister, and I was instructed, in January, 1906, a month after assuming office, to take the examination of the question in hand. This occurred in the middle of the general election which was then in progress. I went at once to London and summoned the heads of the British General Staff and saw the French military attaché, Colonel Huguet, a man of sense and ability. I became aware at once that there was a new army problem. It was, how to mobilize and concentrate at a place of assembly to be opposite the Belgian frontier, a force calculated as adequate (with the assistance of Russian pressure in the East) to make up for the inadequacy of the French armies for their great task of defending the entire French frontier from

Dunkirk down to Belfort — or even farther south, if Italy should join the Triple Alliance in an attack.

But an investigation of a searching character presently revealed great deficiencies in the British military organization of those days. We had never contemplated the preparation of armies for warfare of the Continental type. The older generals had not been trained to this problem. We had, it was true, excellent troops in India and elsewhere. These were required as outposts for Imperial defense. As they had to serve for long periods and to be thoroughly trained, they had to be professional soldiers, engaged to serve in most cases for seven years with the colors and afterwards for five in the reserve. They were highly trained men, and there was a good reserve of them at home. But that reserve was not organized in the great self-contained divisions which would be required for fighting against armies organized for rapid action on modern Continental principles. Its formations in peacetime were not those which would be required in such a war. There was in addition a serious defect in the artillery organization which would have prevented more than a comparatively small number of batteries (about forty-two only in point of fact) being quickly placed on a war footing. The transport and supply and the medical services were as deficient as the artillery.

In short, the close investigation we made at that time disclosed that it was, under the then existing circumstances, not possible to put in the field more than about 80,000 men, and even these only after an interval of over two months, which would be required for conversion of our isolated units into the new war-formations of an army fit to take the field against the German first line of active corps. The French naturally thought that a machine so

slow-moving would be of little use to them. They might have been destroyed before it could begin to operate effectively. Both she and Germany had organized on the basis that modern Continental warfare had become a high science. Hitherto we had not, and it was only our younger generals who had even studied this science.

There was therefore nothing for it but to attempt a complete revolution in the organization of the British army at home. The nascent General Staff was finally organized in September, 1906, and its organization was shortly afterwards developed so as to extend to the entire Empire, as soon as a conference had taken place with the ministers of the Dominions early in the following year. The outcome was a complete recasting, which, after three years' work, made it practicable rapidly to mobilize, not only 100,000, but 160,000 men; to transport them, with the aid of the navy, to a place of concentration which had been settled between the staffs of France and Britain; and to have them at their appointed place within twelve days, an interval based on what the Germany army required on its side for a corresponding concentration.

All the arrangements for this were worked out by the end of 1910. Both Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig took an active part in the work. Behind the first-line army so organized, a second-line army of larger size, though far less trained, and so designed that it could be expanded, was organized. This was the citizen, or 'Territorial,' army, consisting in time of peace of fourteen divisions of infantry and artillery and fourteen brigades of cavalry, with the appropriate medical, sanitary, transport, and other auxiliary services. Those serving in this second-line army were civilians, and of course much less disciplined than the officers and men of

the first line. Its primary function was home defense, but its members were encouraged to undertake for service abroad, if necessary; and in point of fact a large part of this army fought in France, Flanders, and the East soon after the beginning of the war, in great measure making up by their intelligence for the shortness of their training.

To say, therefore, that we were caught unprepared is not accurate. Compulsory service in a period of peace was out of the question for us. Moreover, it would have taken at least thirty years to organize, and meanwhile we should have been weaker than without it. We had studied the situation and had done the only thing that, after full deliberation, we thought we could do. Our main strength was in our navy and its tradition. Our secondary contribution was a small army fashioned to fulfil a scientifically measured function. It was of course a very small army, but it had a scientific organization, on the basis of which a great expansion was possible. After all, what we set ourselves to accomplish we did accomplish. If the margin by which a just sufficient success was attained in the early days of the war seems to-day narrow, the reason of the narrow margin lay largely in the unprepared condition of the armies of Russia, on which we and France had reckoned for rapid coöperation. Anyhow, we fulfilled our contract, for at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, August 3, 1914, we mobilized without a hitch the whole of the Expeditionary Force, amounting to six divisions and nearly two cavalry divisions, and began its transport over the Channel when war was declared thirty-six hours later. We also at the same time successfully mobilized the Territorial force and other units, the whole amounting to over half a million men. The navy was already in its war stations, and there was no delay at all in putting

what we had prepared into operation.

I speak of this with direct knowledge, for as the Prime Minister, who was holding temporarily the seals of the War Department, was overwhelmed with business, he asked me, though Lord Chancellor, to go to the War Office and give directions for the mobilization of the machinery with which I was so familiar; and I did so on the morning of Monday, August 3, and a day later handed it over, in working order, to Lord Kitchener.

III

I now return to what was the main object of British foreign policy between 1905 and 1914, the prevention of the danger of any outbreak with Germany. Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, worked strenuously with this object. If France was overrun, our island security would be at least diminished, and he had therefore, in addition to his anxiety to avert a general war, a direct national interest to strive for, in the preservation of peace between Germany and France. Ever since the mutilation which the latter country had suffered, as the outcome of the War of 1870, she had felt sore, and her relations with Germany were not easy. But she did not seek a war of revenge. It would have been too full of risk even if she had not desired peace, the Franco-Russian Dual Alliance notwithstanding. The notion of an encirclement of Germany, excepting in defense against aggression by Germany herself, existed only in the minds of nervous Germans. Still, there was suspicion, and the question was, how to get rid of it.

I have already referred to the visit I paid to the Emperor at Berlin in the autumn of 1906. He invited me to a review which he held of his troops there, and in the course of it rode up to the carriage in which I was seated and

said, 'A splendid machine I have in this army, Mr. Haldane; now is n't it so? And what could I do without it, situated as I am between the Russians and the French? But the French are your allies — are they not? so I beg pardon.'

I shook my head and smiled deprecatingly, and replied that, were I in His Majesty's place, I should in any case feel safe from attack with the possession of this machine, and that for my own part I enjoyed being behind it much more than if I had to be in front of it.

Next day at the Schloss he talked to me fully and cordially. What follows I extract from the record I made after the conversation in my diaries, which were kept by desire of King Edward, and which were printed by the government on my return to London.

He spoke of the Anglo-French Entente. He said that it would be wrong to infer that he had any critical thought about our entente with France. On the contrary he believed that it might even facilitate good relations between France and Germany. He wished for these good relations, and was taking steps through gentlemen of high position in France to obtain them. Not one inch more of French territory would he ever covet. Alsace and Lorraine originally had been German, and now even the least German of the two, Lorraine, because it preferred a monarchy to a republic, was welcoming him enthusiastically whenever he went there. That he should have gone to Tangier, where both English and French welcomed him, was quite natural. He desired no quarrel, and the whole fault was Delcassé's, who had wanted to pick a quarrel and bring England into it.

I told the Emperor that, if he would allow me to speak my mind freely, I would do so. He assented, and I said to him that his attitude had caused great uneasiness in England, and that this, and not any notion of forming a tri-

partite alliance of France, Russia, and England against him, was the reason of the feeling there had been. We were bound by no military alliance. As for our entente, some time since we had had difficulties with France over Newfoundland and Egypt, and we had made a good business arrangement (*gutes Geschäft*) about these complicated matters of detail, and had simply carried out our word to France.

He said that he had no criticism to make on this, except that, if we had told him so early, there would have been no misunderstanding. Things were better now, but we had not always been pleasant to him and ready to meet him. His army was for defense, not for offense. As to Russia, he had no Himalayas between him and Russia, more was the pity. Now what about our Two-Power standard? (All this was said with earnestness, but in a friendly way, the Emperor laying his finger on my shoulder as he spoke. Sometimes the conversation was in German, but more often in English.)

I said that our fleet was like His Majesty's army. It was of the *Wesen* of the nation, and the Two-Power standard, while it might be rigid and so awkward, was a way of maintaining a deep-seated national tradition, and a Liberal government must hold to it as firmly as a Conservative. Both countries were increasing in wealth, — ours, like Germany, very rapidly, — and if Germany built, we must build. But, I added, there was an excellent opportunity for coöperation in other things. I instanced international free-trade developments, which would smooth other relations.

The Emperor agreed. He was convinced that free trade was the true policy for Germany also, but Germany could not go so quickly here as England had gone.

I referred to Friedrich List's great

book as illustrating how military and geographical considerations had affected matters for Germany in this connection.

The Emperor then spoke of Chamberlain's policy of Tariff Reform, and said that it had caused him anxiety.

I replied that with care we might avoid any real bad feeling over trade. The undeveloped markets of the world were enormous, and we wanted no more of the surface of the globe than we had got.

The Emperor's reply was that what he sought after was not territory but trade-expansion. He quoted Goethe to the effect that if a nation wanted anything it must concentrate and act from within the sphere of its concentration.

We then spoke of the fifty millions sterling per annum of chemical trade which Germany had got away from us. I said that this was thoroughly justified as the result of the practical application of high German science.

'That,' said he, 'I delight to think, because it is legitimate and to the credit of my people.'

I agreed, and said that similarly we had got the best of the world's ship-building. Each nation had something to learn.

The Emperor then passed to the topic of the Hague Conference, trusting that disarmament would not be proposed. If so, he could not go in.

I observed that the word 'disarmament' was perhaps unfortunately chosen.

'The best testimony,' said the Emperor, 'to my earnest desire for peace is that I have had no war, though I should have had war if I had not earnestly striven to avoid it.'

Throughout the conversation, which was as animated as it was long, the Emperor was cordial and agreeable. He expressed the wish that more English ministers would visit Berlin, and

that he might see more of our Royal Family. I left the palace at 3.30 P.M., having gone there at once.

On another day during this visit Prince von Bülow, who was then Chancellor, called on me. I was out, but found him later at the Schloss and had a conversation with him. He said to me that both the Emperor and himself were thoroughly aware of the desire of King Edward and his government to maintain the new relations with France in their integrity, and that, in the best German opinion, this was no obstacle to building up close relations with Germany also.

I said that this was the view held on our side, too, and that the only danger lay in trying to force everything at once. Too great haste was to be deprecated.

He said that he entirely agreed, and quoted Prince Bismarck, who had laid it down that you cannot make a flower grow any sooner by putting fire to heat it.

I said that, none the less, frequent and cordial interchanges of view were very important, and that not even the smallest matters should be neglected.

He alluded with satisfaction to my personal relations with the German Ambassador in London, Count Metternich.

I begged him, if there were any small matters which were too minute to take up officially, but which seemed unsatisfactory, to let me know of them in a private capacity through Count Metternich. This I did because I had discovered some soreness at restrictions which had been placed on the attendance of German military officers at manoeuvres in England, and I had found that there had been some reprisals. I did not refer to these, but said that I had the authority of the sovereign to give assistance to German officers who were sent over to the manoeuvres to study them. I said that

while our army was small, compared with theirs, it had had great experience in the conduct of small expeditions, and that there were in consequence some things worth seeing.

He then spoke of the navy. It was natural that with the increase of German commerce Germany should wish to increase her fleet, — from a sea-police point of view, — but that they had neither the wish, nor, having regard to the strain their great army put on their resources, the power to build against Great Britain.

I said that the best opinion in England fully understood this attitude, and that we did not in the least misinterpret their recent progress, nor would he misinterpret our resolve to maintain, for purely defensive purposes, our navy at a Two-Power standard. Some day, I said, there might be rivalry, but I thought that we might assume that, if it ever happened, it would not be for many years, and that our policy for the present was strongly for Free Trade, so that, the more Germany exported to Great Britain and British possessions, the more we should export in exchange to her.

He expressed himself pleased that I should say this, and added that he was confident that a couple of years' interchange of friendly communications in this spirit would produce a great development, and perhaps lead for both of us to pleasant relations with other powers also.

There were during this visit in 1906 other conversations of which a record was preserved, but I have referred to the most important, and I will only mention, in concluding my account of these days in Berlin in September, 1906, the talk I had with the Foreign Minister, Herr von Tschirsky, afterwards the German Ambassador at Vienna before the war, and reported as having been a fomentor of the Austrian outbreak

against Serbia. He may have been anti-Slav and anti-Russian, but I did not find him, in the long conversation we had in 1906, otherwise than sensible as regards France.

I explained that my business in Berlin was merely with War-Office matters, and, even as regards these, quite unofficial.

He said that there had been much tendency to misinterpret in both countries, but that things were now better. I might take it that our precision about the entente with France, and our desire to rest firmly on the arrangement we had made, were understood in Germany, and that it was realized that we were not likely to be able to build up anything with his own country which did not rest on this basis. But he thought, and the Emperor agreed, that the entente was no hindrance to all that was necessary between Germany and England, which was not an alliance but a thoroughly good business understanding. Some day we might come into conflict, if care was not taken; but if care was taken, there was no need of it.

I said that I believed this to be Sir Edward Grey's view also, and that he was anxious to communicate with the German Government beforehand whenever there was a chance of German interests being touched.

He went on to speak of the approaching Hague Conference, and of the difficulty Germany would have if asked to alter the proportion of her army to her population, a proportion which rested on a fundamental law. For Germany to stand alone would be to put herself in a hole, and it would be a friendly act if we could devise some way out of a definite vote on reduction. Germany might well enter a conference to record and emphasize the improvement all round in international relations, the desirability of further developing this improvement, and the hope that with it the

growth of armaments would cease. But he was afraid of the kind of initiative which was likely to come from America. The United States had no sympathy with European military and naval difficulties.

I said that I thought that we too, as a government, were pledged to try to bring about something more definite than what he suggested as a limit, but that I would report what he had told me.

He then passed to general topics. He was emphatic in his assurance that what Germany wanted was increase of commercial development. Let the nations avoid inflicting pin-pricks, and leave each other free to breathe the air. He said that he thought we might have opportunities of helping them to get the French into an easier mood. They were difficult and suspicious, he observed, and it was hard to transact business with them, for they made trouble over small points.

On my return to London I sent to Herr von Tschirsky some English newspapers containing articles of a friendly tone, so far as the preservation of good relations was concerned. He replied in a letter from which I translate the material portion.

'I see with pleasure from the articles which Your Excellency has sent me for His Majesty, and from other expressions of public opinion in English newspapers, that in the leading Liberal papers of England a more friendly tone toward Germany is making itself apparent. You would have been able to derive the same impression from reading our newspapers, with the exception of a few Pan-German prints. Alas, papers like the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and *Standard* cannot bring themselves to refrain from their attitude of dislike, and are always rejoicing in being suspicious of every action of the Imperial Government. They contribute in this

fashion appreciably to render weak the new tone of diminishing misunderstanding which has arisen between the two countries. If I fear that, under these circumstances, it will be a long time before mutual understanding has grown up to the point at which it stood more than a century ago, and as you and I desire it in the well-understood interests of England and Germany, still I hope and am persuaded that the relations of the two governments will remain good.'

IV

A year after the visit I had paid to Berlin, the Emperor came over to stay with King Edward at Windsor. This was in November, 1907. The visit lasted several days, and I was present most of the time. The Emperor was accompanied by Baron von Schoen, who had become Foreign Minister of Prussia after having been Ambassador to the Court of Russia, and by General von Einem, the War Minister, whose inclusion in the invitation I had ventured to suggest to the King, as an acknowledgment of his civility to myself as War Minister when in Berlin. There were also at Windsor Count Metternich and several high military officers of the Emperor's personal staff and military cabinet. To these officers and to the War Minister I showed all the hospitality I could in London, and I received them officially at the War Office.

But the really interesting incident of this visit, so far as I was concerned, took place at Windsor. The first evening of my visit there, just after his arrival in November, the Emperor took me aside, and said he was sorry that there was a good deal of friction over the Bagdad Railway, and that he did not know what we wanted as a basis for coöperation.

I said that I could not answer for the Foreign Office, but that, speaking as

War Minister, one thing I knew we wanted was a 'gate' to protect India from troops coming down the new railway. He asked me what I meant by a 'gate,' and I said that meant the control of the section which would come near to the Persian Gulf. 'I will give you the "gate,"' replied the Emperor.

I had no opportunity at the moment, which was just before dinner, for pursuing the conversation further, but I thought the answer too important not to be followed up. There were private theatricals after dinner, which lasted till nearly one o'clock in the morning. I was seated in the theatre of the Castle just behind the Emperor, and, as the company broke up, I went forward and asked him whether he really meant seriously that he was willing to give us the 'gate'; because, if he did mean it, I would go to London early, and see Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office.

Next morning, about 7.30 o'clock, a helmeted guardsman, one of those whom the Emperor had brought over with him from Berlin, knocked loudly at the door and came into my bedroom, and said that he had a message from the Emperor. It was that he did mean what he had said the night before. I at once got up and caught a train for London. There I saw the Foreign Secretary, who, after taking time to think things over, gave me a memorandum he had drawn up. The substance of it was that the British Government would be very glad to discuss the Emperor's suggestion, but that it would be necessary, before making a settlement, to bring into the discussion France and Russia, whose interests also were involved. I was requested to sound the Emperor further.

After telling King Edward of what was happening, I had a further conversation in Windsor Castle with the Emperor, who said that he feared that the bringing in of Russia particularly,

not to speak of France, would cause difficulty; but he asked me to come that night, after a performance that was to take place in the Castle theatre had ended, to his apartments, to a meeting to which he would summon the ministers he had brought with him. He took the memorandum which I had brought from London, a copy of which I had made for him in my own handwriting, so as to present it as the informal document it was intended to be. Just before dinner Baron von Schoen spoke to me, and told me that he had heard from the Emperor what had happened, and that the Emperor was wrong in thinking that the attempt to bring in Russia would lead to difficulty, because he, Baron von Schoen, when he was Ambassador to Russia, had already discussed the general question with its government, and had virtually come to an understanding. At the meeting that night we could therefore go on to negotiate.

I attended the Emperor in his state rooms at the Castle at one o'clock in the morning, and sat smoking with him and his ministers for over two hours. His Foreign Minister and Count Metternich and the War Minister, von Einem, were present. I said that I felt myself an intruder, because it was very much like being present at a sitting of his Cabinet. He replied, 'Be a member of my Cabinet for the evening.' I said that I was quite agreeable.

They then engaged in a very animated conversation, some of them challenging the proposal of the Emperor to accept the British suggestions, with an outspokenness which would have astonished the outside world, with its notions of Teutonic autocracy. Count Metternich did not at all like what I suggested, that there should be a conference in Berlin on the subject of the Bagdad Railway between England, France, Russia, and Germany.

In the end, but not until after much keen argument, the idea was accepted, and the Emperor directed von Schoen to go next morning to London and make an official proposal to Sir Edward Grey. This was carried out, and the preliminary details were discussed between von Schoen and Sir Edward at the Foreign Office.

Some weeks afterward difficulties were raised from Berlin. Germany said that she was ready to discuss with the British Government the question of the terminal portion of the railway, but she did not desire to bring the other two powers into that discussion, because the conference would probably fail and accentuate the differences between her and the other powers.

The matter thus came to an end. It was, I think, a great pity, because I have reason to believe that the French view was that, if the Bagdad Railway question could have been settled, one great obstacle in the way of reconciling German with French and English interests would have disappeared. I came to the conclusion afterward that it was due to Prince von Bülow that the proposal had come to an untimely end. Whether he did not wish for an expanded entente; whether the feeling was strong in Germany that the Bagdad Railway had become a specially German concern and should not be shared; or what other reason he may have had, I do not know; but it was from Berlin, after the Emperor's return there at the end of November, 1907, that the negotiations were finally blocked.

V

Although these negotiations had no definite result, they assisted in promoting increasing frankness between the two Foreign Offices, and other things went with more smoothness. Sir Edward Grey kept France and Russia in-

formed of all we did, and he was also very open with the Germans. Until well on in 1911 all went satisfactorily. In the early part of that year the Emperor came to London to visit the present King, who had by that time succeeded to the throne. I had ventured to propose to the King that during the Emperor's visit I should, as War Minister, give a luncheon to the generals who were on his staff. But when the Emperor heard of this, he sent a message that he would like to come and lunch with me himself, and to meet people whom otherwise he might not see.

I acted on my own discretion, and when he came to luncheon at my house in Queen Anne's Gate, I had a somewhat widely selected party of about a dozen to meet him. For it included not only Lord Morley, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Curzon, whom he was sure to meet elsewhere, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was then leading the Labor Party, Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, our greatest naval commander, Lord Moulton, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Spender, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, and others representing varied types of British opinion. The Emperor engaged in conversation with everyone, and all went with smoothness.

He had a great reception in London. But enthusiasm about him was somewhat damped when, in July, 1911, not long after his return to Germany, he sent the afterwards famous warship *Panther* to Agadir. The French were naturally alarmed, and the situation which had become so promising was overcast. Our naval arrangements and our new military organization were ready, and our mobilization plans were fairly complete, as the German General Staff knew from their military attaché. But the point was, how to avoid an outbreak, and to get rid of the feeling and

friction to which the Agadir crisis was giving rise. Our growing good relations were temporarily clouded.

In the winter, after the actual crisis had been got over, there was evidence of continuing ill-feeling in Germany, and the suspicion in London did not diminish. In January, 1912, an informal message was given by the Emperor to Sir Ernest Cassel, for transmission, if possible, through one of my colleagues to the Foreign Office. I knew nothing of this at the time, but learned shortly afterward that it was to the effect that the Emperor was concerned at the state of feeling that had arisen in both countries, and thought that the most hopeful method of improving matters would be that the Cabinet of St. James's should exchange views directly with the Cabinet of Berlin.

For this course there was a good deal to be said. The peace had indeed been preserved, but, as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg told me later on, not without effort. Germany's attitude toward France had seemed menacing. The British Government had done its utmost to avert a breach, but its sympathy was naturally opposed to the language used in Germany, the spirit of which seemed to us to have in it an aggressive element; and we did not hesitate to say what we thought about this.

Even after the Agadir incident was quite closed, the tension between Germany and England had not passed away. The military party in the former country began to talk of a 'preventive' war pretty loudly. Even so moderate an organ in Berlin as the *Post* wrote of German opinion that 'we all know that blood is assuredly about to be shed, and the longer we wait the more there will be. Few, however, have the courage to imitate Frederick the Great, and not one dares the deed.'

The Emperor therefore sent his message in the beginning of 1912, to the

effect that feeling had become so much excited that it was not enough to rely on the ordinary diplomatic intercourse for softening it, and that he was anxious for an exchange of views between the Cabinets of Berlin and London, of a personal and direct kind. As the result of this intimation, the British Cabinet decided to send one of its members to Berlin to hold 'conversations,' with a view to exploring and, if practicable, softening the causes of tension, and I was requested by the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey and my other colleagues, to go to Berlin and undertake the task. Our Ambassador there came over to London specially to discuss arrangements, and he returned to Berlin to make them, before I started.

I arrived in the German capital on February 8, 1912, and spent some days in interviews with the Emperor, the Imperial Chancellor, the Naval Minister (Admiral von Tirpitz), and others of the Emperor's ministry. The narrative of my conversations I have extracted from the records I made after each interview, for the preservation, so far as possible, of the words used at it.

My first interview was one with Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor. We met in the British Embassy, and the conversation, which was quite informal, was a full and agreeable one. My impression — and I still retain it — was that Bethmann-Hollweg was then as sincerely desirous of avoiding war as I was myself. I told him of certain dangers quite frankly, and he listened and replied with what seemed to me to be a full understanding of our position. I said that the increasing action of Prussia in piling up magnificent armaments was of course within the unfettered rights of the German people. But the policy had an inevitable consequence in the drawing together of other nations in the interests of their own security. This

was what was happening. I told him frankly that we had made naval and military preparations, but only such as defense required, and as would be considered in Germany matter of routine. I went on to observe that our faces were set against aggression by any nation, and I told him, what seemed to relieve his mind, that we had no secret military treaties. But, I added, if France were attacked and an attempt made to occupy her territory, our neutrality must not be reckoned on by Germany. For one thing, it was obvious that our position as an island protected by the sea would be affected seriously if Germany has possession of the Channel ports on the northern shores of France. Again, we were under treaty obligation to come to the aid of Belgium in case of invasion, just as we were bound to defend Portugal and Japan in certain eventualities. In the third place, owing to our dependence on freedom of sea-communications for food and raw materials, we could not sit still if Germany elected to develop her fleet to such an extent as to imperil our naval protection. She might build more ships, but we should in that case lay down two keels for each one she laid down.

The Chancellor said that he did not take my observations at all in bad part, but I must understand that his admirals and generals were pretty difficult.

I replied that the difficulty would be felt at least as much with the admirals and generals in my own country.

The Chancellor, in the course of our talk, proposed a formula of neutrality to which I will refer later on.

VI

I left the Chancellor with the sense that I had been talking with an honest man struggling somewhat with adversity. However, next day I was summoned to luncheon with the Emperor

and Empress at the Schloss, and afterward had a long interview, which lasted nearly three hours, with the Emperor and Admiral von Tirpitz in the Emperor's cabinet room. The conversation was in German, and was confined to naval questions. My reception by the Emperor was very agreeable; that by Tirpitz seemed to me a little strained. The question was, whether Germany must not continue her programme for expanding her fleet. What that programme really amounted to, we had not known in London, except that it included an increase in battleships; but the Emperor handed me at this meeting a confidential copy of the draft of the proposed new Fleet Law, with an intimation that he had no objection to my communicating it privately to my colleagues. I was careful to abstain even from looking at it then, for I saw that, from its complexity and bulk, it would require careful study. So I simply put it in my pocket. But I repeated what I had said to the Chancellor, that the necessity for secure sea-communications rendered it necessary for us to be able to protect ourselves on the seas. Germany was quite free to do as she pleased, but so were we, and we should probably lay down two keels for every one which she added to her programme. The initiative in slackening competition was really not with us but with Germany. Any agreement for settling our differences and introducing a new spirit into the relations of the two nations would be bones without flesh if Germany began by fresh shipbuilding, and so forced us to do twice as much. Indeed, the world would laugh at such an agreement, and our people would think that we had been fooled. I did not myself take that view, because I thought that the mere fact of an agreement was valuable. But the Emperor would see that the public would attach little importance to his action unless the agree-

ment largely modified what it believed to be his shipbuilding programme.

We then discussed the proposal of the German Admiralty concerning a new programme. Von Tirpitz struggled for it. I insisted that fundamental modification was essential if better relations were to ensue. The tone was friendly, but I felt that I was up against the crucial part of my task. The admiral wanted us to enter into some understanding about our own shipbuilding. He thought the Two-Power standard a hard one for Germany, and indeed Germany could not make any admission about it.

I said it was not matter for admissions. They were free and so were we, and we must for the sake of our safety remain so. The idea then occurred to us that, as we should never agree about it, we should avoid defining a standard proportion in any general agreement that we might come to, and indeed say nothing in it about shipbuilding; but that the Emperor should announce to the German public that the agreement on general questions, if we should have concluded one, had entirely modified his wish for the new Fleet Law, as originally conceived, and that it should be delayed, and future shipbuilding should at least be spread over a longer period.

The Emperor thought such an agreement would certainly make a great difference, and he informed me that his Chancellor would propose a formula as a basis for it. I said that I would see the Chancellor and discuss a possible formula, as well as territorial and other questions with him, and would then return to London and report to the King (from whom I had brought him a special and friendly message) and to my colleagues the good disposition I had found, and leave the difficulties about shipbuilding, and indeed all other matters, to their judgment. For I had come to Berlin, not to make an actual agree-

ment, but only to explore the ground for one, with the Emperor and his ministers. I had been struck with the friendly disposition in Berlin, and a not less friendly disposition would be found in London.

The evening after my interview with the Emperor I dined with the Chancellor. I met there and talked with several prominent politicians, soldiers, and men of letters, including Kiderlen-Waechter (the then Foreign Secretary), the afterwards famous General von Hindenburg, Zimmermann of the Foreign Office, and Professor Harnack.

Later on, after dinner, I went off to meet the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, at the British Embassy, for I wished to keep him informed of our object, which was simply to improve the state of feeling between London and Berlin, but on the basis, and only on the basis, of complete loyalty to our entente with France. It was, to use a phrase which he himself suggested in our conversation, a *détente* rather than an *entente* that I had in view, with possible developments to follow it which might assume a form which would be advantageous to France and Russia, as well as to ourselves and Germany. He showed me next day the report of our talk which he had prepared in order to telegraph it to Paris.

I had other interviews the next day, but the only one which is important for the purposes of the present narrative was that at my final meeting with the German Chancellor on the Saturday (February 10). I pressed on him how important it was for public opinion and the peace of the world that Germany should not force us into a shipbuilding competition with her, a competition in which it was certain that we should have to spare no effort to preserve our margin of safety by greater increases.

He did not controvert my suggestion. I could see that personally he was of the

same mind. But he said that the forces he had to contend with were almost insuperable. The question of a retardation of building under the proposed Fleet Law was not susceptible of being treated apart from that of the formula of which he and the Emperor had both spoken. He suggested that we might agree on the following formula:—

(1) The High Contracting Powers assure each other mutually of their desire for peace and friendship.

(2) They will not, either of them, make any combination, or join in any combination, which is directed against the other. They expressly declare that they are not bound by any such combination.

(3) If either of the High Contracting Parties becomes entangled in a war with one or more other powers, the other of the High Contracting Parties will at least observe toward the power so entangled a benevolent neutrality, and use its utmost endeavor for the localization of the conflict.

(4) The duty of neutrality which arises from the preceding article has no application, in so far as it may not be reconcilable with existing agreements which the High Contracting Parties have already made. The making of new agreements which make it impossible for either of the Contracting Parties to observe neutrality toward the other beyond what is provided by the preceding limitations is excluded in conformity with the provisions contained in Article 2.

Anxious as I was to agree with the Chancellor, who seemed as keen as I was to meet me with words which I might take back to England for friendly consideration, I was unable to hold out to him the least prospect that we could accept the draft formula which he had just proposed. Under Article 2, for example, we should find ourselves, were it accepted, precluded from com-

ing to the assistance of France should Germany attack her and aim at getting possession of such ports as Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, a friendly occupation of which was so important for our island security. Difficulties might also arise which would hamper us in discharging our existing treaty obligations to Belgium, Portugal, and Japan. The most hopeful way out was to revise the draft fundamentally by confining its terms to an undertaking by each power not to make any unprovoked attack upon the other, or join in any combination or design against the other for purposes of aggression, or become party to any plan or naval or military combination, alone or in conjunction with any other power, directed to such an end.

He and I then sat down and redrafted what he had prepared, on this basis, but without his committing himself to the view that it would be sufficient. We also had a satisfactory conversation about the Bagdad Railway and other things in Turkey connected with the Persian Gulf, and we discussed possibilities of the rearrangement of certain interests of both powers in Africa. He said to me that he was not there to make any immediate bargain, but that we should look at the African question on both sides from a high point of view, and that if we had any difficulties we should tell him, and he would see whether he could get round them for us.

I replied that I also was not there to make a bargain, but only to explore the ground, and that I much appreciated the tone of his conversation with me, and the good feeling he had shown. I should go back to London and without delay report to my colleagues all that had passed.

VII

I entertain no doubt that the German Chancellor was sincerely in earn-

est in what he said to me on these occasions, and in his desire to improve relations with us and keep the peace. So I think was the Emperor; but he was pulled at by his naval and military advisers, and by the powerful, if then small, chauvinist party in Germany. In 1912, when the conversation recorded took place, this party was less potent, I think a good deal less, than it appears to have become a year and a half later when Germany had increased her army still further. But I formed the opinion even then that the power of the Emperor in Germany was a good deal misinterpreted and overestimated. My impression was that the really decisive influence was that of the minister who had managed to secure the strongest following throughout Germany; and it was obvious to me that Admiral von Tirpitz had a powerful and growing following, due to the backing of the naval party, from many directions.

Moreover, sensible as a large number of Germans were, there was a certain tendency to swelled-headedness in the nation. It had had an extraordinarily rapid development, based on principles of organization in every sphere of activity — principles derived from the lesson of the necessity of thinking before acting enjoined by the great teachers of the beginning of the nineteenth century. The period down to about 1832 seems to me to correspond, in the intellectual prodigies it produced, to our Elizabethan period. It came no doubt to an end in its old and distinctive aspect. But its spirit assumed, later on, a new form: that of organization for material ends based on careful reflection and calculation. In industry and commerce, in the army, and in the navy, the work of mind was everywhere apparent. 'Aus einem Lernvolk wollen wir ein Thatvolk werden,' was the new watchword.

No doubt there was much that was

defective. When it came to actual war in 1914, it turned out that Germany had not adequately thought out her military problems. If she had done so, she would have used her fleet at the very outset, and particularly her destroyers and submarines, to try to hinder the transport of the British Expeditionary Force to France, and, having secured the absence of this force, she would have sought to seize the northern ports of France. Small as the Expeditionary Force was, it was enough, when added to the French, to make them so formidable as to render the success of von Klück uncertain if the troops could be concentrated to resist him swiftly enough. Again, Germany never really grasped the implications of our command of the sea. Had she done so, I do not think she would have adventured war. She may have counted on England not coming in, owing to entanglements in Irish difficulties. If so, this was just another instance of her bad judgment about the internal affairs of other nations.

In fine, Germany had not adequately thought out or prepared for the perils which she undertook when she assumed the risks of the War of 1914. No doubt she knew more about the shortcomings of the Russian army than did the French or the British. On these, pretty exact knowledge of the Russian shortcomings enabled her to reckon. There we miscalculated more than she did. But she was not strong enough to make sure work of a brief but conclusive campaign in the West, which was all she could afford while Russia was organizing. Then, later on, she ought to have seen that, if the submarine campaign which she undertook should bring the United States into the war, her ultimate fate would be sealed by blockade. In the end she no doubt fought magnificently. But she made these mistakes, which were mainly due to that swelled-head-

edness which deflected her reasoning and prevented her from calculating consequences aright.

There was a good deal of this apparent, even in 1912. It had led to the Agadir business in the previous summer, and the absence of wise prevision was still apparent. I believed that this phase of militarism would pass when Imperial Germany became a more mature nation. Indeed, it was passing under the growing influence of Social Democracy, which was greatly increased by the elections which took place while I was in Berlin in 1912. But still there was the possibility of an explosion; and when I returned to London, although I was hopeful that relations between the two countries were going to be improved, and told my colleagues so, I also reported that there were three matters about which I was uneasy.

The first was my strong impression that the new Fleet Law would be insisted on.

The second was the possibility that von Tirpitz might be made Chancellor of the Empire in place of von Bethmann-Hollweg. This was being talked of as possible when I was in Berlin.

The third was the want of continuity in the supreme direction of German policy. Foreign policy especially was under divided control. Von Tschirsky observed to me in 1906 that what he had been saying about a question that we were discussing represented his view as Foreign Minister of Prussia, but that next door was the Chancellor, who might express quite a different view to me if I asked him; and that if, later on, I should go to the end of Wilhelm Strasse and turn down Unter den Linden I would come to the Schloss, where I might derive from the Emperor's lips an impression quite different from that given either by himself or by the Chancellor. This made me feel that, desirous as Bethmann-Hollweg had

shown himself to establish and preserve good relations, we could not count on his influence being maintained or prevailing. As an eminent foreign diplomatist observed, 'In this highly organized nation, when you have ascended to the very top story you find not only confusion but chaos.'

However, after I had reported fully on all the details to the Cabinet, which I did on the day of my return to London, and after the Foreign Office had received my written report, matters were taken in hand by Sir Edward Grey, and by him I was kept informed. Presently it became apparent that there were those in Berlin who were interfering with the Chancellor in his efforts for good relations. A dispatch came which was inconsistent with the line he had pursued with me, and it became evident that the German Government was likely to insist on proceeding with the new Fleet Law. When we looked closely into the copy of the draft which the Emperor had given to me, we found very large increases contemplated, of which we had no notion earlier, not only in the battleships, about which we did know before, but in small craft and submarines and personnel. As these increases were to proceed further, discussion about the terms of a formula became rather futile, and we had only one course left open to us — to respond by quietly increasing our navy and concentrating its strength in northern seas. This was done with great energy by Mr. Churchill, the result being that, as the outcome of the successive administrations of the fleet by Mr. McKenna and himself, the estimates were raised by over twenty millions sterling to fifty-one millions.

VIII

In the summer of 1912 I became Lord Chancellor, and the engrossing duties,

judicial as well as administrative, of that office cut me off from any direct participation in the carrying on of our efforts for better relations with Germany. But these relations continued to be extended in the various ways practicable and left open to Sir Edward Grey and the German Chancellor. The discussions which had been begun when I was in Berlin, about Africa and the Bagdad Railway, were continued between them through the ambassadors; and just before the war the draft of an extensive treaty had been agreed on.

Then, after an interval of two years, came a time of extreme anxiety. No one had better opportunities than I of watching Sir Edward's concentration of effort to avoid the calamity which threatened. For he was living with me in my house in Queen Anne's Gate through the whole of these weeks, and he was devoting himself, with passionate earnestness of purpose, to inducing the German Government to use its influence with Austria for a peaceful settlement. But it presently became evident that the Emperor and his ministers had made up their minds that they were going to grasp the opportunity that appeared to have come. As I have already said, I think their calculations were framed on a wholly erroneous basis. It is clear that their military advisers had failed to take account, in their estimates of probabilities, of the tremendous moral forces that might be brought into action against them.

The ultimate result we all know. May the lesson taught the world by the determined entry of the United States into the conflict between right and wrong never be forgotten by the world!

Why Germany acted as she did then is a matter that still requires careful investigation. My own feeling is that she has demonstrated the extreme risk of confiding great political decisions to military advisers. It is not their busi-

ness to have the last word in deciding between peace and war. The problem is too far-reaching for their training. Bismarck knew this well, and often said it, as students of his life and reflections are aware. Had he been at the helm I do not believe that he would have allowed his country to drift into a disastrous course. He was far from perfect in his ethical standards, but he had something of that quality which Mommsen, in his history, attributes to Julius Caesar. Him the historian describes as one of those

mighty ones who have preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and have not broken down in the task which for greatly gifted natures is the most difficult of all — the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed, and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better; never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes. Caesar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine, and thought of carrying into effect, even at the Danube and the Euphrates, not unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely well-considered frontier regulations.

If only Germany, whose great historian thus explained these things, had remembered them, how different might have been her position to-day. But it may be that she had carried her policy too far to be left free. With her certainly rests the whole responsibility for what has happened; for apart from her Austria would not have acted as she did, nor would Turkey, nor Bulgaria. The fascinating glitter of her armies, and the assurances given by her General Staff, were too much for the minor

nations whom she had induced to accept her guidance, and too much I think also for her own people. No doubt the ignorance of these about the ways of their own government counted for a great deal. There has never been such a justification of the principle of democratic control as this war affords. But a nation must be held responsible for the action of its own rulers, however much it has simply submitted itself to them. I have the impression that even to-day in its misery the German public does not fully understand, and still believes that Germany was the victim of a plot to entrap and encircle her, and that with this in view Russia mobilized on a great scale for war. It is difficult for us to understand how real the Slav peril appeared to Germany and to Austria, and there is little doubt that to the latter Serbia was an unquiet neighbor. But these considerations must be taken in their context — a context of which the German public ought to have made itself fully aware. The leaders of its opinion were bent on domination of the Near East. No wonder that the Slavs in the Balkan Peninsula became progressively alarmed, and looked to Russia more and more for protection. For it had become plain that moral considerations would not be allowed by the authorities at Berlin to weigh in the balance against material advantages to be gained by power of domination.

If there is room for reproach to us Anglo-Saxons, it is reproach of a very different kind. Germany was quite intelligent enough to listen to reason, and, besides, she had the prospect of becoming the dominating industrial and commercial power in the world by dint merely of peaceful penetration. It is possible that, if her relations with her Western neighbors, including Great Britain, had been more intimate than they actually were, she might have

been saved from a great blunder, and might have come to understand that the English-speaking races were not really so inferior to herself as she took them to be. Her *hubris* was in part, at all events, the result of ignorance. Speaking for my own countrymen, I think that neither did we know enough about the Germans, nor did the Germans know enough about us. They were ignorant of the innate capacity for fighting, in industrial and military conflicts alike, which our history shows that we have always hitherto brought to light in great emergencies. And they realized little how tremendously great moral issues could stir and unite democracies. We, on the other hand, knew almost nothing of their tradition, their literature, or their philosophy. Our statesmen did not read their newspapers, and rarely visited their country. We were deficient in that quality which President Murray Butler has spoken of as the 'international mind.'

I do not know whether, had it been otherwise, we could have brought about the better state of things in Europe for which I tried to express the hope, although not without misgiving, in the address on 'Higher Nationality' which I was privileged to deliver before distinguished representatives of the United States and Canada at Montreal September 1, 1913. I spoke then of the possibility of a larger entente, an entente which might become a real concert of the Great Powers of the world; and I quoted the great prayer with which Grotius concludes his book on *War and Peace*. There was at least the chance, if we strove hard enough, that we might find a response from the best in other countries, and in the end attain to a new and a real *Sittlichkeit* which should provide a firmer basis for International Law and reverence for international obligations. But for the realization of this dream a sustained

and strenuous search after fuller mutual knowledge was required.

After this address had been published, I received a letter from the German Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, in which (writing in German and as late as September 26, 1913) he expressed himself to me as follows:—

If I had the happiness of finding myself of one mind with you in these thoughts in February, 1912, it has been to me a still greater satisfaction that our two countries have since then had a number of opportunities of working together in this spirit. Like you, I hold the optimistic view that the great nations will be able to progress further on this path, and will do so. Anyhow, I shall, in so far as it is within my power, devote my energies to this cause, and I am happy in the certainty of finding in you an openly declared fellow worker.

But events swept him from a course which, so far as I know, he at least individually desired to follow. The great increase of armaments took place that year in Germany, and, when events were too strong for him, he elected, not to resign, but to throw in his lot with his country. His position was one of great difficulty. He took a course for which many would applaud him. But it was inherently a wrong course. What he said when Belgium was invaded in breach of solemn treaty shows that he felt this. He let himself be swept into devoting his energies to bolstering up his country's cause, instead of resigning. His career only proves that, given the political conditions that obtained in Germany shortly before the war, it was almost impossible for a German statesman to keep his feet, or to avoid being untrue to himself. And yet there were many others there in the same frame of mind, and one asks one's self whether, had they had more material to work with, they might not have been able to present a more attractive alternative than the notion of mili-

tary domination which in the end took possession of all, from the Emperor downwards.

It is, however, useless to speculate at present on these things. We know too little of the facts. The historians of another generation will know more. But of one thing I feel sure. The Germans think that Great Britain declared war of preconceived purpose and her own initiative. There is a sense in which she did. The opinion of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and of those of us who were by their side, was unhesitating. She could not have taken any other course than she did without the prospect of ruin and failure to enter on the only path of honor. For honor and policy alike necessitated that she should take, without the delay which would have been fatal, the step she did take without delay and unswervingly. The responsibility for her entry comes back wholly to Germany herself, who would not have brought it about had she not plunged into war. And to-day Germany lies prostrate.

But she is not dead. I do not think that for generations to come she will dream of building again on military foundations. Her people have had a lesson in the overwhelming forces which are inevitably called into action where there is brutal indifference to the moral rights of others. What remains to her is that which she has inherited and preserved of the results of the great advancement in knowledge which began under the inspiration of Lessing and Kant, and culminated in the teaching of Goethe and Schiller and of the thinkers who were their contemporaries. That movement only came to a partial end in 1832. No doubt its character changed after that. The idealists in poetry, music, and philosophy gave place to great men of science, to figures such as those of Ludwig and Liebig, of Gauss, Riemann, and Helmholtz. There

came also historians like Ranke and Mommsen, musicians like Wagner, philosophers like Schopenhauer and Lotze, statesmen like Bismarck. To-day there are few men of great stature in Germany; there are indeed few men of genius anywhere in the world. But Germany still has a high average level in science, and of recent years she has produced great captains of industry. The gift for organization founded on principle and for applying science to practical uses was there before the war, and it is very unsafe to assume that it is not there in a latent form to-day. If it

is, Germany will be heard of again, with a field of activity that probably will not include devotion to military affairs in the old way. Against her competition of this other kind, formidable as soon as she has recovered from her misery, we must prepare ourselves in the only way that can succeed in the long run. We too must study and organize on the basis of widely diffused exact knowledge and high ethical standards. I think, if I read the signs of the times aright, that people are coming to realize this, both in the United States and throughout the British Empire.

THE HOME TOWN OF THE ARMY ANTS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

FROM uniform to civilian clothes is a change transcending mere alteration of stuffs and buttons. It is scarcely less sweeping than the shift from civilian clothes to bathing-suit, which so often compels us to concentrate on remembered mental attributes, to avoid demanding a renewed introduction to estranged personality. In the home life of the average soldier, the relaxation from sustained tension and conscious routine results in a gentleness and quietness of mood for which warrior nations are especially remembered.

Army ants have no insignia to lay aside, and their swords are too firmly hafted in their own beings to be hung up as post-bellum mural decorations, or — as is done only in poster-land — metamorphosed into pruning-hooks and ploughshares.

I sat at my laboratory table at Kartabo, our new and permanent Research Station, and looked down river to the pink roof of Kalacoon, and my mind went back to the shambles of Pit Number Five. I was wondering whether I should ever see the army ants in any guise other than that of scouting, battling searchers for living prey, when a voice of the jungle seemed to hear my unexpressed wish. The sharp, high notes of white-fronted antbirds — those white-crested watchers of the ants — came to my ears, and I left my table and followed up the sound. Physically I merely walked around the bungalow and approached the edge of the jungle at a point where we had erected a small outhouse a day or two before. But this two hundred feet might just as well have been a single step through quicksilver, hand in hand with Alice, for it took me from a world

of hyoids and syrinxes, of vials and lenses and clean-smelling xylol, to the home of the army ants.

The antbirds were chirping and hopping about on the very edge of the jungle, but I did not have to go that far. As I passed the doorless entrance of the outhouse I looked up, and there was an immense mass of some strange material suspended in the upper corner. It looked like stringy, chocolate-colored tow, studded with hundreds of tiny ivory buttons. I came closer and looked carefully at this mushroom growth which had appeared in a single night, and it was then that my eyes began to perceive, and my mind to record, things that my reason besought me to reject. Such phenomena were all right in a dream, or one might imagine them and tell them to children on one's knee, with wind in the eaves — wild tales to be laughed at and forgotten. But this was daylight and I was a scientist; my eyes were in excellent order, and my mind rested after a dreamless sleep; so I had to record what I saw in that little outhouse.

This chocolate-colored mass with its myriad ivory dots was the home, the nest, the hearth, the nursery, the bridal suite, the kitchen, the bed and board of the army ants. It was the focus of all the lines and files which ravaged the jungle for food, of the battalions which attacked every living creature in their path, of the unnumbered rank and file which made them known to every Indian, to every inhabitant of these vast jungles.

Louis Quatorze once said, '*L'État, c'est moi!*' but this figure of speech becomes an empty, meaningless phrase beside what an army ant could boast — '*La maison, c'est moi!*' Every rafter, beam, stringer, window-frame and door-frame, hall-way, room, ceiling, wall and floor, foundation, superstructure and roof, all were ants — living,

motionless ants, distorted by stress, crowded into the dense walls, spread out to widest stretch across tie-spaces. I had thought it marvelous when I saw them arrange themselves as bridges, walks, hand-rails, buttresses, and sign-boards along the columns; but this new absorption of environment, this usurpation of wood and stone, this insinuation of themselves into the province of the inorganic world, was almost too astounding to credit.

All along the upper rim the sustaining structure was more distinctly visible than elsewhere. Here was a maze of taut brown threads stretching in places across a span of six inches, with here and there a tiny knot. These were actually tie-strings of living ants, their legs stretched almost to the breaking-point, their bodies the inconspicuous knots or nodes. Even at rest and at home, the army ants are always prepared, for every quiescent individual in the swarm was standing as erect as possible, with jaws widespread and ready, whether the great curved mahogany scimitars of the soldiers, or the little black daggers of the smaller workers. And with no eyelids to close, and eyes which were themselves a mockery, the nerve shriveling and never reaching the brain, what could sleep mean to them? Wrapped ever in an impenetrable cloak of darkness and silence, life was yet one great activity, directed, ordered, commanded by scent and odor alone. Hour after hour, as I sat close to the nest, I was aware of this odor, sometimes subtle, again wafted in strong successive waves. It was musty, like something sweet which had begun to mould; not unpleasant, but very difficult to describe; and in vain I strove to realize the importance of this faint essence — taking the place of sound, of language, of color, of motion, of form.

I recovered quickly from my first rapt realization, for a dozen ants had

lost no time in ascending my shoes, and, as if at a preconcerted signal, all simultaneously sank their jaws into my person. Thus strongly recalled to the realities of life, I realized the opportunity that was offered and planned for my observation. No living thing could long remain motionless within the sphere of influence of these six-legged Boches, and yet I intended to spend days in close proximity. There was no place to hang a hammock, no overhanging tree from which I might suspend myself spider-wise. So I sent Sam for an ordinary chair, four tin cans, and a bottle of disinfectant. I filled the tins with the tarry fluid, and in four carefully timed rushes I placed the tins in a chair-leg square. The fifth time I put the chair in place beneath the nest, but I had misjudged my distances and had to retreat with only two tins in place. Another effort, with Spartan-like disregard of the fiery bites, and my haven was ready. I hung a bag of vials, notebook, and lens on the chair-back, and with a final rush climbed on the seat, and curled up as comfortably as possible.

All around the tins, swarming to the very edge of the liquid, were the angry hosts. Close to my face were the lines ascending and descending, while just above me were hundreds of thousands, a bushel-basket of army ants, with only the strength of their thread-like legs as suspension cables. It took some time to get used to my environment, and from first to last I was never wholly relaxed, or quite unconscious of what would happen if a chair-leg broke, or a bamboo fell across the outhouse.

I swiveled round on the chair-seat and counted eight lines of army ants on the ground, converging to the post at my elbow. Each was four or five ranks wide, and the eight lines occasionally divided or coalesced, like a nexus of capillaries. There was a wide

expanse of sand and clay, and no apparent reason why the various lines of foragers should not approach the nest in a single large column. The dividing and redividing showed well how completely free were the columns from any individual dominance. There was no control by specific individuals or soldiers, but, the general route once established, the governing factor was the odor of contact.

II

The law to pass where others have passed is immutable, but freedom of action or individual desire dies with the malleable, plastic ends of the foraging columns. Again and again came to mind the comparison of the entire colony or army with a single organism; and now the home, the nesting swarm, the focus of central control, seemed like the body of this strange amorphous organism — housing the spirit of the army. One thinks of a column of foragers as a tendril with only the tip sensitive and growing and moving, while the corpuscle-like individual ants are driven in the current of blind instinct to and fro, on their chemical errands. And then this whole theory, this most vivid simile, is quite upset by the sights that I watch in the suburbs of this ant home!

The columns were most excellent barometers, and their reaction to passing showers was invariable. The clay surface held water, and after each downfall the pools would be higher, and the contour of the little region altered. At the first few drops, all the ants would hasten, the throbbing corpuscles speeding up. Then, as the rain came down heavier, the column melted away, those near each end hurrying to shelter and those in the centre crawling beneath fallen leaves and bits of clod and sticks. A moment before, hundreds

of ants were trudging around a tiny pool, the water lined with ant hand-rails, and in shallow places, veritable formicine pontoons, — large ants which stood up to their bodies in water, with the booty-laden host passing over them. Now, all had vanished, leaving only a bare expanse of splashing drops and wet clay. The sun broke through and the residue rain tinkled from the bamboos.

As gradually as the growth of the rainbow above the jungle, the lines reformed themselves. Scouts crept from the jungle-edge at one side, and from the post at my end, and felt their way, fan-wise, over the rain-scoured surface; for the odor, which was both sight and sound to these ants, had been washed away — a more serious handicap than mere change in contour. Swiftly the wandering individuals found their bearings again. There was deep water where dry land had been, but, as if by long-planned study of the work of sappers and engineers, new pontoon bridges were thrown across, washouts filled in, new cliffs explored, and easy grades established; and by the time the bamboos ceased their own private after-shower, the columns were again running smoothly, battalions of eager light infantry hastening out to battle, and equal hosts of loot-laden warriors hurrying toward the home nest. Four minutes was the average time taken to reform a column across the ten feet of open clay, with all the road-making and engineering feats which I have mentioned, on the part of ants who had never been over this new route before.

Leaning forward within a few inches of the post, I lost all sense of proportion, forgot my awkward human size, and with a new perspective became an equal of the ants, looking on, watching every passer-by with interest, straining with the bearers of the heavy loads, and breathing more easily when the last obstacle was overcome and home

attained. For a period I plucked out every bit of good-sized booty and found that almost all were portions of scorpions from far-distant dead logs in the jungle, creatures whose strength and poisonous stings availed nothing against the attacks of these fierce ants. The loads were adjusted equably, the larger pieces carried by the big, white-headed workers, while the smaller ants transported small eggs and larvæ. Often, when a great mandibled soldier had hold of some insect, he would have five or six tiny workers surrounding him, each grasping any projecting part of the loot, as if they did not trust him in this menial capacity — as an anxious mother would watch with doubtful confidence a big policeman wheeling her baby across a crowded street. These workers were often diminutive Marcelines, hindering rather than aiding in the progress. But in every phase of activity of these ants there was not an ounce of intentionally lost power, or a moment of time willfully gone to waste. What a commentary on Bolshevism!

Now that I had the opportunity of quietly watching the long, hurrying columns, I came hour by hour to feel a greater intimacy, a deeper enthusiasm for their vigor of existence, their un-failing life at the highest point of possibility of achievement. In every direction my former desultory observations were discounted by still greater accomplishments. Elsewhere¹ I have recorded the average speed as two and a half feet in ten seconds, estimating this as a mile in three and a half hours. An observant colonel in the American army has laid bare my congenitally hopeless mathematical inaccuracy, and corrected this to five hours and fifty-two seconds. Now, however, I established a wholly new record for the straight-away dash for home of the

¹ *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1917, p. 520.

army ants. With the handicap of gravity pulling them down, the ants, both laden and unburdened, averaged ten feet in twenty seconds, as they raced up the post. I have now called in an artist and an astronomer to verify my results, these two being the only living beings within hailing distance as I write, except a howling red baby monkey curled up in my lap, and a toucan, sloth, and green boa beyond my laboratory table. Our results are identical and I can safely announce that the amateur record for speed of army ants is equivalent to a mile in two hours and fifty-six seconds; and this when handicapped by gravity and burdens of food, but with the incentive of approaching the end of their long journey.

As once before, I accidentally disabled a big worker that I was robbing of his load, and his entire abdomen rolled down a slope and disappeared. Hours later in the afternoon, I was summoned to view the same soldier, unconcernedly making his way along an outward-bound column, guarding it as carefully as if he had not lost the major part of his anatomy. His mandibles were ready, and the only difference that I could see was that he could make better speed than others of his caste. That night he joined the general assemblage of cripples quietly awaiting death, halfway up to the nest.

I know of no highway in the world which surpasses that of a big column of army ants in exciting happenings, although I usually had the feeling which inspired Kim as he watched the Great White Road, of understanding so little of all that was going on. Early in the morning there were only outgoing hosts; but soon eddies were seen in the swift current, vortexes made by a single ant here and there forcing its way against the stream. Unlike penguins and human beings, army ants have no rule of the road as to right and left,

and there is no lessening of pace or turning aside for a heavily laden drogher. Their blindness caused them to bump squarely into every individual, often sending load and carrier tumbling to the bottom of a vertical path. Another constant loss of energy was a large cockroach leg or scorpion segment carried by several ants. Their insistence on trying to carry everything beneath their bodies caused all sorts of comical mishaps. When such a large piece of booty appeared, it was too much of a temptation, and a dozen outgoing ants would rush up and seize hold for a moment, the consequent pulling in all directions reducing progress at once to zero.

Until late afternoon few ants returned without carrying their bit. The exceptions were the cripples, which were numerous and very pitiful. From such fierce strenuousness, such virile activity, as unending as elemental processes, it seemed a very terrible drop to disability, to the utilizing of every atom of remaining strength to return to the temporary home nest — that instinct which drives so many creatures to the same homing, at the approach of death.

Even in their helplessness they were wonderful. To see a big black-headed worker struggling up a post with five short stumps and only one good hind leg was a lesson in achieving the impossible. I have never seen even a suspicion of aid given to any cripple, no matter how slight or how complete the disability; but frequently an inexplicable thing occurred, which I have often noticed but can never explain. One army ant would carry another, perhaps of its own size and caste, just as if it were a bit of dead provender; and I always wondered if cannibalism was to be added to their habits. I would capture both, and the minute they were in the vial, the dead ant would come to life, and with equal vigor and fury both

would rush about their prison, seeking to escape, becoming indistinguishable in the twinkling of an eye.

Very rarely an ant stopped and attempted to clean another which had become partly disabled through an accumulation of gummy sap or other encumbering substance. But when a leg or other organ was broken or missing, the odor of the ant-blood seemed to arouse only suspicion and to banish sympathy, and after a few casual wavings of antennæ, all passed by on the other side. Not only this, but the unfortunates were actually in danger of attack within the very lines of traffic of the legionaries. Several times I noticed small rove-beetles accompanying the ants, who paid little attention to them. Whenever an ant became suspicious, and approached with a raised-eyebrow gesture of antennæ, the beetles turned their backs quickly and raised threatening tails. But I did not suspect the vampire or thug-like character of these guests — tolerated where any other insect would have been torn to pieces at once. A large crippled worker, hobbling along, had slipped a little away from the main line, when I was astonished to see two rove-beetles rush at him and bite him viciously, a third coming up at once and joining in. The poor worker had no possible chance against this combination, and he went down after a short, futile struggle. Two small army ants now happened to pass, and after a preliminary whiffing with waving antennæ rushed joyously into the *mêlée*. The beetles had a cowardly weapon, and raising their tails, ejected a drop or two of liquid, utterly confusing the ants which turned and hastened back to the column. For the next few minutes, until the scent wore off, they aroused suspicion wherever they went. Meanwhile the hyena-like rove-beetles, having hedged themselves within a barricade of their malodor, proceeded to

feast, quarreling with one another as such cowards are wont to do.

Thus I thought, having identified myself with the army ants. From a broader, less biased point of view, I realized that credit should be given to the rove-beetles for having established themselves in a zone of such constant danger, and for being able to live and thrive in it.

The columns converged at the foot of the post, and up its surface ran the main artery of the nest. Halfway up, a flat board projected, and here the column divided for the last time, half going on directly into the nest, and the other half turning aside, skirting the board, ascending a bit of perpendicular canvas, and entering the nest from the rear. The entrance was well guarded by a veritable moat and drawbridge of living ants. A foot away, a flat mat of ants, mandibles outward, was spread, over which every passing individual stepped. Six inches farther, and the sides of the mat thickened, and in the last three inches these sides met overhead, forming a short tunnel at the end of which the nest began.

And here I noticed an interesting thing. Into this organic moat or tunnel, this living mouth of an inferno, passed all the booty-laden foragers, or those who for some reason had returned empty-mouthed. But the outgoing host seeped gradually from the outermost nest-layer — a gradual but fundamental circulation, like that of ocean currents. Scorpions, eggs, caterpillars, glass-like wasp pupæ, roaches, spiders, crickets, all were drawn into the nest by a maelstrom of hunger, funneling into the narrow tunnel; while from over all the surface of the swarm there crept forth layer after layer of invigorated, implacable seekers after food.

The mass of ants composing the nest appeared so loosely connected that it seemed as if a touch would tear a hole,

a light wind rend the supports. It was suspended in the upper corner of the doorway, rounded on the free sides, and measured roughly two feet in diameter — an unnumbered host of ants. Those on the surface were in very slow but constant motion, with legs shifting and antennæ waving continually. This quivering on the surface of the swarm gave it the appearance of the fur of some terrible animal — fur blowing in the wind from some unknown, deadly desert. Yet so cohesive was the entire mass that I sat close beneath it for the best part of two days and not more than a dozen ants fell upon me. There was, however, a constant rain of egg-cases and pupa-skins and the remains of scorpions and grasshoppers, the residue of the booty which was being poured in. These wrappings and inedible casing were all brought to the surface and dropped. This was reasonable, but what I could not comprehend was a constant falling of small living larvæ. How anything except army ants could emerge alive from such a sinister swarm was inconceivable. It took some resolution to stand up under the nest, with my face only a foot away from this slowly seething mass of widespread jaws. But I had to discover where the falling larvæ came from, and after a time I found that they were immature army ants. Here and there a small worker would appear, carrying in its mandibles a young larva; and while most made their way through the maze of mural legs and bodies, and ultimately disappeared again, once in a while the burden was dropped and fell to the floor of the outhouse. I can account for this only by presuming that a certain percentage of the nurses were very young and inexperienced workers and dropped their burdens inadvertently. There was certainly no intentional casting out of these offspring, as was so obviously the case

with the débris from the food of the colony. The eleven or twelve ants which fell upon me during my watch were all small workers, no larger ones losing their grip.

III

While recording some of these facts, I dropped my pencil, and it was fully ten minutes before the black mass of enraged insects cleared away, and I could pick it up. Leaning far over to secure it, I was surprised by the cleanliness of the floor around my chair. My clothes and notepaper had been covered with loose wings, dry skeletons of insects, and the other débris, while hundreds of other fragments had sifted down past me. Yet now that I looked seemingly, the whole area was perfectly clean. I had to assume a perfect jack-knife pose to get my face near enough to the floor; but, achieving it, I found about five hundred ants serving as a street-cleaning squad. They roamed aimlessly about over the whole floor, ready at once to attack anything of mine or any part of my anatomy which might come close enough, but otherwise stimulated to activity only when they came across a bit of rubbish from the nest high overhead. This was at once seized and carried off to one of two neat piles in far corners. Before night these kitchen middens were an inch or two deep and nearly a foot in length, composed literally of thousands of skins, wings, and insect armor. There was not a scrap of dirt of any kind which had not been gathered into one of the two piles. The nest was nine feet above the floor, a distance (magnifying ant height to our own) of nearly a mile, and yet the care lavished on the cleanliness of the earth so far below was as thorough and well done as the actual provisioning of the colony.

As I watched the columns and the swarm-nest hour after hour, several

things impressed me. The absolute silence in which the ants worked: such ceaseless activity without sound one associates only with a cinema film; all around me was tremendous energy, marvelous feats of achievement, super-human instincts, the ceaseless movement of tens of thousands of legionaries; yet no tramp of feet, no shouts, no curses, no welcomes, no chanties. It was uncanny to think of a race of creatures such as these, dreaded by every living being, wholly dominant in their continent-wide sphere of action, yet born, living out their lives, and dying, dumb and blind, with no possibility of comment on life and its fulness, of censure or of applause.

The sweeping squad on the floor was interesting because of its limited field of work at such a distance from the nest; but close to my chair were a number of other specialized zones of activity, any one of which would have afforded a fertile field for concentrated study. Beneath the swarm on the white canvas I noticed two large spots of dirt and moisture, where very small flies were collected. An examination showed that this was a second, nearer dumping-ground for all the garbage and refuse of the swarm which could not be thrown down on the kitchen middens far below. And here were tiny flies and other insects acting as scavengers, just as the hosts of vultures gather about the slaughter-house of Georgetown.

The most interesting of all the phases of life of the ants' home town were those on the horizontal board which projected from the beam, and stretched for several feet to one side of the swarm. This platform was almost on a level with my eyes, and by leaning slightly forward on the chair, I was as close as I dared go. Here many ants came from the incoming columns, and others were constantly arriving from the nest itself. It was here that I realized my good

fortune and the achievement of my desires, when I first saw an army ant at rest. One of the first arrivals after I had squatted to my post was a big soldier with a heavy load of roach meat. Instead of keeping on straight up the post, he turned abruptly and dropped his load. It was instantly picked up by two smaller workers and carried on and upward toward the nest. Two other big fellows arrived in quick succession, one with a load which he relinquished to a drogher-in-waiting. Then the three weary warriors stretched their legs one after another, and commenced to clean their antennae. This lasted only for a moment, for three or four tiny ants rushed at each of the larger ones and began as thorough a cleaning as masseurs or Turkish-bath attendants. The three arrivals were at once hustled away to a distant part of the board and there cleaned from end to end. I found that the focal length of my 8-diameter lens was just out of reach of the ants, so I focused carefully on one of the soldiers and watched the entire process. The small ants scrubbed and scraped him with their jaws, licking him and removing every particle of dirt. One even crawled under him and worked away at his upper leg-joints, for all the world as a mechanic will creep under a car. Finally, I was delighted to see him do what no car ever does, turn completely over and lie quietly on his back with his legs in air, while his diminutive helpers overran him, and gradually got him into shape for future battles and foraging expeditions.

On this resting-stage, within well-defined limits, were dozens of groups of two cleaning one another, and less numerous parties of the tiny professionals working their hearts out on battle-worn soldiers. It became more and more apparent that in the creed of the army ants cleanliness comes next to military effectiveness.

Here and there I saw independent individuals cleaning themselves and going through the most un-ant-like movements. They scraped their jaws along the board, pushing forward like a dog trying to get rid of his muzzle; then they turned on one side and passed the opposite legs again and again through the mandibles; while the last performance was to turn over on their backs and roll from side to side, exactly as a horse or donkey loves to do.

One ant, I remember, seemed to have something seriously wrong. It sat up on its bent-under abdomen in a most comical fashion, and was the object of solicitude of every passing ant. Sometimes there were thirty in a dense group, pushing and jostling; and, like most of our city crowds, many seemed to stop only long enough to have a moment's morbid sight, or to ask some silly question as to the trouble, then to hurry on. Others remained, and licked and twiddled him with their antennæ for a long time. He was in this position for at least twenty minutes. My curiosity was so aroused that I gathered him up in a vial, whereat he became wildly excited and promptly regained full use of his legs and faculties. Later, when I examined him under the lens, I could find nothing whatever wrong.

Off at one side of the general cleaning and reconstruction areas was a pitiful assemblage of cripples which had had enough energy to crawl back, but which did not attempt, or were not allowed, to enter the nest proper. Some had one or two legs gone, others had lost an antenna or had an injured body. They seemed not to know what to do — wandering around, now and then giving one another a half-hearted lick. In the midst was one which had died, and two others, each badly injured, were trying to tug the body along to the edge of the board. This they succeeded in doing after a long

series of efforts, and down and down fell the dead ant. It was promptly picked up by several kitchen-middens and unceremoniously thrown on the pile of nest-débris. A load of booty had been dumped among the cripples, and as each wandered close to it, he seemed to regain strength for a moment, picked up the load, and then dropped it. The sight of that which symbolized almost all their life-activity aroused them to a momentary forgetfulness of their disabilities. There was no longer any place for them in the home or in the columns of the legionaries. They had been court-martialed under the most implacable, the most impartial law in the world — the survival of the fit, the elimination of the unfit.

IV

The time came when we had to get at our stored supplies, over which the army ants were such an effective guard. I experimented on a running column with a spray of ammonia and found that it created merely temporary inconvenience, the ants running back and forming a new trail. Formaline was more effective, so I sprayed the nest-swarm with a fifty-per-cent solution, strong enough, one would think, to harden the very boards. It certainly created a terrible commotion, and strings of the ants two feet long hung dangling from the nest. The heart of the colony came into view, with thousands of eggs and larvæ, looking like heaps of white rice-grains. Every ant seized one or the other, and sought escape by the nearest way, while the soldiers still defied the world. The gradual disintegration revealed an interior meshed like a wasp's nest, chambered and honeycombed with living tubes and walls. Little by little the taut guy-ropes, lathes, braces, joists, all sagged and melted together, each

cell-wall becoming dynamic, now expanding, now contracting, the ceilings vibrant with waving legs, the floors a seething mass of jaws and antennæ. By the time it was dark, the swarm was dropping in sections to the floor.

On the following morning new surprises awaited me. The great mass of the ants had moved in the night, vanishing with every egg and immature larvæ; but there was left in the corner of the flat board a swarm of about one quarter of the entire number, enshrouding a host of older larvæ. The cleaning zones, the cripples' gathering-room, all had given way to new activities, on the flat board, down near the kitchen middens, and in every horizontal crack.

The cause of all this strange excitement, this braving of the terrible dangers of fumes which had threatened to destroy the entire colony the night before, suddenly was made plain as I watched. A critical time was at hand in the lives of the all-precious larvæ, when they could not be moved — the period of spinning, of beginning the transformation from larvæ to pupæ. This evidently was an operation which had to take place outside the nest, and demanded some sort of light covering. On the flat board were several thousand ants and a dozen or more groups of full-grown larvæ. Workers of all sizes were searching everywhere for some covering for the tender immature creatures. They had chewed up all available loose splinters of wood, and near the rotten, termite-eaten ends, the sound of dozens of jaws gnawing all at once was plainly audible. This unaccustomed, unmilitary labor produced a quantity of fine sawdust which was sprinkled over the larvæ. I had made a partition of a bit of a British officer's tent which I had used in India and China, made of several layers of colored canvas and cloth. The ants

found a loose end of this, teased it out, and unraveled it, so that all the larvæ near by were blanketed with a gay, parti-colored covering of fuzz.

All this strange work was hurried and carried on under great excitement. The scores of big soldiers on guard appeared rather ill at ease, as if they had wandered by mistake into the wrong department. They sauntered about, bumped into larvæ, turned, and fled. A constant stream of workers from the nest brought hundreds more larvæ, and no sooner had they been planted and débris of sorts sifted over them, than they began spinning. A few had already swathed themselves in cocoons — exceedingly thin coverings of pinkish silk. As this took place out of the nest, in the jungle they must be covered with wood and leaves. The vital necessity for this was not apparent, for none of this débris was incorporated into the silk of the cocoons, which were clean and homogeneous. Yet the hundreds of ants gnawed and tore and labored to gather this little dust, as if their very lives depended upon it.

With my hand-lens focused just beyond mandible reach of the biggest soldier, I leaned forward from my insulated chair, hovering like a great astral eye looking down at this marvelously important business of little lives. Here were thousands of army ants, not killing, not carrying booty, nor even suspended quiescent as organic molecules in the structure of the home, yet in feverish activity equaled only by battle, making ready for the great change of their foster offspring. I watched the very first thread of silk drawn between the larva and the outside world, and in an incredibly short time the cocoon was outlined in a tissue-thin, transparent aura within which the tenant could be seen skillfully weaving its own shroud.

When first brought from the nest,

the larvæ lay quite straight and still; but almost at once they bent far over in the spinning position. Then some officious worker would come along, and the unfortunate larva would be snatched up, carried off, and jammed down in some neighboring empty space, like a bolt of cloth rearranged upon a shelf. Then another ant would approach, antennæ the larva, disapprove, and again shift its position. It was a real survival of the lucky, as to who should avoid being exhausted by kindness and over-solicitude. I uttered many a chuckle at the half-ensilked unfortunates being toted about like mummies, and occasionally giving a sturdy, impatient kick which upset their tormentors and for a moment created a little swirl of mild excitement.

There was no order of packing. The larvæ were fitted together anyway, and meagrely covered with dust of wood and shreds of cloth. One big tissue of wood nearly an inch square was too great a temptation to be let alone, and during the course of my observation it covered in turn almost every group of larvæ in sight, ending by being accidentally shunted over the edge and killing a worker near the kitchen middens. There was only a single layer of larvæ; in no case were they piled up, and when the platform became crowded, a new column was formed and hundreds taken outside. To the casual eye there was no difference between these legionaries and a column bringing in booty of insects, eggs, and pupæ; yet here all was solicitude, never a bite too severe, or a blunder of undue force.

The sights I saw in this second day's accessible nest-swarm would warrant a season's meditation and study, but one thing impressed me above all others. Sometimes, when I carefully pried open one section and looked deep within,

I could see large chambers with the larvæ in piles, besides being held in the mandibles of the components of the walls and ceilings. Now and then a curious little ghost-like form would flit across the chamber, coming to rest gnome-like on larva or ant. Again and again I saw these little springtails skip through the very scimitar mandibles of a soldier, while the workers paid no attention to them. I wondered if they were not quite odorless, intangible; to the ants, invisible guests which lived close to them, going where, doing what they willed, yet never perceived by the thousands of inhabitants. They seemed to live in a kind of fourth dimensional state, a realm comparable to that which we people with ghosts and spirits. It was a most uncanny, altogether absorbing, intensely interesting relationship; and sometimes, when I ponder on some general aspect of the great jungle, a forest of greenheart, a mighty rushing river, a crashing, blasting thunderstorm, my mind suddenly reverts by way of contrast to the tiny ghosts of springtails flitting silently among the terrible living chambers of the army ants.

On the following morning I expected to achieve still greater intimacy in the lives of the mummy soldier embryos, but at dawn every trace of nesting swarm, larvæ, pupæ, and soldiers was gone. A few dead workers were being already carried off by small ants which never would have dared approach them in life. A big blue morpho butterfly flapped slowly past out of the jungle, and in its wake came the distant notes — high and sharp — of the white-fronted antbirds, and I knew that the legionaries were again abroad, radiating on their silent, dynamic paths of life from some new temporary nest deep in the jungle.

A KANSAN AT LARGE. I

BY CLYDE L. DAVIS

I

THE wretched drama of one spring day in Kansas overshadows all else in my early recollections. I, a very little boy, sat in our spring wagon and held the lines. A hay-frame, loaded with jarring, clattering farm implements, passed slowly out of the gate. A load of household goods followed; then came another, piled very high, the legs of dining-room chairs sticking up, and a recalcitrant yellow cow trudging along behind. As the last load of goods left the porch of our comfortable, neatly painted house, trundled between the flower-beds where petunias grew, on past our fine young orchard, and then turned into the big road, my mother came out, took the seat beside me, and, lifting the lines, spoke to the horses.

At that moment the grim meaning of these unusual proceedings, which had been affording me so much amusement, suddenly flooded my little brain, 'Oh, mother,' I wailed, 'I don't want to go.'

Her kind, tired, handsome face twitched painfully; then without a word she jerked the lines nervously, and the old team walked slowly away in wake of the straddling, tugging cow, out to the road, past the shade trees, and on and on, until I, who kept looking and looking back, could no longer see the barn, or even the big tree that stood on the hill above the bridge, where the crippled rabbit lived.

Seven lean years followed. Your renter of the Middle West is not to be

classed with the one-horse cotton tenant who gives an advancing merchant a lien on his all every year, and scarce allows himself to hope to own land. The weather-beaten Western helot is full of what the college boys call 'pep.' He proposes to get on top of the pile, and to have and to hold with 'his heirs and assigns forever.'

We were down, but we proposed to get up. To accomplish this, we chose the only course open to the generality of mankind. A few can make money by shrewd trading, or by improving some unusual opportunity, but the majority of men can hope to amass wealth only by self-denial and hard, persistent toil. 'Me and my wife,' said an aged farmer, 'got ahead by working hard and getting along without everything we just naturally had to have.' The royal roads to wealth are few and too narrow for very many to walk in.

Five miles northeast of Topeka we found a hundred and sixty acres of land, most of which was capable of producing pretty good corn. The farm was in a sorry plight. Many of the rotting fence-posts had fallen over so that the two rusty barbed wires sagged and swung in the dusty winds of spring. Erosion was intrenching his forces on every slope. The fields were foul with countless weeds. A few trees, that bore either apples or little leather-covered peaches, still stood staggering in one corner of the place. There was no barn. The two little cribs with the buggy-shed between leaned more than the tower of Pisa; but one of the sturdy

old cottonwood trees held the whole building from falling. The house had never been painted or plastered. It consisted of but two rooms and a shed-kitchen. There was no chimney, and the roof leaked badly, especially where the stove-pipe escaped from the dark, sooty loft.

We found that the water in the well was positively too nasty to use. To dig another well near the house was useless, for the water in it would be of the same soapstone flavor; so we had to fetch in barrels all the water we used, from a well which we made in the swale nearly half a mile away. We dug in that place because a neighbor assured us that an excellent well had once been there.

After the first rain we asked the landlord to furnish us a bunch of shingles with which to patch the roof; but he replied that he could not do it. This landlord was a preacher who lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. Like us, he was a victim of progress.

About 1870 the community had been 'developed' by 'enterprising real-estate men,' — to borrow the phraseology of obituaries and wedding write-ups; and two of these bringers-of-things-to-pass had persuaded the Reverend Dr. Andis to invest his meagre patrimony in Kansas land. Later, his holiness found that the farm, even as the widow's cruse of oil, *had been sold for much*. The promised rise in value did not come; the rent he received could not cope with the mortgage; and so, while he pointed men to heaven in Cincinnati, things went to destruction in Kansas. He could not afford to improve the place and neither could we, for by the laws of the state any improvements put on the farm belonged to the landlord. However, we bought two bundles of shingles, and that fall stretched our Presbyterianism enough to take a few bushels of his corn with which to square the account.

With the little money that they had saved while in the employ of the Utah silver mines, my brothers bought several good horses and a few necessary tools. All summer long we worked and anxiously watched the clouds. There was rain enough, and in the fall we had grain to sell and to keep.

So far so good; but winter was coming, and shelter must be provided for the horse and cows, and for the pigs which we bought to eat the corn. With small elm-poles, a rude rectangular pen was constructed; inside of this we built another, leaving a two-foot space between. By filling this space with old grass and corn-fodder, blizzard-proof walls were made. The roof was of slough grass, of course. When these were done, we knew that snow and cold could not harm our stock.

That winter I looked at the pictures of straw huts in my school geography and, utterly forgetting to look at home, marveled that any people would make such grotesque shelters.

Heaven rest the bones of the inventor of wall-paper! When his memorial is erected, may I be allowed to contribute a part. Our stock was provided for, but the walls that must protect us from the galloping winter storms were less than an inch in thickness, and here and there were cracks. We plugged the cracks, put on one thickness of heavy brown paper, and then covered all with wall-paper. Marauding blizzards from Dakota screamed and whined about the house that winter; but paper is a non-conductor, and while the little 'Samson' heater had corn-cobs and coal in his red belly we were comfortable.

We were well nourished. I have since sat at meat with many a financial king and dined to the music of many an orchestra, but the best meals I ever ate were the ones that mother served. The Southern cotton tenant may live on fried pork and heavy corn-bread

because his wife must work in the fields and never learn the household arts, such as cooking and preserving. Not so with the Middle-Western farmer — his dame does not help cultivate the money-crop, but in summer she raises in her garden beans, tomatoes, peas, beets, onions, *et cetera ad infinitum*, and in winter her cave is full of potatoes, meat, apple-butter, peach-butter, jelly, pickles, preserves, and incomparable canned fruit. The ebullient energy of Kansas grows in its gardens and hibernates in its caves. I challenge the world on that statement.

Sundays excepted, we worked practically every day in the year from before sun-up until after dark. The more our herds increased and the more we prospered, the more brain and muscle it took to carry on operations. For the most part the labor-problem was solved by our speeding ourselves up and, at the same time, often increasing the hours from twelve to fourteen or more. But finally we had to have help, especially in summer. Various hands came and went before the advent of George — and now, I beg you to notice George.

He was a true representative of a type made exclusively in America, which, like the cowboy and the itinerant preacher, seems to be going off the stage. Unlike the town boys we were sometimes forced to employ, George knew how to do farm-work. He would kill weeds with a cultivator; there was no danger of his ruining the team that he used, and all in all he was pretty satisfactory help. He was twenty-four years old, genial, had part of a 'common-school education,' and was not bad-looking. His wages were fourteen dollars a month and the keep of his driving horse — George could trade any horse for any other and make a few dollars by so doing. He was always more or less regarded as company at our house — that is, at table we always

passed things to him first, and he was exempted from all domestic altercations. His cheeks and lips were tanned and burned, but his hands were soft and white, for he always wore gloves when in the field. He never worked on holidays and special occasions. Saturday evenings he quit work a little early, repaired to the stable with a wash-tub, and bathed. Then he dressed in his Sunday clothes and, with a red ribbon fluttering on his buggy-whip, drove off to town, or to take some neighbor girl for a ride.

'When I start,' he used to say, 'I am going to start for the high dollar.' As years ran on, most of us tacitly concluded that he never would start; but, finally, one day he inadvertently married our pretty schoolma'am and then he had to start. He traded for a team of little jack-rabbit mules, farmed a year, went West, kept on trading, and is to-day making a fair living and raising his share of future presidents.

II

The last winter that the family spent together was a happy one. Instead of getting mail once a week when someone went to town, we could now have a daily paper, for the Rural Free Delivery had come. We read the *Topeka Mail*, with Tom McNeill's readable, worthwhile editorials, and a magazine club offer gave us *Success*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and turgid Talmage's *Christian Herald*. Moreover, now that we did not have to milk cows and care for livestock after supper, we sent the following order to Sears, Roebuck & Company: —

One set complete works of Flavius Josephus; *Chambers's Universal Encyclopædia*, in twenty neatly bound volumes; *Pictorial History of the World* in two volumes, large and handsome; and, that we and these authors might understand each other better, we added

Webster's *American Dictionary*, 'leather, only \$2.45.'

All winter long we read far into the nights; and although the *Encyclopædia* proved to be coeval with the 'Crime of '73,' I gained from it a store of information that has served me well these many years.

I spent a great deal of time studying what to do next. Land was high and rising, so ownership seemed impossible. Moreover, I wanted to get beyond the little thirty-mile horizon which had always rimmed me in, and see such things as Josephus and the *Encyclopædia* told about. I thought long and seriously of enlisting in the regular army, as neighbor boys had done. Each year a few fine regiments marched by from Fort Leavenworth; and in the post-office there hung a picture of a firm, but friendly-looking general writing under a palm tree, while a private, on a fine horse, eagerly waited to carry that message o'er bloodless fields of living green.

But this path of glory was not to be mine, for the next whiff of fortune left me a squatter on a claim in Caddo County, southwestern Oklahoma, where the old American pioneer movement, if I may use Othello's phrase, finally reached its butt, bowed, and went off the stage forever.

As soon as word came that my sister had got a farm in a government opening of Indian lands, I went south to stay with her, for the law required that she live on it a certain number of months.

I transferred at Chickasha. The wind was blowing simooms of sand and dirt among the rude new buildings. There had been a shooting the day before, and the rough-looking, sun-parched men who were walking about with guns made me long for the flesh-pots of Kansas. The little accommodation train finally jiggled away up the new branch

road. The two old coaches were full of farm-folks from Missouri and environs, most of them young and obviously poor. Men talked loudly, while dusty, half-roasting babies fretted and howled.

My sister, elated and sunburned, met me at the station, and together we rode away from the dozen unpainted shacks that made up the new town, followed the trail across the open prairie, forded the deep, narrow Washita, and reached her homestead a little after dark.

Her house was one room, eight by twelve feet. In one corner was a homemade table, in another a bed, in the third pine shelves for food and dishes, and in the other a little monkey stove with a drum oven. 'Where am I to sleep?' I asked. She pointed to some planks laid across overhead, and on scrambling up I found a comfortable bed immediately under the board roof.

Next morning, when she began frying bacon for breakfast, I rose and made haste to come down, for the heat quickly became unendurable. Outside I saw an expanse of rolling prairie, broken only by a drift of oak timber. Here and there were other tiny, unpainted shacks, each with its curling queue of breakfast smoke. Black strips here and there showed that the sod-plough was already busy. New wire fences stretched away, and yonder, three or four hundred paces off, lay the emaciated carcass of an Indian pony that had died ere new grass could come. Wolves had gnawed a great hole in the paunch. The soil was sandy and the grass grew in bunches about two feet in diameter.

Suddenly an old Apache, sitting very straight on a little yellow pony, rode out of the woods and cantered along the ridge where the prairie chickens were congregating and courting. I was still looking when the lady of the house announced breakfast. On the table were bread, bacon, fried potatoes, water-

gravy, canned peaches, coffee, sugar, and a can of condensed milk. I was amused — but the amusement gradually wore off in the weeks that followed.

Very few settlers brought any milch cows, and most of those they did bring soon became dry from want of proper feeding; fever ticks killed the rest. Eggs were lacking, for the coyotes had quickly caught the few chickens that had been carried in. Water-gravy soon drove me to gardening assiduously on a plot of new-turned sod where snakes abounded.

That summer we gathered and canned a good supply of wild berries and plums. In a small wolf-proof inclosure we raised chickens that we hatched in a rude but ingenious incubator, which was made for us by Brother Culver, the rock on whom the Lord had decided to build his church in this new community.

Of course, we organized a Sunday school. Phidippides may go to Athens, and Phidippides may come back from Athens; higher critics and patent eucharists may write and rant, but the rural districts will still be the home of dogmatism and orthodoxy, when Egypt's pyramids are crumbled and forgotten. However eat-drink-and-sufficient-unto-the-day the city pleb, with his hustling work and moving-picture recreation, may be, the countryman, driving his slow team afield, or scattering bug-dust on his potato-vines, has ample time for what Carlyle called 'silence.'

The basis of all religion is mystery, and all about yon isolated farm toiler is the mystery growth. Above his head the great sun, a disk of flaming brass, rolls up and down the lonely heavens, and, like the judgment eye of God, glares down at him. But yesterday that sky was loud with fire, — ripped thunder-clouds, — and the man who faces all this *is* religious, and will be,

though for him there be no God but Jehovah and Calvin be his prophet.

At Brother Culver's suggestion, we met in the one big floorless room that was the home of a neighbor's family, and organized a Sunday school. When the schoolhouse was finally built, the Reverend Mr. Davy came to help the local workers hold a protracted meeting. He was an ignorant man, but recently converted and full of the belief that he was called of the Lord to preach. He first announced his plan of campaign: 'First, to arrest you, that is, to arrest your attention; second, to convict you, and then, third, to "git" you pardoned.'

With the mental stock that years of Sunday-schooling and listening to doctrinal sermons had given me, the meetings soon made me feel like a convict; so I sought pardon. The local workers gathered round, expressing their joy and promising help, and finally I trotted home, whimpering and half hysterical, and alone in the cabin prayed fervently, while a pack of skulking wolves yelped and howled outside in the light of the cold, distant, yellow moon.

At the close of the meeting a church was organized. A few days later Brother Culver made a trip to our cabin to see how I was getting on. I told him that, while I felt a good deal better, I must confess that I had not yet entertained any angels, nor had I gone through as deep an experience as testifying meetings had led me to anticipate.

He diagnosed me with a few questions. 'What you need,' he said, 'is the Second Blessing.'

'What's that?' I asked; 'I never heard of it before.'

He explained at length. I grew puzzled and uncomfortable. I felt that I had been tricked — as a country boy feels, when he pays to get into the fair ground, and then finds that he must pay again, to see the performances.

'Brother Culver,' I said, recalcitrantly, 'my folks *was* all good Presbyterians and I never heard of your Second Blessing, and — I don't believe in it.'

He took his red-letter rule-book from his pocket and proved to me that St. Paul taught it. I ran *Chambers's Complete Encyclopædia* through my mind in ten seconds, but it was no use. It afforded nothing with which to combat the logic of this quick-eyed, fat-bellied laborer in the Vineyard. By inquiry and discussion I found that not more than half of our community believed in the Second Blessing, and so our newborn church, a true child of Protestantism, was like to die of internal trouble before the silver nitrate was well out of its eyes.

Nor was there any delay in the organization of a day school. These young couples who had left friends and native haunts to create homes on this niggardly sand-sod were determined that their children should have an 'education,' although they had no well-defined ideas of what education is or of what it should do for one, except make an easier livelihood possible. The teacher they employed grew weary of the locality and left before we had the school-house quite completed, so I was asked to try teaching, and was offered four months' work at thirty dollars per month, provided I would take most of my pay in scrip. The four-foot encyclopædia in my head gave me about three feet and eleven inches more of general information than the country teacher can generally boast; but in arithmetic, grammar, and the other humdrum branches, it is needless to say that I taught up to the very edge of what I knew.

The community pronounced the school a success, and since I was too young to take government land, and too poor to buy the necessary equip-

ment for farming, I decided to 'go off' to school. There was very little money in the new country, so I went to Kansas and worked as a farmhand, saved practically every dollar of my wages, sold my mule and my four cattle, and prepared to 'go off.'

Then I found that the wise men who make school systems all live in town. Kansas is an agricultural state, pure and simple; yet when I, a typical rural product, a boy of eighteen who had grown up like a weed, finally awoke to the need of an education, I found that no provision had been made for me. I must go to the Topeka graded schools, among children, a year or two before I could get into the high school; then the high school took four years and college four more — total, ten years! Who at eighteen would have had the courage to undertake it, even if he had had a tenth of the money it would require?

In those days there still remained one narrow and already closing avenue of escape for a full-grown man with an awakened and hungry mind which could sop up instruction at no ordinary rate. The State Normal School at Emporia then offered a 'sub-normal course,' which allowed one to enter the school proper as soon as one could master the sub-work — and hope rekindled with the knowledge that a normal graduate could finish the State University in two years. Thanks to this arrangement, which professional, perfecting educators have long since abolished, I am to-day a college graduate.

III

A normal school is a teacher-factory surrounded by widows. Each widow has one or two more or less impossible daughters whom she wishes to 'graduate' in the 'regular certificate course.' If a daughter is especially gifted, a way

may also be found for her to 'take voice.' In order to finance all this, the mother runs a club, that is, a meagre boarding-house. Each of these establishments needs a flunky, whose duties are numerous and varied — to collect board weekly, to chase after the ice-wagon, new mealers, and absconding board-bills; to fetch fuel, turn the freezer, and to do whatsoever else *her* hands find for *his* to do. This flunky is called a steward. For these services he gets his board. I soon had one of these jobs, and it surely helped, for the board-bill is the poor student's biggest problem.

With another student I lived in a little upstairs room; and while we studied Methods of Teaching, Rhetoric, and so forth, the girl who 'took voice' sat in a room below us and shouted, 'Oh-o-o-o-o-o,' or sang about the rain being on the river. Afterward she appeared in a chorus, made good, and married the manager; and the last I heard of her, she was making her costumes into baby dresses. After long trying, for competition was sharp, I got enough other menial labor, such as sweeping classrooms, to enable me to subsist.

Most of the students were girls. Their ages ranged from sixteen to forty or more. It was rather unusual for a student to attend three or four years consecutively, without dropping out to earn money. For these reasons, if a young man of any ability attended regularly for any considerable time, he had greatness thrust upon him. He would be president of a literary society, captain of a team, toastmaster at a banquet, and be asked to accept a place on

the staff of the school paper. In short, he would be urged into all that a student in an Eastern college works hard indeed to win. Moreover, most of the teachers were women.

These noble, overworked, unmarried dames trudged alone the thankless road of pedagogy, a strange combination of erudition, schoolgirl sentiment, and dormant mother-love. Each informally (or, rather, inadvertently) adopted some of the struggling young men whom she taught. In joy, in discouragement, in perplexity, they turned to her as naturally as the helianthus turns to the sun. Fortune gave me five of these foster-mothers, and if she had given me even more of 'em, I'd probably be a better man to-day. But like wine, song, and all other good things, women are not an unmixed blessing.

Because I could write fair verses, I was a poet; because I helped win a debate, I was destined to go high. My beautiful wavy auburn hair also helped me. And when the Livingstone-Damien propensities that are in almost every young man developed in me, it was promptly conceded that with me a surgeon in Central China, John Calvin could quickly vanquish sage Confucius, great Mohammed, and also the gentle Buddha. There was probably more good than bad in all this, for the hopes it kindled gave one courage to fight on against odds that might well have appalled an archangel. The inordinate conceit and vapid egoism that it all created, however, caused me misery enough when the non-sentimental East got me in the hopper of its efficiency machine.

(To be concluded)

IN DIOCLETIAN'S DAY

A SCENE IN SPOLETO

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

'So the old man wants to return to power,' said Diocletian, rolling up a letter and speaking rather to himself than to the officer who brought it.

It was a cool autumn morning, and they were walking side by side along an arcade or corridor which ran the whole length of the front of the new palace, looking west across the sea. For more than two hundred yards the corridor ran, and at either end it was flanked with massive towers. Sixteen of them protected the fortress walls of the huge quadrangle within which the palace was constructed. In the centre of the colonnade stood a spacious entrance-gate, with steps leading down to the water, which lapped gently against them. For the bay was never rough, the storms of the Adriatic being wardered off by low outlying islands.

Beside the entrance-gate a heavy barge lay at anchor. It had come at great speed from the Riviera, bringing the messenger of Maximian, ex-Emperor like Diocletian himself. Tied to their pivots, the banks of oars still rested on the surface; the crews who had worked the ships were busy with breakfast, or lay sleeping in the newly risen sun.

'So the old man wants to return to power, and asks me to join with him,' said Diocletian again; and he stopped in his walk to look meditatively over

the sea between the columns. 'For twenty-one years I ruled the world — I, Diocletian, the slave boy from those Dalmatian hills down yonder. I saved the world — saved it from savages — Goths, Germans, Persians, Parthians, and the rest. Continually, like clouds in storm, they kept pressing down over the sunlit prospect of the Empire, and I drove them back to the dismal regions which they inhabit. All that is worth preserving in mankind I preserved. The mists and obscurities which threatened to envelop the clearest reason of the world I also swept away, as with a health-giving breeze. And now the old man wants me to return and begin all over again! You must rest here, Julianus, for a few days, and I will give Maximian an answer.'

'All your commands I obey,' answered the officer; 'to me you are always Emperor.'

'Please don't talk like a courtier,' said Diocletian, though he bowed with a gratified smile; 'I'm only a private citizen now — a self-made man enjoying well-earned repose, like any army contractor. And, like most retired speculators, I spend my declining years in planting trees I shall never see grow up, and in building a house I shall not long enjoy. At the best, I can feel the spring return only ten times more. For I suppose I am mortal, although I have long been declared divine.'

He smiled again, and led his guest

through a vaulted vestibule, on one side of which stood a great dining-hall, and on the other a library, guest-chambers, baths, and the ex-Emperor's bedroom and private apartments. The vestibule opened into a broad causeway or street, crossed at the centre by another street running at right angles to it, so that the two divided the quadrangle of the palace inside the surrounding walls into four interior quadrangles of about equal size.

Turning to the right, Diocletian led the way up some steps to a large octagonal building, like a tower with a pointed roof, and pushed open the lofty doors of decorated bronze. In the centre of an empty floor stood a large stone sarcophagus, carved in deep relief with historic scenes — legionaries hewing shaggy ill-armed barbarians in pieces, executioners beheading prisoners like poppies in a row, and on one side an emperor entering Rome in triumph, the standards and the lictors' rods and axes preceding his chariot, the spoils and long lines of captive kings and queens dragged behind, amid an applauding populace. It represented Diocletian's own triumph of 303 A.D. — the last triumph ever to climb the Capitoline with the silent Virgin along the Sacred Way.

'As we were talking of mortality,' Diocletian said, 'I thought I would show you the tomb in which my carcass will lie forever when, in the poet's words, my palsied head descends to heaven.'

Again he smiled, and after contemplating the empty stone box for a while in silence, they turned to go.

'Observe the architect's skill,' said Diocletian. 'Outside, the mausoleum is octagonal; inside, it is circular. That is thought a clever piece of construction, and you can make what symbol you like of it — the circle of eternity at rest within the points of this angular life, or what you will. But these mys-

teries have no attraction for a rough old soldier like me. Look rather at the frieze running round the exterior — a divine creature, you see, hunting boars and wild goats. That's more to my taste. I hold by the ancient gods as much as possible — partly, I suppose, because I am one.'

He expected his companion to laugh, but Julianus only bowed, as if at a commonly acknowledged truth.

'I can't quite say why I had such a lot of stuff brought from Egypt,' Diocletian continued. 'All those granite and marble columns are Egyptian, and so are those sphinxes on each side of the doors, all covered with incomprehensible writing! They are said to be twice as old as Rome. A woman's face and breasts on a lion's body with eagle's wings! I suppose it all meant something to those old fellows. A queer country is Egypt! Like a huge coffin! And the priests worship queer gods with the heads of hawks, cats, dogs, calves, crocodiles, and heaven knows what! I'd like to ask them a question or two. But it's my belief that men and women will believe anything, provided it is ridiculous or impossible.'

'You see those two statues in the pediment over the door,' he went on; 'one is myself, the other is my wife Prisca, the ex-Empress. When I married her she was a beautiful woman, complacent and devout; born just to worship the genial goddess of production, the joy of gods and men. But now she is wrapped in fantastic superstitions, — a kind of Jewess, they tell me, — and has carried off our daughter Valeria with her. Heaven knows to what fate they are wandering through the world, now that I can no longer protect them. They are too distinguished to be fortunate.'

'When last I heard of them, they were in the East,' said Julianus.

'Howling over the crumbling ruins

of Jerusalem, probably,' Diocletian replied, with regretful bitterness. 'Men are idiotic and swinish, but for real mania you must look to women. Notice that sarcophagus there; too. I had it brought here because of the beautiful workmanship: the story of Hippolytus and Phædra — another instance of feminine madness! The thing is over a century old. I've forgotten whose bones moulder inside; someone who was happy enough to live under the Antonines, I suppose, and saw the Empire complete and calm and uncorrupted. And there's a bust of Nero on that pedestal. What a fantastic man he was! And yet attractive, and capable of religious zeal. But now I should like to show you the temple of more genuine gods.'

He led the way across a peristyle or roofless colonnade of elegant arches, up the approach to an oblong temple, Corinthian in design, where they were met by a white-robed priest. He bowed profoundly to the ex-Emperor, extending his arms with hands turned down, and Diocletian answered the salutation with similar precision. The great doors were thrown open by acolytes who served the temple — sweeping the floor, shaking out the curtains, and keeping the altar-fires alight.

In the obscurity of the interior, into which a dubious light penetrated only through thin slabs of marble in the roof, the visitor perceived a reduced imitation of the seated Zeus of Olympia, and the statue of a man in ancient Greek clothing, holding a scroll in one hand and a staff entwined with serpents in the other.

'As this is my only temple,' Diocletian said, speaking low, 'I chose to dedicate it to the gods of Heaven and Health combined — the greatest and the most useful of gods. My title of Jovius almost compelled me to select the one; and indeed what greater god could one worship than him who rules

the sky and directs the course of the firmaments revolving round the earth and the Empire? But my personal adoration is especially due to Æsculapius; for though I am divine and immortal, where should I be now but for his aid when terrible sickness befell me a few years ago? People who saw me even when I was recovering did not recognize the soldier and savior of the world in the shrunken and enfeebled figure to which sickness had reduced me. I vowed at that time daily to worship the Healing God, and indeed I was engaged in his service as I walked the cool length of the esplanade when your ship put in. Other exercises I perform in his honor, as you shall presently see. For what is life — what is the life even of Divine Being — without the blessedness of health?'

Taking a little incense from the priest, Diocletian raised both hands before the statues in turn and dropped it upon the smouldering fires of each altar. Tiny orange flames shot up from each, and a thin column of blue smoke arose. Julianus repeated the action before the statue of Jove alone, and as the ex-Emperor waited for him to perform the other sacrifice, he said, 'I have no need of healing, being well already.'

'Oh, youth, youth!' laughed Diocletian as he turned to leave the temple; and then he sighed and said little more as he conducted his guest around the rest of the palace buildings — the stables, the galleries of cells for slaves, the apartments of the stewards and cooks. Only when they reached the northwest quadrangle, which was built as barracks for the bodyguard, he said in his tone of sardonic irony, —

'Yes, a thousand lusty men-at-arms are still required to preserve one life for a few years more. How many of the Cæsars have died except by violence? Hardly half a dozen since Augustus, three centuries ago. Conquest has not

saved a Cæsar; public service has not saved; still less has virtue. Good or evil, they have shared the same hideous fate. Slaughtered, murdered, stabbed, poisoned, torn in pieces, one after another they have gone — they have gone. Nor is abdication a defense. Fear lurks in ambush always; and yet, though life is none too sweet, we cling to it.'

Ashamed of an emotion thus revealed, he turned smilingly to Julianus and said, 'Now you have seen the pleasant resting-place I have constructed for the peace of old age. The sun is growing hot in spite of autumn. The midday meal will be served you, and you must rest for a few hours. This afternoon we will drive round the neighborhood. There is a festival at Salona to-day. There will be the usual games and some necessary executions — no spectacle such as you young men-about-town are accustomed to in the city, but just a simple entertainment good enough for us country folk.'

II

Through the breathless hours of noon the palace lay silent, basking in sunlight. Even the vast gray blocks of the outer walls glared in the heat, and the newly wrought marble of the colonnades and temple steps shone with dazzling whiteness. Except for the sentries at the four gates and on the corner towers, all the soldiers, household servants, and slaves slept or lay prostrate in the shade — all but two of Diocletian's secretaries, who, under his own direction, were cutting upon the marble wall of his inmost chamber a map of the Empire, the parts of which were variously colored according to the dates of their acquisition or recent recovery. The regions which he had himself rescued from the barbarians were dyed with brilliant purple.

But toward four o'clock there was a stir throughout the palace. The guard was changed, servants moved to and fro on the streets, and presently a covered carriage drawn by six horses stood waiting before the ex-Emperor's portico. Diocletian entered it with his guest and drove slowly down the carefully paved causeway to the Golden Gate in the centre of the northern wall. Passing through the tunnel of its deep and vaulted entrance, the carriage emerged upon a broad road, lined with young cypress trees on either side; and directly the barriers of the fortress palace were left, an open country lay extended far in front, till rough lines of bare and rocky mountains closed the view.

Like one escaping into free air, Diocletian leaned back with a deep breath of relief, and with eyes fixed on the mountains he said, 'I am getting on fairly well with my map, but have little satisfaction in it. We talk about the Empire of the World, but what do we know of the world? Look at those mountains. I was reared among them, only a few days' journey farther south. They are my native country, but what do I know of the lands behind them? They stretch away to the Danube and the Euxine; ridge after ridge of stony mountains, line after line of water-courses opening upon slips of plain, where outlandish people build little huts or pitch tents of skin, always on the move, always robbing and killing each other, speaking unintelligible and inhuman languages, and called by idle names which mean nothing at all. How shall I entitle that country on a map? One is tired of writing "Land Unknown" all round the limits of our world.'

'I once traveled along the great road which Rome built from Dyrrachium through such an unknown region,' said Julianus. 'We crossed terrible mountains and passed two big lakes. All was

savage till we escaped through the ruined home of ancient Alexander to Thessalonica, and so to the city of the Bosphorus.'

'And beyond that,' Diocletian continued, 'stood Nicomedia, where I once thought of erecting a new capital for the Empire. But the superstitious natives twice set fire to my palace after I destroyed their temple there, and I used that splendid site only to abdicate in despair. And beyond Asia lies Mesopotamia and Persia and the gates of India, which your ancient Alexander actually reached. But beyond those frontiers, what do we know? I have stood on mountain heights and looking eastward have seen again range after range of giant mountains, breadths of desert interminable, and unknown waters. You remember what some old Greek poet told about the wanderers of Asia, and people who pitch beside the lake at the edge of the world, and spear-men watching like eagles from peaks above the gulf of nothingness. But as I stood there, I saw the world's edge was not reached, and there was no gulf of nothingness before me, but always land, and land, and lands unknown.'

'No doubt the surrounding world is larger than people used to think,' said Julianus. 'But, after all, our world gathered about this lovely sea, so full of glorious memories, is the only world that counts. We need n't trouble ourselves with those dwellers in outer Cimmerian darkness.'

'Yes, but we must trouble ourselves,' Diocletian replied impatiently, 'or they will trouble us. I've seen them out there upon the Eastern confines — tall brown men with faces like hawks; tall brown women too, large-eyed and athletic as Zenobia. And I've seen hordes of hideous creatures — dwarfish, having slits for eyes, and long arms like apes. And who knows what strange monsters Africa may beget — ludicrous,

black, inhuman? No one has yet penetrated the farthest wilds of Britain, or the islands west of it. But I have seen shaggy Germans beyond the Rhine, shaggy Scythians beyond the Danube. Innumerable they seemed. Mow them down by thousands, and next year there are thousands more, waiting for the sword. And beyond cold and misty seas dwell the Hyperboreans, from among whom the Goths descended upon us like a deluge of ice, devastating those bright cities of Asia, pillaging Thessalonica, Ephesus, and even Athens — Athens herself.'

He paused, overwhelmed by the vision of those countless hordes.

'Little more than a century ago,' he continued, 'how secure and quiet the Empire lay! If peace was broken, it was usually broken by civil war. At the worst Rome then fought Rome. The victory was Roman, and it did not matter to the Empire who was Cæsar. Men went unconcernedly about their business, hardly conscious of laws which stood firm and unquestioned behind them, the stronger because unnoticed. The inland sea was winged with merchant ships, always passing to and fro. Life passed in beautiful cities, or among the isolated villas which gladdened the shores of the province, and of Egypt, Asia, and Greece; to say nothing of pleasant Italy with her bays and rivers sliding under ancient walls. "Glory to thee, Saturnian land, great mother of fruits, great mother of men!" as the old poet sang. Then decent people could lay out their course of years as they pleased, beautifying their homes, pursuing the arts, and cultivating their minds or their gardens without thought or care. Under time-honored forms, the established gods were reasonably worshiped. New-fangled notions were regarded with smiling incredulity or tolerant contempt, and from birth to acquiescent old age no sensible being suffered a dis-

turbing thought, or aimed at greater happiness than the hope of a to-morrow repeating to-day.

'But, my dear Julianus, how appalling has been the change! From every side an ignorant barbarism threatens to engulf that calm and placid world. Close beyond every frontier those huge clouds of savages are gathered, waiting to burst with inundation over all that Romans mean by the State, Civility, and Manners. For a few years I kept them back as Æolus once restrained the hurricanes of storm. For a few years I redeemed the world and renewed the Empire's life. But our peace cannot last. Close before us I see an age of tumult and unceasing war. Not an age, but ages following ages, during which Roman public life and civilized daily existence will disappear, perhaps, even from memory.

'Was it not time, then, that I turned from a ruining world to build my palace, and for my final years to be still? You remember what the old Persian said: "The worst torture man can suffer is to have many thoughts and no power." I was unable to avert the evil I foresaw. We stand at the end of an age — the age of Rome. It has been a noble and beneficent age, blessing the heart and summit of the world. Egypt was not so great, nor was Assyria. Their ages passed; the age of Rome is passing now, and before mankind lies a whirlpool of savage obscurity.'

'It is to save mankind,' said Julianus, 'that my master Maximian calls on you to return.'

Diocletian made no answer. The carriage was entering the streets of a large and beautiful town, built beside a deep inlet of the Adriatic.

'Here we are in Salona,' he said, rousing himself. 'Is n't it a splendid situation? I intend to make it the capital of Dalmatia. You observe that I am strengthening the fortifications. Look

at that mighty new wall! I am building that against the barbarians. Barbarians! as if walls could keep out either barbarians or care or death!'

III

Diocletian descended at the gate of the large amphitheatre, from which the shouts of the audience could be heard. As he and Julianus entered the imperial seats, the noise was hushed, and the spectators rose in silent reverence to the savior of civilization. Even the gladiators paused in a mock engagement and saluted. Diocletian settled himself with deliberation upon a kind of throne, and placed on his head a diadem, retained for public occasions as a memorial of former greatness. He signaled with his hand, and the games proceeded.

There was nothing unusual in the programme. The amphitheatre was small — barely seventy yards long and barely fifty yards across. Within this narrow space trained athletes exhibited their strength and skill; gladiators contested with blunted swords, or with nets and tridents; wild bulls were incited to gore each other; strange animals imported from Africa at Diocletian's own expense — giraffes, hippopotami, zebras, and apes — were crowded together in a terrified herd, while the audience screamed to increase their panic, and were convulsed with laughter at their awkward movements, their bewildered faces, and wild efforts to escape. When negroes with long whips had driven them back to their stalls, there was an interval during which slaves cleaned the arena and covered it with fresh sand, while the spectators drank from wine-flasks and devoured the provisions they had brought with them in bags.

'The populace is awaiting the top of the climax,' said Diocletian, looking

round upon the crowded tiers with amused toleration. 'After all, death gives the common mind its keenest emotion; you might almost say its one touch of poetry. To-day they celebrate a special sacrifice to Mars, and there are military executions in his honor. I take no pleasure in such things; I have seen too many deaths. No death can interest me now — except perhaps my own,' he added, with his characteristic smile.

'Let us go then,' said Julianus.

'Oh, no! I must see the end,' Diocletian answered wearily. 'The people would be hurt if we went. They are only carrying out one of my own decrees, and "who wishes the end, wishes the means," as the jurists say. Besides, you know old Martial's epigram — "Cato goes out from the theatre. Why, then, did he come? Was it that he might go out?" But here come the criminals. First there is a pack of deserters, murderers, brigands, and malefactors in general, caught in this neighborhood or threatening the highways through the mountains.'

From one end of the arena a squadron of ten men, armed as Roman legionaries, entered. They halted in single rank opposite the ex-Emperor, raised their short swords in salute, and clashed them upon their iron shields. The gate at the other end of the arena opened, and out swarmed a mob of thirty beings, leaping and shouting and brandishing stout spears and gleaming knives. They were decked like savages, with wigs of long fair hair, all matted and tangled, tunics and kilts of cowhide, bare legs, and oval shields of cowhide too. Without a pause, they rushed in a confused mass upon the supposed legionaries, who rapidly wheeled right and stood shoulder to shoulder in line to confront them. At the clash of the meeting forces the amphitheatre stood up and gasped with excitement.

At once the work of killing began. Swords struck with edge and point. Spears were thrust into the joints of armor. Daggers stabbed at throats. Within a few seconds, dead and wounded fell. Arms and hands were sliced off. The sinews of bare legs were severed. One head and then another and another rolled to the edge of the sanded oval. Screams of anguish mingled with the applause. The sand was stained with great patches of blood, bright red, crimson, and brown. The criminals who remained standing tripped over the bodies of the fallen.

Within ten minutes only four of the legionaries and one burlesque barbarian survived. Slowly the four edged him back to one end of the arena, until they held him surrounded at the gate. Leaping upon him from right and left they clung to his arms while one quietly cut his throat, and the spectacle was over. The triumphant four saluted Diocletian, and received their pardon.

'This form of execution' the ex-Emperor observed to his guest, 'is a device of my own. It gives the worst criminal some small chance of his life. Besides, it encourages recruiting, for the legionaries always come off better than the barbarians, and some save their lives. The sight of blood and conflict is wholesome, too. It checks enervation and effeminacy. And, after all, it is pleasanter to fight for one's life than be slaughtered like a sheep.'

'But now,' he added, looking down on the arena again, 'we shall be compelled to witness another execution. These are traitors who refuse to fight and actually prefer being slaughtered without resistance.'

Two grown men, a youth of about eighteen, and a woman were pushed out from one of the doors, the keepers of the arena thrusting at them from behind with long poles tipped with iron points.

They were dressed in the ordinary summer clothes of the respectable middle-class. The woman wore a girdle of yellow silk, and her black hair was tied with a fillet of the same color. The youth held her by the hand, and all four walked slowly into the midst of the arena, with eyes uplifted to the open sky. Attendants followed, carrying a wooden statue of Mars, which they placed in the centre of the arena, and withdrew.

Straining their heads forward, the spectators watched what was about to happen. Taking one step toward the statue, the elder of the two men spat in its face, and in a loud voice uttered the words, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

A yell of execration rose from the crowded amphitheatre. All sprang to their feet, gesticulating, and shouting for death.

'I feared the experiment would be useless,' Diocletian said, regretfully. 'The obstinacy of superstition surpasses reason. The offense is a crime against the Mars of Rome. Those two men are centurions who threw down their arms refusing to fight for the Empire's safety. The youth refused the military oath because his superstition commanded its followers not to bind themselves by swearing nor to resist evil. The woman has been added for propagating the same treason to the State.'

Amid the storm of clamor, Juliánus could hardly hear the words. His eyes were fixed on the heavy barrier of the opposite gate. It was raised. Two young lions and a leopard bounded upon the sand, and then stood still, bewildered by the light and noise. The two lions stooped to sniff the corpses still stretched in uncouth attitudes upon the scene of death. But the leopard, fixing his eyes upon the woman, cautiously advanced and crouched down for the spring. Instantly the youth snatched a bloody sword from the hand of a

dead legionary and plunged it into her body low between her breasts. With a cry she fell. At the sight of the spouting blood, the leopard sprang, tore open her garment with one scratch of his claws, fastened his teeth in her side and with half-closed eyes drank in ecstasy. Absorbed in the pleasure, he was an easy prey. With the dripping sword the youth struck once more, and the wild beast rolled over dead beside the naked form.

The spectators rocked with laughter. They yelled the obscenities common to mankind. They shouted admiration, too. Some called upon Diocletian to pardon the youth.

But it was too late for pardon. A lion sprang. The youth, still grasping the sword, made no resistance, and by one blow of a terrible paw his throat was torn out. One of the older men fell to the onslaught of the other lion, and the second centurion remained standing alone. 'Depart in peace, most Christian souls!' he cried, raising his hands. But while he spoke, a daring gladiator crept stealthily across the arena, seized him from behind, bowed his body down as if in mock obeisance to the gods, and struck off his head so that it fell at the statue's feet. Again the audience shouted with pleasure and applause.

'That is the end of our humble festivity,' said Diocletian, rising. 'Now we may go without offense.'

The delighted crowd rose and cheered the ex-Emperor as he withdrew, saluting him with the title of Divus and Jovius. Looking back from the gateway, Julianus saw the bloodstained arena littered with dead bodies, and the two lions snarling with jealous satisfaction over their unwonted and delightful food.

IV

The air was now pleasantly cool, and the sun was setting in lines of orange

and crimson clouds over the Adriatic.

'Drive slowly round by the garden,' Diocletian said to the coachman; and as the heavy carriage began to move, he turned again to Julianus. 'Such performances add variety to provincial life,' he observed, 'and prevent the agriculturists from flocking to the city. The female prisoner was condemned also for persistently preaching the rites of an inhuman love likely to undermine our legitimate matrimony and hinder natural procreation. These heated and orgiastic mysteries are continually sprouting in the East, like poisonous growths on steaming dunghills. In olden times those Asiatics worshiped Asartate and Cybele. Mythras came more recently to delude emotional minds, and now there is this.

'However, as I told you, it was merely for refusing to serve, or to continue service, in the army that the youth and the two deserters were executed. No more unpardonable treason to Rome could be imagined than a refusal to fight in her defense. These pitiful wretches enjoy the peace and splendor of Rome, but will not move a finger to protect or extend either. The City, the State, the Empire, are nothing to them. Such people brood only over their own condition and the preservation of their souls. They undertake no public duties. They refuse to act as judges or magistrates, and even their pleasures are private and selfishly concealed. They appear to live in a kind of ecstatic hysteria, scorning reason, avoiding social life, and looking forward with joyous expectation to the speedy destruction, not only of our Roman world, but of the whole human race. For the protection of humanity, I resolved some five or six years ago to extirpate their desperate superstition, and in that, at all events, I shall succeed.'

'You are right,' said Julianus; 'if such treasonable opinions spread, no

state — not even the smallest city — could survive in this world of perpetual conflict. And the best way of silencing pernicious opinions is to silence those who hold them.'

'If those unhappy criminals had but shown a little reasonable compliance,' Diocletian continued, 'they need not have suffered. They might, for instance, have displayed a becoming reverence for myself,' he added, smiling once more. 'I make no pretensions to extraordinary virtue, but my private record compares well with my namesake Jove's.

'As you know,' he went on, 'I think it best to maintain the ancient public gods. These new religions are too much occupied with personal states of mind, or else with oracles and soothsayers and the movements of stars and planets. What do the stars know about us, or what do they care? Solemn old philosophers used to say the stars twinkled in their pity for mankind, and the music of the spheres could actually be heard if we listened long enough. My friend, it is all childish folly. Not even Jews believe it.

'Then there was worthy old Marcus — divine, but still worthy; he always kept one eye turned inward upon what he called his soul. As though his soul mattered! He helped to build some decent towns, like this of Salona here; and he cleared the frontiers beyond the Danube. But all the time he kept grubbing into his own state of mind, his conduct and thoughts, calling them up daily for examination. That is not the way to greatness. He felt a kind of sympathy for all the world. He used to quote young Pliny's saying that, when one poor mortal assists another poor mortal, there is God. My dear Julianus, the gods are not pitiful and tender and effeminate. The gods are soldierly and civic powers. It was they who built the walls of Rome, and ex-

tended the empire of law and reason into the realms of barbarous and obscene night.'

The carriage stopped at a large square enclosure surrounded by stone walls.

'Enough of these solemn abstractions,' said Diocletian, with relief. 'Here we are at my garden. Now I can show you something genuine — a real public service to the State.'

Within the walls a vegetable and fruit garden was spread out in ordered rows and rectangular patches. Slaves were digging the rows and watering the roots by a system of channels arranged with sluices and locks.

'Is n't it magnificent?' Diocletian cried. 'Look at those fennels, those onion-beds and cabbages, all in line! Just like cohorts drawn up for battle. And there are apple trees and plums, and a good big patch of vineyard for my special wine which I drink for fear of gout. I come here to dig and prune nearly every day. It is healthy exercise, and much more delightful than ruling the Empire. You can tell your master Maximian that! And by the way, when I write my answer, remind me to put in a word of congratulation upon the marriage of Maximian's daughter to Constantine, son of my old friend and successor Constantius. He seems a promising youth. They tell me that

he is one of the Cæsars already. But how many emperors exactly are there now? Do you suppose I care to become just one more among the number — I, who saved the Empire once?'

The carriage bore them to the Western or Iron Gate, and when they re-entered the palace the evening was almost dark, and the larger stars were already shining.

The town of Spoleto is now built inside Diocletian's palace and extends beyond the walls. His mausoleum was converted into a cathedral dedicated to the Assumption of the Virgin about three hundred years after Diocletian's death. The High Altar marks the spot where his sarcophagus stood, and side altars sanctify the relics of Salona's first martyr and of her first bishop. The temple of Jove and Æsculapius is now the baptistry, and the font, designed in the Lombardic style, has for six centuries served for the christening of the city's babies.

If you pass out through the Iron Gate and climb the steep and rocky height west of the town, you will discover a large stone cross on the summit, and may read an inscription cut on the base in fine Roman characters: 'JESUS CHRISTUS DEUS HOMO VIVIT REGNAT IMPERAT.'

THE BELLS OF PEACE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

LILIES are here, tall in the garden bed,
And on the moor are still the buds of May;
Roses are here — and, tolling for our dead,
The bells of Peace make summer holiday.

Listening? They, who in their Springtime went?
The young, the brave dead, leaving all behind,
All of their home, love, laughter, and content,
The village sweetness and the Western wind.

Leaving the quiet trees and the cattle red,
The Southern soft mist over granite tor —
Whispered from life, by secret valor led
To face the horror that their souls abhor.

Here in the starlight to the owl's 'To-whooh!'
They wandered once — they wander still, maybe,
Dreaming of home, clinging the long night through
To sound and sight fastened in memory.

Here in the sunlight and the bracken green —
Wild happy roses starring every lane —
Eager to reach the good that might have been,
They *were* at peace. Are they at peace again?

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve
Of our relief, Peace and Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming dead of all they died to win!

CÆSAR'S GHOST

BY MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

I

It will be remembered by the earlier readers of the great explorer, Emmet Franklin, that the first and second edition of his *Brahmaputran Journal* has no preface. One plunges into the text at the date of his setting out from Peking, with not even a preliminary word to introduce the narrative of that terrible and wonderful three years.

Perhaps this accounts in part for the interest that both reviewers and general public have taken in the preface to the third edition of the *Journal*, lately come from the press. Yet the preface itself is a document to intrigue the interest. It covers three pages, and consists of a catalogue of the various animals that served Franklin on the expedition, the virtues they displayed, and the deaths they met, each in turn, upon the lonely Himalayan trails.

The whole tone of the preface, say the reviewers, is in striking contrast to Franklin's attitude toward animals displayed in the *Journal*. There he seems to regard them as mere instruments for the attainment of his goal, and their sufferings and mortality are mentioned only when their loss threatens to delay the expedition. Attention is called more than once to the bald entry in the second volume where the death of Franklin's collie is recorded.

'Have lost my collie,' Franklin writes. 'It fell into the lake as we were landing last evening at sundown; and as I did not want it in my tent with its wet fur, I tied it to the pole outside.

Found it this morning standing as if straining to get inside the flap, frozen stiff. A nuisance, as it was faithful in guarding my belongings.'

Not a word of regret, you see, except for the inconvenience to himself. But the collie gets his meticulous tribute in the preface, along with horses and yaks and shaggy little Chinese ponies. Only, what prompted this late atonement? Had the ghosts of his dumb and faithful servitors returned to haunt Franklin in his leisure hours? The reviews all close with much the same refrain.

How near the mark their chance shots come, only we who lived near to Franklin during the year that elapsed between the second and third edition of his *Journal* can tell. During that year the explorer was our nearest neighbor; and though our intimacy could scarcely be said to have attained the warmth of friendship, we were familiar with the activities and influences of his life as is possible only in an isolated community like ours. Moreover, we saw the beginning and end of Franklin's relations to Cæsar; and there, I am convinced, lies the key to that astonishing preface.

We live in a little valley on the edge of the California desert. Our ranch is the last in the irrigated belt, and between us and neighbors there is a terraced olive grove whose deep-eaved cottage has stood tenantless for years. The owner lived there just long enough to regain his health, then abandoned his ranch and went back to his New York home; since when the gophers and

ground-squirrels have had things pretty much their own way on its weed-grown terraces.

We were pleased, of course, when a letter from the owner informed us that the cottage was to have a tenant at last; pleased and excited as well, when we learned, further, that the prospective tenant was none other than Emmet Franklin, the great explorer.

We are a simple community and take people pretty much as we find them; but the name of Emmet Franklin was just then on everyone's lips. Kings had delighted to honor him for his achievements in a part of Asia hitherto jealously guarded against European exploration. We had read of his travels in the daily news, and now my father sent to Los Angeles for a copy of the *Brahmaputran Journal*, and our neighbors borrowed the two thick volumes and read them so thoroughly that the frontispiece portrait of Franklin came loose and had to be pasted into volume one at least half a dozen times.

I wondered what our neighbors made of Franklin's portrait: the long jaw, the close lips, the cold steady eyes with the sharp angle of the lids, the forehead, intellectual but lacking in benevolence. Whatever they thought, they kept a loyal silence, only Ed Ryan, the mail-carrier, venturing a comment. He had returned the *Journal* for Widow Dixon, and he as stooped to recover Franklin's portrait, loose again, he held it for a moment in his huge paw.

'Say, but that's a frozen eye!' he observed.

'From gazing long upon Himalayan snows,' my father quoted.

'Maybe so, maybe so,' said Ed doubtfully. 'It looks to me like the ice came from inside, not out. I'd hate to be his horse.'

We smiled at this characteristic speech. Ed Ryan was foolish about animals, and he judged every man by his

attitude toward his horse or his dog. His own sleek sorrel mare was almost useless from overfeeding and petting.

Franklin arrived, and my first impression was that he was chillingly like his portrait. He had a dry emotionless voice, and he looked at each new acquaintance as if summing up his possibilities for usefulness in furthering some secret purposes of his own. It may have been merely an unfortunate manner, but it checked the friendly impulse.

Yet, when he made it known that he needed a horse, we were all ready to be helpful again.

'He does n't care for anything young and fancy,' said Mason the hotel-keeper, a little proud of being Franklin's spokesman in the matter. 'He's only here for a few months to rest. An old horse will do. I thought of Cæsar.'

'Cæsar!' said Ryan.

'Well, why not? Mr. Franklin would n't use him much, and I think Cæsar would enjoy the change. It must be dull for him, sticking around in pasture all the time. What's your objection, Ed?'

Ed Ryan was not ready with his objections; and when one man after another indorsed the plan of offering Cæsar to the great man in our midst, he finally gave in, and even promised to fetch the old horse from pasture and take him out to Franklin.

To understand how much the offer of Cæsar meant, one must know something of the horse's history. He had originally belonged to Elder Thompson, who for the few years he spent among us was the idol of the community. Elder Thompson was what is called a 'lunger' in our bald Western slang. He was a thin, stooped man, with gentle brown eyes, and a curling beard such as one sees in the old paintings of the Beloved Disciple. What obscure sect he belonged to, I do not remember now; and it does not matter in any case, for

his pure and charitable spirit knew no divisions of creed or name. Weak as he was, he carried on his work of preaching and comforting the sick and the sad to the very last day of his life.

And Elder Thompson's Cæsar grew to be almost as dear to the valley as the elder himself. Cæsar's ribs were like barrel-staves, and no amount of feeding could hide them. His shoulders were misshapen from a too-early wearing of the collar, and his long, solemn black face, with its pendulous lower lip, had almost the effect of caricature. But for all his ugliness he was a saint among his kind. Never had horse combined such gentleness of disposition with so indomitable a spirit. He drew the elder's shabby buggy up and down the desert roads through rain and shine; and when the elder died, the community raised a purse and put Cæsar to spend his old age in the luscious salt pastures about John Cochrane's sulphur spring.

Now he was to be lent to Franklin as a special token of the valley's regard.

Franklin's manner of receiving the loan was not particularly gracious. He told Ed Ryan in his dry impassive voice that he would much prefer buying the horse, and that he would pay thirty-five dollars for him.

'I can get that much use out of him,' Franklin added.

'He is n't a young horse, you understand,' Ryan protested, taking alarm. 'You'll have to go easy with him.'

'He will serve my purpose,' said Franklin dryly. 'He is not for sale? How very quaint. Be so kind as to turn him into the paddock for me.'

'He meant the corral,' the carrier explained in telling us the story. 'I pretty near brought Cæsar away with me on the spot, I was so mad. Mr. Franklin may be a great explorer, but I say again what I said before, I'd hate to be his horse.'

'It will be all right,' said my father reassuringly. 'Mr. Franklin's manner is misleading. We find he improves on acquaintance.'

We were already yielding to the explorer's charm. He had come to the house that morning on an errand, and catching sight of a swastika design on one of our Indian baskets, had stopped to discuss its origin.

'It is the sacred design of the Asiatic Buddhists,' he told us, his cold blue eyes taking fire. 'Even the figures on the arms — why, I have seen that exact pattern in the monastery at Gompu, up in the Himalayas.'

Then for an hour he held us spell-bound with tales of the Buddhist monastery by its enchanted sapphire lake. 'I could not finish my exploration of the lake,' he concluded, his face clouding. 'I froze my hands in a blizzard and inflammation set in. While I was delirious, my men took me down to a lower altitude, and it was impossible to return.'

'You see,' said my father afterward, 'that explains his apparent heartlessness. Even his own life is a light matter to him compared to his work.'

I heard my father repeating this incident to Ed Ryan a day or two later. Already we were assuming the rôle of Franklin's defenders and interpreters.

Nevertheless, we kept an eye on Cæsar, and whenever we saw the faithful old horse trotting down the road, we would involuntarily register the hour of his departure and would be conscious of his absence until we saw him coming home again.

'Franklin lets him hurry too much,' said my father, as Cæsar was returning rather stumbingly one evening, his coat streaked with foam. 'I don't think he uses the whip, but Cæsar always looks overheated. I must drop him a hint.'

The hint was not dropped, however,

for Franklin forestalled it. He dined with us a few evenings later, and as we drank our coffee by the fire he observed with his faintly sarcastic smile, —

'This seems to be a community of sentimentalists. The chap who brings the mail is really worth taking notes on when he gets started on the subject of animals.'

'He is very humane,' said my father with a touch of stiffness.

'So?' Franklin's accent had an irritating foreign cadence when he pronounced this little word. 'I am not foolish about animals myself. Some forms of life are important, some less important. The less must be sacrificed to the greater.'

'The form of life is not always the measure of its importance,' retorted my father. 'Nobility of spirit has its claims whether in animal or man. There are many men who could easier be spared from the world than a horse like Cæsar, for example.'

'So you too make a fetish of Cæsar. Yes, yes, I know. He was the property of a worthy man, and a certain sentimental value attaches to him on that account. But otherwise the horse is not remarkable.'

'Good heavens, Franklin, where are your eyes?' my father protested warmly. 'Try studying Cæsar with the care you would put upon a Buddhist inscription. The horse is worth it.'

Franklin gave my father a quick look, as if the suggestion had struck him. But he only repeated his exasperating 'So?' and after a little began to talk of other things.

A few days later he informed us that he was going to take over the cultivation of the olives. He said he needed the definite incentive to exercise.

'How about a team and cultivator?' my father asked.

'There is a single cultivator on the place, and I shall use Cæsar.'

My father hesitated. 'But you drive Cæsar to town every day. Is n't fourteen miles enough for the old horse?'

'I've ridden old horses three times fourteen miles in a day, and that over mountain passes,' said Franklin quietly; adding as an afterthought, 'They soon wore out, of course.'

By a visible effort my father held his peace. Franklin began to follow out his plan of exercise, and observed with a good deal of satisfaction that he already felt the benefit to his system of the regular work, and found himself in better form for the revision of his *Journal*.

But the valley had ceased to take a deep interest in the *Journal*, so indignant were they at Franklin's cool interpretation of his rights over Cæsar. Ed Ryan remonstrated with Franklin, but was routed.

'He's got the gift of words,' he said bitterly. 'He made me feel as if I was poking my nose into his private affairs. But Asia or no Asia, I'm not going to have Cæsar wearing his heart out. You tackle Franklin, Mr. Eaton. You can talk.'

'Why not simply withdraw the horse?' suggested my father, ignoring the doubtful compliment. 'We have the right to do that.'

'The right, yes,' said the carrier pessimistically. 'But just try standing up to that icicle gaze and saying you've come to take the horse away — the horse *he* wants to use. No! He means to keep him to turn up those soothin' furrows that make the great brain work so well. Not that he does n't make a good fist of the cultivating too,' Ryan added, as though bound to give the devil his due. 'Well, I guess you'll have to settle Mr. Franklin.'

My father declined the responsibility, and I think he meant to stick to his resolution. But when one evening he saw Franklin starting off to town

with Cæsar after a hard day's work on the terraces, his resolve fled to the winds. Franklin unconsciously invited an outburst by turning in our drive and asking for a whip.

'The horse seems to need urging to-night,' he observed.

'To need urging!' my father exclaimed. 'Surely, Franklin, you don't mean to drive the poor beast to town after working him hard all day!'

'Why not?' asked Franklin, lifting his brows.

'Your conscience ought to tell you that. What will people think if you come into the village with that poor old fellow in such a state of exhaustion?'

'He can make the trip, I think.'

'Can make the trip!' my father stormed. 'Well, you may have been able to treat animals like this in the Orient, and God pity the poor creatures you sacrificed to your selfish desires —'

'To my selfish desires!' Franklin interrupted in a tone that showed that shaft had hit home.

'I have said it,' said my father stoutly. But he evidently began to be ashamed of his vehemence, for he added more mildly, 'I'm going to the village this evening. If you will leave Cæsar here I should be glad to drive you down.'

I expected a flat refusal from Franklin, but he climbed out at once. 'Thank you,' he said quietly. 'I am looking for important mail. It is immaterial to me how I get there.'

And while the gray colt was being harnessed, Franklin took Cæsar from the shafts and led him to our stable. I saw him look more than once at the old horse's legs, which were trembling a little.

He returned restlessly to the subject during the drive, as I learned afterward.

'When a man has a large end in

view,' he said, 'he must be ruthless or fail. I have accomplished the impossible only because I have no sentimental weaknesses.'

'I know what tremendous things you've done,' said my father; 'but honestly, Franklin, do you think any end justifies the suffering and sacrifice of those lesser existences, as you called them the other day?'

'Take my word for it, yes!' was Franklin's swift reply, and his eyes kindled to an almost fanatical brightness.

'But I think he will be more careful of Cæsar after this,' my father concluded. 'He showed that his conscience was not altogether easy about the old horse.'

II

Yet Franklin was at his cultivating again next morning. At noon he appeared at our door to say that Cæsar had lain down and would not get up.

'Whether from disinclination or something more serious, I cannot tell. I should like Mr. Eaton to look at the horse, if he will.'

'He is in Los Angeles,' I said. And then, as Franklin still lingered, 'Shall I come over? I don't know that I can be of any help —'

'If you will be so good,' said Franklin in his driest voice.

Cæsar did not seem to be in pain. He was lying in a corner of the corral, his head on a little hummock of hay. He twisted his neck and looked at us with an inquiring eye, then touched his nose to his twitching flank, as if asking the meaning of the strange impotence that had seized him.

'He does that all the time,' said Franklin in a subdued voice. 'I fancy the trouble is in his hindquarters.'

'Was he at his hay when he fell?' I asked looking at Cæsar's pillow.

'No, I merely put that there to keep

his head out of the muck,' said Franklin gruffly.

I picked a sprig of fresh alfalfa and offered it to Cæsar. He took it between his long teeth and chewed reflectively, then whinnied softly for more.

'He is n't very ill or he would n't eat,' I said. 'Maybe he's only a little stiff and needs help to get up. Have you a rope?'

Franklin fetched a rope and we put it around Cæsar's neck and began coaxing him and encouraging him to get on his feet. I secretly admired Franklin's skill. Those long strong hands of his were so sure in every movement, and he pulled and coaxed, until at last the old horse scrambled to his feet again. One could see that all was not well, however. Cæsar's legs trembled as if they might give way any minute.

'Ed Ryan is a veterinary,' I said at last. 'Why not send for him?'

'As you please,' said Franklin, with a slight grimace.

Ryan was restrained in his criticism, softened perhaps by my story of the pillow of hay. But he pronounced Cæsar's ailment a sort of paralysis from overwork and age.

'Incurable?' Franklin asked curtly.

'Well, he'll not be able to work again, but with real good care he'll last quite a spell yet. I'd stake him out in the young grass among the olives. He'll get that far all right, if you go easy.'

'Surely, my good man, you are not proposing that I nurse up an absolutely useless horse!' Franklin exclaimed with a cold smile.

Ryan bristled. 'You've worked the horse to death and now I s'pose you want to knock him on the head. Well, it can't be done. Cæsar, he's earned a rest and he's going to have it. He'll be com'table out there in the sun, and as long as he's com'table he stays.'

'As you choose,' said Franklin with a shrug. 'But you will have to look

after him. I have more important matters on hand.'

'Him and his matters,' growled Ryan as he drove me home. 'Always makes us look like fools, just because we're human toward dumb brutes. I wish you'd spoken up, Miss Vera, he might have listened to you. One thing's certain, you'll have to see that he feeds and waters Cæsar properly.'

'But I can't be running over to Mr. Franklin's place and looking after his horse,' I protested.

Ed's round face took on a look of unutterable reproach.

'His horse! It's Cæsar, and if you don't care to do that for Cæsar, then I must, though it will mean toting all this way out.'

Of course, I promised that I would see to Cæsar's comfort. As I did not care to brave Franklin's ironic smile, I waited until toward sundown and then strolled along the wild hillside above the olive terraces, gathering wild buckwheat blossoms and sprays of artemisia so that on a chance encounter it might appear that I was merely out for a walk.

But as I rounded the shoulder of the hill, I came face to face with Franklin. I think I was the less self-conscious of the two, for he was surprised bare-headed and in his shirt-sleeves, pulling handfuls of grass and feeding them to Cæsar.

'You see I have caught the infection,' he observed to me with a sour smile. 'The presence of the horse on my place disturbs me. Ryan must take him away to-morrow.'

'We'll take him,' I said quietly. 'He can pasture on our alfalfa.'

Franklin ignored this. He dusted his hands of the clinging green leaves and thrust them into his pockets. Then he turned his cold stare on me.

'It's absurd. I have but a few months in which to finish the revision

of my *Journal*, and my valuable time is being wasted by this childish fuss about a horse.'

'I have said that we will take him.'

'I find he has difficulty in chewing alfalfa,' said Franklin irritably. 'And that is n't the question. He should be put out of the way. You know that as well as I.'

Cæsar thrust his long nose against Franklin's arm and whinnied softly. I was struck by the man's strange, impulsive gesture as he stooped and began pulling grass again.

The worst of it was, we knew that Franklin was right about Cæsar. The old horse himself was not happy. He had that trick of turning his nose inquiringly upon his trembling flank, and his kind old eyes followed our movements with a look of settled sadness. Ed Ryan avoided coming out at all — I think because he felt the reproach of Cæsar's eyes.

Then came a day when even Franklin's strong hands could not help the old horse to his feet again. He still nibbled gently at the tender grass we offered him and took slow sips from the dripping pail, but it was plain that he would never rise. Franklin sent word to Ryan, and became grimly sarcastic when Friday and Saturday went by and Ryan did not appear.

'Ed is n't doing right. He should put the old horse away instead of letting him die by inches,' said my father. 'I shall speak to him myself.'

'He's in a sunny com'table place,' said Ryan when my father took him to task in the post-office that evening. 'Maybe he'll get better in a day or two. I'm waiting to see.'

'He goes to one extreme and Franklin to the other,' remarked my father as we drove home. 'Well, let them settle it between them. Franklin will take good care of Cæsar until Ed appears; of that I am sure.'

We did not see Franklin on Sunday, but on Monday morning he appeared at the door and asked if he might borrow our Indian for an hour or two. I called Tortes, and then rather awkwardly asked after Cæsar.

I did not get an immediate reply. Then Franklin said in his driest voice, 'The horse is dead.'

'Dead!' I repeated.

'I shot him last night,' jerked out Franklin. 'It was time to end this impossible situation. And now, if I may have Tortes to help me dig a pit for the carcass, we shall be done with the whole matter.'

Tortes appeared. Franklin lifted his hat to me and without another word marched off as if he were leading a troop, Tortes following meekly after.

My judgment told me that Franklin had done the sensible thing, but I did not love him the better for it. And when I remembered the cold tone in which he had announced his deed, I felt an actual repulsion toward the man. I hoped Ryan and the rest of the village would give him a bad time when they heard of Cæsar's death.

The weather had turned suddenly warm and springlike, and that evening we sat late on the veranda, listening to the frogs singing in the weir and enjoying the fragrance of orange-blossoms and wild sage from the hill. We were just going in when there was a step on the gravel and Franklin appeared in the strip of moonlight below us.

My greeting was anything but cordial, but I doubt if he noticed it. So monosyllabic were his replies to our efforts at conversation, that I wondered why he had chosen to inflict himself on us in so unsociable a mood.

'I am going away to-morrow,' he said abruptly, breaking a silence that threatened to be endless. 'My work has ceased to be satisfactory here, and I must make a change.'

My father murmured polite regrets. They met with no response from Franklin. He jumped up, thrust his hands in his pockets, and after a few rapid steps stopped, facing us, looking down at us with eyes that the moonlight made colder.

'As to Cæsar,' he said, just as if we had brought up the subject, 'Ryan should have put him out of the way. He — he was interfering with my work.'

'And so you shot him,' I put in.

'I shot him,' Franklin admitted quietly. He paused. 'Would it interest you to know why I shot him? I will tell you, then. Yesterday afternoon I happened to go out to the terrace where the horse was, and seeing that the cultivator was still in the furrow, I started to pull it out of the way of the man who was coming to finish the work this morning. I pulled it aside quite easily, but as I passed Cæsar he struggled to rise. He tried again and again, and he whinnied to me, asking me to help him. The cultivator, you see — his job — he wanted to be of help. But it was in vain. He fell back with a long sigh. I did not think so much of it at the time. But in the night I waked and could think of nothing but that sigh. I thought it over, and having reached a conclusion I lighted the lantern, took my revolver and went out. The horse whinnied when he heard me,' Franklin continued after clearing his throat; 'and when I

bent over him and put the revolver to his temple, he touched my hand with his nose — curiously soft — curiously soft — Where was I?'

Franklin jerked out the question with a swift, furtive glance at us. He recovered himself and went on in his emotionless voice.

'He never stirred. I thought I had finished with him then. But he has a personality that one cannot forget. However, that may be the illusion of overwrought nerves. After all, I was kind to your Cæsar. There was a gray horse we left dying in the snow at Poodla Pass — that was a different matter.'

He pulled himself up, bade us an abrupt good-night, and was gone. It was the last we saw of Franklin, and so foreign was this *apologia*, delivered in the mysterious light of a dying moon, to all that we had seen of the man before, that my father and I sometimes wondered if we had dreamed it. But when the third edition of the *Brahmaputran Journal* was announced by the publishers, my father sent for it, excusing the extravagance on the ground that it was probably enlarged.

There were but few changes in the text, but my father read the preface aloud.

'Well,' he said when he had finished, 'what do you make of it?'

'It sounds haunted,' I exclaimed.

My father nodded. 'Cæsar!' he said.

THE INFLUENCE OF FREE VERSE ON PROSE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I HAVE seen it stated that, when Tennyson's *Princess* was published in the United States, two generations ago, it was the best-selling book in the country, and that Patmore's *The Angel in the House*, issued anonymously at about the same time, ran it a close second. This certainly argues a much wider interest in poetry than prevailed, let us say, a decade ago. But with the publication of Masfield's *The Everlasting Mercy*, Frost's *North of Boston*, and Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*, the 'new poetry' ushered in, almost simultaneously with the war, a revival of poetic interest, the unquestioned power, especially dramatic power, of those three books serving to crash over the barriers of indifference that a languishing prettiness in poetry had gradually erected between the poets and the public. Certainly there is no languishing prettiness in *Spoon River*!

The new poetry, however, while it has conquered indifference, rapidly made converts, and rendered tame or artificial, even to the unconverted, much of the once admired minor poetry of the past (as that of Francis Thompson, for example), has not as yet ceased to bewilder readers by its forms, or freed itself from its own bewilderment regarding them. Reduced to its simplest terms, the bewilderment of the public asks the question, 'What is the difference between free verse and prose?' while the poets, endeavoring to answer, give various and often contradictory replies, themselves seemingly not knowing. Only there is a faith

within them that they are *not* writing prose. Anyone who has written verse both in the older and the newer forms can testify that, while he may be in the dark as to the technical philosophy of his *vers libre*, there is no question of a fundamental difference of *impulse*. He is as surely, in his own consciousness, writing poetry, as if it were falling in four-foot iambics, like *The Lady of the Lake*.

But the fact still remains, to puzzle poet and public, that prose often falls into iambics, also, and into other metres as well, though not so often. The experiments of Dr. William Morrison Patterson at Columbia have clearly shown the tendency of men and women to break up any group of sounds into rhythms, and the English language, strongly accented as it is, peculiarly invites rhythmic arrangement. Moreover, it is predominantly iambic, or the iambic pentameter would not have become so naturally our blank-verse measure, however great the influence of Chaucer. Standing in a crowd the other day, I heard a man declare, 'He says he would n't take his old job back for twice his former wages.' That this man was talking anything but conversational prose is absurd; he was not even emotionally in the least excited. Yet he produced a sentence of almost pure iambics, which caught my ear like a tune, or, rather, a series of drum-taps.

Given, then, a language so easily falling into rhythmic groupings, and readers or listeners prone always to find order if possible in successive sounds,

the process of consciously organizing speech into 'harmonious numbers' becomes both fascinating and perplexing. So long, however, as verse deliberately sets itself apart from prose by means of a metronomic regularity, by definite metres which return upon themselves, with or without the adornment and aid of rhyme, no confusion results between the two forms of prose and poetry. Our parents or grandparents were in no doubt as to *The Princess*, nor are we to-day as to the poems of Vachel Lindsay, for example, or of Masfield, or of any of the new poets who have clung to the older forms. But when the new poetry organizes itself, not on the basis of regularly recurrent metres but on the basis of those seemingly haphazard metres into which English speech is forever falling, — on rhythm, that is to say, — the bewilderment arises.

It is perfectly easy to take certain passages of rhythmic prose and, by setting them up in the manner of free verse, produce something which the average reader could hardly distinguish, if at all, from genuine *vers libre*.

How beautiful
Upon the mountains
Are the feet
Of him who bringeth good tidings,
Who publisheth peace,
Who saith unto Zion,
Thy God reigneth.

It may, perhaps, be urged that this was never prose, but Hebrew poetry. I can only reply that it has been considered English prose — of a very choice sort — for some three hundred years. Yet how each 'line' swings out its individual rhythm; how beautiful upon the ear are those rhythms; how lines 5 and 6, practically repeating a swing, mount to the climax of the final proclamation!

Contrast this passage with a bit of free verse by the Imagist poet, 'H.D.', who, Miss Lowell assures us, is careful never to permit a formal metre in her

verse, though many other practitioners of *vers libre* let regular metre enter when it fits a rhythm.

Whirl up, sea —
Whirl your pointed pines,
Splash your great pines
On our rocks,
Hurl your green over us,
Cover us with your pools of fir.

Except that the Biblical passage has a sustained melody, holding its separate rhythms more closely together, it would be hard, I think, to convince the ordinary reader that, technically, these poems belong to a different *genre*. Moreover, a sustained melody, uniting to a climax a series of separate rhythms, or even metres, is by no means peculiar to prose. It is inherent in the best poetry, in the eloquence of Shakespeare or a sonnet by Rossetti. One of the supreme tests of a sonnet is that its fourteen individual lines of jeweled beauty shall yet seem to flow as one stream to the climax, with a still pool between the octet and the sestet.

Hers is the head
Upon which 'all the ends of the world are come,'
And the eyelids
Are a little weary.
It is a beauty
Wrought out from within upon the flesh,
The deposit,
Little cell by cell,
Of strange thoughts,
And fantastic reveries,
And exquisite passions.
Set it for a moment
Beside one of those white Greek goddesses
Or beautiful women of antiquity,
And how they would be troubled
By this beauty,
Into which the soul,
With all its maladies,
Has passed! . . .
And, as Leda,
Was the mother of Helen of Troy,
And, as Saint Anne,
The mother of Mary.

This passage from Walter Pater, whose work, if not the most rhythmic, was certainly the most consciously

wrought, of nineteenth-century English prose, not even excepting Poe's, is a part of one of his most ornate and famous 'purple passages.' Yet, as free verse, it is curiously pale, vague, monotonous, and jerky. I have experimented with it in various linear divisions, but without being able to make it less so, nor can any free-verse arrangement rob the last four lines of their perilous suggestion of metred song, which in *vers libre* seems so out of place, yet, in the complete prose passage, is merely a delicious musical whisper to the ear.

Now, on the other hand, let us set up the following as prose:—

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo, shovel them under and let me work—I am the grass; I cover all. And pile them high at Gettysburg and pile them high at Ypres and Verdun, shovel them under and let me work. Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor: What place is this? Where are we now? I am the grass, let me work.

If it was fairly obvious from our first two examples that, when they are set up in the same linear fashion, making the same appeal to the eye, rhythmic prose and free verse can be almost indistinguishable, I think it is also obvious from these second and longer examples that there can also be a pronounced, if perhaps at first intangible, difference between them. If Pater's passage loses effectiveness by being set up as free verse, and yet Mr. Sandburg's 'Grass' also loses effectiveness by being set up as prose, we can hardly accept the statement of some critics (it is even Dr. Patterson's direct implication), that free verse has nothing but its physical conformation to differentiate it from cadenced prose.

I am myself much less concerned to find out what this difference is as an occasional and, I fear, very stumbling, writer of free verse, than as a writer of prose. The most ardent champions can

hardly deny, in the face of laboratory experiment, oral recitation to general audiences, and the plain evidences of common sense, that prose often swings into rhythms indistinguishable from *vers libre* (just as it even swings, in Ruskin, for example, or Dryden, actually into measured iambs); and that *vers libre*, when it is not handled with considerable skill,—which *does* happen now and then!—often achieves the rhythmic disjointedness of prose. This does not necessarily mean that genuine *vers libre* is prose; it may even mean that prose is sometimes poetry! But the new poets have shown themselves quite able to look after their own defence, particularly with Miss Lowell as advocate; and, moreover, their technique is still admittedly in an experimental stage.

Prose, however, is not experimental, and has not been for two centuries. The question which the new poetry has forced upon prose—a question which, so far as I am aware, has hardly been considered, so busy have we been discussing the upstart verse-forms—is almost Nietzschean, a revaluation of its freedoms; one might well say, in light of such prose as Newman's 'Idea of a University,' or Pater's 'Renaissance,' or the plays of Synge and Dunsany, of its poetic graces and its eloquence. Wordsworth, who chose to create in metre, and Pater, who chose to create in prose, alike affirmed the right and glory of prose to rise into rhythm, to leave behind the mere pedestrian virtues of bald communication of ideas, and alike affirmed the broad similarity of the creative impulse behind both imaginative prose and true poetry—the search for truth and for the most fitting and beautiful garment in which to clothe it.

If, then, the line was after all so shadowy between prose and verse in the nineteenth century, and if, quite

apart from its content, its matter, 'Riders to the Sea,' at the dawn of the twentieth century could seem far more poetic than many a drama written in pseudo-Shakespearean metre, what are we to say now of the distinction between prose and verse, when verse itself adopts the irregular rhythms of speech, and some poets regard measured metre in their work with as much abhorrence as Pater would have done in his? Does this mean that the author must hereafter reduce his prose to plodding pedestrianism, or be accused of trying to write poetry? Will a conscious rhythm in prose hereafter affect our ears as a conscious metre does now — as unpleasant, that is, and out of place? Will Newman have to write a new *Apologia* — for his style — against Amy Lowell?

I do not anticipate any such effect. Quite on the contrary, it seems to me that the achievement of free verse in waking the public interest in poetry, by handling the subjects of contemporary life in contemporary language, and in the natural rhythms of the speaking voice, will rather make for an enriching of prose, a renewed appreciation of its finer beauties and capacities, an appreciation greatly dimmed in these latter years by the decadent prose of our daily press, the sloppiness of our 'popular' magazines, the lack of style in our popular fiction. To justify and explain this faith, I must go back to an earlier statement — namely, that the writer of free verse is, in its composition, inwardly conscious that he is not writing prose, that he is not in the prose mood, as it were. Let us once more set up Sandburg's 'Grass,' this time in its correct arrangement: —

File the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work —

I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.

Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the
conductor:

What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work.

Thus visualized, the eye alone, without oral aid, tells you that the rhythms here are carefully ordered, that they follow one another without any break, that is, without any passages where the ear must strain to make a rhythm; and even that they are deliberately recurrent, hardly less recurrent in this case than metre might be. Add to the visual testimony the oral: read this suggestive lyric aloud and it distinctly sings. I make no mention of its content, its essentially lyrical subject-matter, and its figurative nature, meaning much more than it says. Quite aside from content, its form is distinctly not that of prose, though each separate rhythm might occur in a prose sentence, or, if read separately, might record itself in Dr. Patterson's laboratory machine as a prose rhythm.

The rhythms follow one another without any break — there is a key to the secret. In writing free verse, verse based on rhythm, not metre, the poet nevertheless remains under the dominant necessity of keeping up the musical flow; he is still a musician, and in proportion as he does maintain, unbroken and harmonious, the musical flow, his poem becomes transfused with that curious beauty which tempts the lips to song and adds to the record of facts and the magic of images, the grace of a unified melody; which makes the whole complete, eternal. John Gould Fletcher, I think, acknowledges this when he maintains that free verse is, like the older forms, based on a metred regularity, with the strophe instead of the line as the unit. It has not, at any rate, broken free from music. Whatever their theories, all the skilled practi-

tioners of *vers libre* are aware of their bondage to melody, their need to keep their rhythms so in hand that the rhythms set the tune for the reader and do not allow him to drop it.

In prose, on the contrary, in even the most rhythmical of passages, such as Pater's hymn to the Lady Lisa, it has always been regarded by careful writers as a cardinal test of merit that the song should not sing itself unbroken; that so complete a welding of music and sense as this would destroy the very effect aimed at, namely, the heightening of a heightened mood in order to surcharge the sense, the intellectual message, with feeling. It would destroy it by injecting an artificial element. Prose, in other words, must always preserve the 'homely virtue' of recording facts or opinions; it must be pedestrian and plodding at least with one foot; and if feeling, emotion, so prevails in any idea the writer wishes to communicate that it spontaneously demands the sustaining breath of song, then there is no more excuse — perhaps less — now than ever for the writer to refrain from verse. In reading prose, any prose, good, bad, or indifferent, the ear, to be sure, more or less unconsciously selects a certain time-unit pulse (as Dr. Patterson calls it), and fits the words to this beat, now compressing many syllables into one beat, again prolonging, it may be, an exclamation into an entire beat of its own; but always striving, by a law of the human sensory make-up, to keep what is being read roughly organized into rhythm. You do it even when listening to the ticks of a clock. But, bear in mind, it is the reader, not the writer, who sets the tune; and this tune is not melodic, but rather an unvaried drum-tap. If prose falls with too great difficulty into correlation with our time-beat, we say it is rough and hard to read. If it falls too easily, it becomes sing-song, facile,

without any nervous force, or any muscle. It is when the author so alternates, or, rather, weaves, the plodding elements of his prose, the balder communications of fact, which are merely smooth enough not to put too great a strain upon the reader to organize them into regularity, with passages in which he himself sets the tune, creates a conscious rhythm that compels the reader to follow it, to fall into step — it is then that we recognize prose at its characteristic flower; for it is then that the musical rhythms, rising above the mere time-beat which has been the tune supplied by the reader, croon out with sudden, startling sweetness, or swell with a gush of emotion, or are sombre with a dusking flash of memory; and the author's intellectual idea which we have been following becomes surcharged with feeling, enriching our own response, without obtruding upon us any sense of artifice.

To revert again to Pater's purple passage, read this aloud: —

She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

This reads easily, but not too easily. Except in certain spots, probably no two readers would phrase it, that is,

organize it over their unit-pulse, in the same way. Only with 'and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary,' does Pater himself dominantly set the tune, a brief phrase which rises like sudden incense. For the rest, there are rhythmic, cadenced phrases, but they swell and break and disappear again rather at the will of the reader than of the writer, so happily woven are they in the firm, humble texture of words spoken to communicate fact. That is why, when we tried to set each apart, after the manner of free verse, all the charm evaporated, and we seemed jerked along.

The writer of verse, whether free verse or in rhythm and metre, sets the tune from the start, and the worse for him if he lets it slip. You have no individual choice of the time-beat for

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill.

But neither have you for

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work.

The time is marked at the opening of the bar, as it were; and that the time changes frequently in free verse, as the time and key change in modern music, does not alter the fundamental fact. You are listening to music, not yourself compelling — sometimes even torturing — a rhythmic regularity or conformity out of a sequence of syllables, as in prose. Dispense with the eye, trust only to the ear, and the essential

difference between free verse and prose will paradoxically become apparent, although it is the eye alone which the scoffers say differentiates them.

But because free verse bases its music on the more natural and colloquial rhythms of human speech, rather than on artificial metre, and because, in subject-matter, it has tended to keep close to our daily life, it seems to me at least not unlikely that the ear of the public, trained to appreciate and enjoy those rhythms, and to associate them with records of reality, will be the more ready to listen for them when they rise in prose, to appreciate and enjoy prose-writing which is not entirely pedestrian, which, when it approaches — as it often must — the passions and visions of poetry, can clothe itself with a wisp of their garments (as the beggars in Dunsany's play put on beneath their rags each a bit of green silk), to symbolize that it, too, stems from the divine.

The prose of the nineteenth century differed from that of the eighteenth — Pater or Newman or Emerson from Addison, let us say — no less surely than Wordsworth and Shelley differed from Pope, and under the same influences. If free verse is to release the poetry that is in daily speech, it may well follow that our prose, too, will feel a quickening breath of beauty; and a glint of the glory from the wings of song will flash down to touch the hair of the humble plodder who has too long walked with head bowed low, bidding him lift his face again.

SOUTH OF WALL STREET

BY ROBERT M. GAY

To say that romance resides in the old, the unusual, and the remote will do well enough for young people; for them it does so. When we are young, somewhere east of Suez is about as near as we think of looking for it; but as we grow older, supposing that we have not given up the search for it as unprofitable, we come more and more, I think, to seek it in the near, the present, and the familiar. And sometimes we discover it in the most unlikely places.

If you desire a taste of romantic isolation, for instance, you need to go no farther than to New York on a Sunday afternoon, preferably in midsummer, and stroll through the business district, from Fourteenth Street to the Battery. I do not believe that the Desert of Gobi is more desolate; certainly it is not so haunted by the ghosts of footsteps. Where yesterday thousands of eager creatures ran hither and thither as if their lives depended on their speed, to-day are miles and miles of empty streets, myriads of closed windows and locked doors. Not a horse or a motor-car, no roar of traffic, no murmur of voices, nothing. If you are alone, the noise of your heels embarrasses you, and it is with a feeling of relief that you emerge upon Broadway and the green of Trinity churchyard, where there are people, even on Sunday.

These reflections have brought to my mind one Sunday afternoon, in a midsummer many years ago, which I spent wandering about these streets in company with a figure of comedy who had delicately suggested that I

accommodate him with a small loan. I had two hours to kill before train time, and was standing in the hot sunshine outside the Wall Street ferry-house, debating whether to visit the Aquarium or to look at the shipping on the water-front, when this piece of decayed gentility, tipping his hat and leaning elegantly on his cane of yellow bamboo, made up my mind for me. Persons are much more interesting than places, or even fishes; and this person — a complex of cast-off clothes, frayed sleeves, cuffs, and trouser-legs, dirty linen, cracked shoes, unshaven chin, and a nose and a breath which suggested that he was not an advocate of prohibition — wore gray suede gloves and carried a cane. After an instant of puritanical disapproval, I wanted only to be with him, to hear him talk, to listen to his somewhat alcoholic tones of voice, and to observe his somewhat beery elegance of manner.

I find it hard to believe that, after I had 'accommodated' him with ten cents, I spent nearly two hours in his company, promenading the environs of the Stock Exchange. It must be nearly twenty years ago. There are few trivial memories that remain brighter after such a lapse of time, and this memory has still the specious sharpness of line and color of some dreams. Perhaps it was a dream. Yet I remember clearly that I contributed ten cents to my companion's support while we were standing in front of the ferry-house, and ten cents more while we were on Broad Street looking up at a window on the

fifth floor of a building there, within which he assured me he had many times, in his high and palmy days, played poker after the Exchange had closed, his opponents being three financiers of international fame. On the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway, too, just after he had disclosed to me some secrets concerning the Sub-Treasury, and had quoted a remark which Mr. Pierpont Morgan had once made to him, his mind evidently running upon finance, he made it very clear to me, but with considerable elegance of phrasing, that another addition of ten cents to my loan would render it possible for him, not only to obtain luncheon, but to fortify his spirits with a glass of beer. I expressed some doubt, I remember, that beer was his favorite tipple; and in a burst of confidence he admitted that he much preferred whiskey as a gentleman's drink. Twenty cents more, he insinuated, would permit him to drink my health in his customary beverage, and, if I could see my way to a total loan of fifty cents, he would be under eternal obligations to me. While I debated this proposition in my mind, he pointed out the signs of several diamond merchants with whom he had formerly had dealings, and mentioned three prominent clubmen whom he had once been accustomed to address as Tom, Jim, and Roger. When I ended by giving him a half-dollar, he drew forth a shabby little notebook and a stub of pencil and made a careful note of the fictitious name and address I gave him, in order that he might send me a remittance as soon as he should be in a position to do so.

The completion of this sordid transaction gave such support to his somewhat unstable self-esteem that, while we sauntered westward toward the river, he confided to me several slightly scandalous love-affairs in which he had once been involved, with Mrs. X, Miss Y,

Mrs. Z, and others, modestly hinting that I would recognize the names if, as a gentleman, he were not precluded from divulging them. His present attire might make these amours difficult to credit, — the cracks in his patent-leather shoes were especially devastating to his susceptibilities, — but his embarrassments were only temporary: a turn of fortune, and he would — and so forth and so forth. Meanwhile, I watched the cracks in his shoes opening and shutting like hungry mouths as he walked, and caught side glimpses of the lining of his coat showing brown at the ends of his sleeves; and I saw his yellow cane swinging jauntily in a hand incased in a gray glove that was split at the seams.

It was a spectacle to pity; and yet I did not pity him at all, nor did I despise him or loathe him or condemn him. I simply enjoyed him. I have called him a figure of comedy; John Synge would have called him a play-boy, and he had acted his part until he probably believed most of it. At any rate, he played it through to the end, and left me at the Lackawanna Ferry with an *au revoir* and a sporting salute of such buoyancy, that I stood in the darkness of the ferry-house and watched him airily crossing West Street until he disappeared.

I never saw him again, but in his flourishing and decline he was so typical of New York that he has become for me a kind of symbol of its mingled comedy, pathos, and romance. I think of him as still haunting the streets that he loved so much. Without him the district would seem, as it must to the eyes of most people, merely cold, hard, stony; but for me, because of him, the streets which we traversed in our itinerary can never be without some overtones.

I suppose that of all parts of the great city the last which most people would

choose for its romantic associations is that lying south of Wall Street, and especially that east of Broadway. It is the point of the island, the site of the Dutch settlements, and its somewhat tortuous streets, as I remember them, — for I have not walked them for a long time, — are narrow, paved with cobbles, lined with drab and dusty warehouses and loft-buildings. Passing by, one thinks of rats and stray cats and dark hallways and steep bare stairs and unwashed windows and garrets hung with cobwebs. A place of strange smells and odd corners, but otherwise, to the unillusioned eye, commonplace enough.

For me, nevertheless, this is the best part of the city. Reason can suggest a dozen other places in the city more worthy of affection, but true love is said to be always irrational.

With that curious faculty that we all have of using certain unimportant and otherwise forgotten people as radiant points around which we assemble our associations, I never think of this district without calling to mind a certain boy, just as I never think of the Wall Street section to the west without recalling my impecunious acquaintance. This boy, a schoolmate, applied for a position to the same man twice within ten minutes, entering the front door of a building on Water Street and the rear door on Pearl Street. I came upon him as I went my rounds delivering bills in the neighborhood, — for I was an office-boy that summer, — and I can hear yet his puzzled questions concerning the geography of that building and his disgust over the impoliteness of the man, who had threatened to kick him out. We went to lunch together at Dennett's, I remember, where Scripture texts still hung on the walls, offering subjects of easy witticism for the irreverent.

This boy felt no fascination in lower

New York, but I was already under its spell. That was my second summer there, and I was to spend another some years later. At present I was employed in an office on Cliff Street — a long sombre office up a flight of twenty-one steps from the street, where the partners had desks quite family-fashion among their clerks, and where I, as the sultry weeks rolled along, occupied one high stool after another, taking the places of the men who left for their vacations.

Upstairs again was a vacant loft, the dustiest place I have ever seen. There was not the slightest doubt that it had never been swept since the Civil War; at least, so Malone, the head truckman, told me; but I knew better. It had been swept once when I was a very small boy, because, one glorious night, we — our family, I mean — had all come over from across the river and sat in this rat-and-bat-haunted eyrie to watch the illumination of the Brooklyn Bridge. What this ceremony celebrated I have not the slightest idea; but I can still see very plainly the cascades of yellow and red fire that fell from the roadway of the bridge into the river, and the fountains of rockets that spouted from the tops of the towers. It was with a sense of supreme daring that I had left the windows now and then, and the glare that filled the street, and had raced my brother to the rear wall and back, through the ghostly murk where lines of great chests made a roadway. These chests I later — in fact, during the two summers of my employment — ransacked for postage-stamps, and made some rich discoveries; in particular, three one-shilling New South Wales, 1860, I think, with an error in the water-mark, and two old Madeiras, and some rare Civil-War revenues — enough, indeed, to set me up for a time in a very lucrative business.

Malone, another of my luminous

points, I was associated with while I was acting as shipping-clerk in a kind of vault or cavern in the basement. Here, open to two of the winds of heaven, lay great orderly piles of sheet metal, boxes of tin, pigs of iron, all of which Malone and his mates threw about as if they had been pasteboard. At the front, in a corner, was my office, a cubicle containing a high walnut desk and stool, a dozen letter-files, some shelves of discount books, and a little pot-bellied stove which had to be lighted for a while some days, even in summer. On three sides the walls were all windows, through which I could watch the four Cyclops under my direction, of whom Malone could well have impersonated both Polyphemus and Vulcan, for he had only one eye and was lame. He was a terrifying object, but had the heart of a girl.

It was his custom every morning to lean in at my front window and pass the time of day and prattle guilelessly about me and himself and my family, and especially about the red ants, which it was the prime object of his life to exterminate in my office. I never saw any there, but they must have been there, for I was continually stepping over or on or into Malone's cunningly devised saucers and boxes arranged as traps. These were always wet, and usually sticky.

After hearing him talk about these microscopic varmints, it was most impressive to watch him sling a box of tin on to his truck and to mark the play of his tremendous shoulder-muscles under his shirt. It was still more thrilling to watch him climb to his seat and guide the great big-footed horses, his pets, out of the cavern into the street, with a clang over the curb and a rattling roar over the cobbles. If his way was obstructed — and it usually was — by the trucks of our neighbors, there was no one who could hold his own with him

in innuendo, persiflage, and threat; and the clerks upstairs used to hang out of the windows to hear him cast aspersions upon the birth, rearing, family, religion, appearance, and prospects of the offender. And this was the same man who used to let me ride across the bridge with him on his truck when I was a mere baby, and who used to bring baskets of cherries to 'the firm' in spring.

I felt very old as I shouted in my best voice to the truckmen, and handed out way-bills and received bills of lading at my little window with a sliding panel. My duties were not heavy and left me many hours to spend as I pleased. These I occupied in studying two books which I had unearthed, covered with dust, on a mantelshelf in the office upstairs. They were the *History of the New York Police Department* and the *History of the Volunteer Firemen of New York*. They were beyond all praise. I gloated over their archaic vignettes and woodcuts, depicting the violent and heroic deeds — hold-ups, raids, rescues, pistol duels, running fights — of men who all appeared to wear heavy black beards and to dress in unlimited quantities of clothes and who always assumed theatrical postures under the most trying circumstances.

I cannot remember where I ate my lunches, and therefore suppose that I ate them afoot, buying buns and apples and milk as I went. Life was too full to waste it indoors among a crowd of feeders. There was, however, a restaurant on Fulton Street, down near the ferry, where I ate now and then with a friend. It was conducted by a man appropriately named Treat. His prices were far beyond my pocket, but once or twice I managed to be invited to go, and his shortcake has remained an ideal toward which other restaurateurs can only struggle. Somewhere on the same street, too, near Broadway, there was a French restaurant of

such magnificence that I never dreamed of entering. A sign announced that imported wines and cheeses were a specialty, and I remember how often I lingered near the door, to catch glimpses of the shadowy interior with its little lamps glowing like roses on the tables. 'Imported Wines and Cheeses' — the very sign suggested French mysteries of a somewhat forbidden character, such as I later came to associate with the names of Baudelaire and Verlaine.

When the real shipping-clerk returned, I continued my kaleidoscopic career upstairs, making entries in the day-book, squeezing letters in a letter-press, filling ink-wells, renewing pens, sharpening pencils, and, above all, running errands. It was the habit of the firm to hand me a hundred or so letters, circulars, and bills, and to tell me to deliver them. It was said in the most off-hand manner, as if the peregrination of a network of streets extending from Chinatown to Greenwich Village and thence south to Bowling Green, not three of which streets were known to me by name, was nothing worth mentioning. On the first occasion I was gone most of the day, and on my return was asked with gentle irony whether I had enjoyed my vacation; but I soon reduced my task to a system, going first to the nearest drug-store and consulting the directory, and then to a policeman with whom I was on excellent terms, and procuring his advice. I was able by these means, before long, to deliver my missives so rapidly that I had time to loiter about Peck Slip and watch the sailors and the ships, or to linger over the window of a Chinese merchant or a ship-chandler.

My rambles were curiously circumscribed, probably because of restrictions imposed by the bills I carried. I never entered the Wall Street district except once, when a relative, who was on the Exchange, took me into the gal-

lery to see the brokers smashing the hats of new members; and I very seldom went as far north as the City Hall. Most of the time I was bolting in and out of doors along Cliff, John, Water, Front, Fulton, and Pearl streets, climbing innumerable stairs, and exchanging the time of day with innumerable clerks whom I visualize as all wearing alpaca coats and carrying pens behind their ears.

There was an old-fashioned informality about these officers; for this was in the days before the Steel Trust sent most of them out of business and modernized the rest. In those days we took life easily and never let business interfere too much with pleasure. The summer days flowed by gently. It was always cool in these lofty buildings of three stories. The windows were always open to the breezes from the Bay and the busy hum of the streets. There was no clatter of typewriters and adding-machines: only the scratch of pens and an occasional muffled clang from the basement broke the stillness within doors. Over all was an air of quiet and dust. The antique high desks, the high stools, the black mantelpieces, the drab walls on which hung portraits of deceased partners, the bald heads of the book-keepers, all spoke of age.

I grew to know in which streets to expect certain smells — coffee, pitch, paint, and all the volatile essences of the drug district. Now and then, I found ten minutes to watch the gulls off the Battery, and the steamers and schooners coming up from the Lower Bay, and the immigrants flocking in from Castle Garden; and I may as well admit that, much as I loved the woods and fields of the country, I loved these drab streets teeming with life even better. No woodland alley could take my fancy more than the shady arcade of the Elevated, with its files of pillars converging to a point in the distance;

and no green field could be more attractive than Battery Park, with its swarms of dirty children, its tramps, its foreign women, hatless and carringed, and its worldly-wise curs and sparrows picking up a precarious living from the crumbs which fell from lunch-boxes.

The city can cast such a spell upon those early habituated to its ugliness. We of the city-born cannot help it if a cat slinking at nightfall into an alley, or a tramp slouching on a park bench in the sun, are more interesting natural objects than a bison or a deer; if a dandelion growing in a gutter or a tuft of grass struggling through a crack in the flagging sings more loudly of the coming of spring than the hepaticas and bloodroots and anemones of the open woods. It is not a matter of beauty, nor merely a matter of becoming habituated to ugliness. If poetry, as someone has said, is one's childhood remem-

bered in maturity, the appeal of the city to the city-born is poetry. It certainly is not rational; it may not even be comprehensible to the country-born; but it is very real.

The trouble is that I am doubtful as to how far the appeal of that Downtown which Henry James declined to visit is real, and how far it is due to the rose-colored lenses which, according to the poets, are peculiar to the eye-glasses of memory. I began these reminiscences with the idea that the commonplace is romantic to the adult and not to the boy, and I seem to have ended by proving just the opposite. Through the rosy glasses I see those streets suffused with the light of sentiment; but to the clear eyes of boyhood they were romantic. Whatever the truth may be, if I ever go back south of Wall Street, I must be sure to take my spectacles.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF MEXICO

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

An old Mexican was speaking, a gray-haired laborer who had worked for twelve years in California. He was on his way to a village in Sonora.

'Yes,' he said, 'I am going home; I have been here long enough. It is true that wages are better, but money is not everything: to be content a man needs some esteem. Here I can never be more than a Mexican who must be watched to see that he does an honest day's work. I do not believe that I am lazy,—

I have done my best for my employers,—but it is hard for us to please the Americans.

'One of my friends tells of a Mexican who was traveling through Arizona with his grandson. They had a donkey which the old man rode while the boy walked behind. After a time they passed some Americans on the road. "Look at that man," said one, "riding his burro while the little boy walks—just like a lazy Mexican!" The old man understood a little English, so he dismounted and made the boy ride. Pres-

ently a party of cowboys cantered by. "Mexicans are a shameless people," they said; "see how that lazy boy rides, while the old man walks behind in the dust." Hearing this, the Mexican mounted behind his grandson, and the donkey went on, carrying double. At the foot of a hill they met a stage. "Lazy Mexicans," exclaimed the passengers scornfully, "both riding that poor little burro!"

There is a germ of truth in this view of our attitude toward the Mexicans. We are inclined to believe that difference from ourselves implies inferiority — an insular weakness which has been the chief obstacle to cordial relations with the Latin-American republics. Whatever the outcome of the present situation, a little tolerance will do no harm — a little effort to see the good in a race we do not at present understand.

The Mexican may be described as an Indian with a dash of Iberian blood. No statistics are available, but it is doubtful whether the proportion of Spanish blood exceeds one eighth — possibly it is less. Except in the case of a few tribes like the Yaquis of Sonora and the Mayas of Yucatan, Mexico has absorbed, or is rapidly absorbing, all her aborigines; unlike ourselves, she has been confronted with no Indian problem. The native blood predominating in the mixture is that of the ancient Nahua race, which included all the ruling tribes from the Rio Grande to Tehuantepec — a group of which the Aztecs were the most famous and powerful members. In an admirable characterization of the Aztec, Mr. Lewis Spence describes him as 'grave, taciturn, and melancholic, with a deeply rooted love of the mysterious; slow to anger, yet almost inhuman in the violence of his passions when aroused. He is usually gifted with a logical mind, quickness of apprehen-

sion and an ability to regard the subtle side of things with great nicety. . . . He has a real affection for the beautiful in nature and a passion for flowers; but the Aztec music lacked gayety, and the national amusements were too often of a gloomy and ferocious character.' My own experience among the remnants of the race leads only to increased respect for Mr. Spence's insight, although he has failed to give credit for a fine domesticity and love of children.

The philosophy of the modern Mexican is as foreign to us as the customs of ancient Mexico. The chief incentive which drives the European races on to struggle and progress is the desire for material gain, but in the life of the Mexican this motive plays only a secondary part. Some years ago I was visiting a cane plantation in the state of Vera Cruz. It was time to cut the sugar-cane, and as usual there was a shortage of labor. Ordinary wages were the equivalent of forty cents a day. The manager made calculations and found that he could double the rate for cane-cutting and still be ahead, because the running-time of his mill would be cut in half. At least, he believed, in his ignorance of the people, that it could be cut in half. So announcement of double pay was made, and long lines of peons came trudging in — *but they worked only half time!*

An old woman in the market-place of Córdoba gave me further enlightenment. I used to buy fruit of her, and one morning I found that she had nothing to sell except a basket of particularly fine mangoes — Manila mangoes, not the ordinary resinous kind. I inquired the price: to a friend they were worth a penny each.

'How many are there, Doña Ignacia?' I asked.

She counted them laboriously, twice over; there were thirty. I took thirty

cents from my pocket, handed her the money and reached for the basket.

'But no, señor,' she protested; 'if you take them all I must charge forty cents.'

'Why so?' I asked, not a little puzzled at her logic; 'you can get no more if you sell them one by one, and by selling them all to me you will have the rest of the day to yourself.'

She shook her head in vehement denial. 'No, no,' she explained; 'you do not understand. Take half a dozen if you like at a penny each, but I cannot let you have all at that price. If I sell them all at once, I lose the pleasure of a day's market.'

This attitude of mind is difficult for us to comprehend. Mexico is a wonderfully fertile land, where crops seem to grow almost without attention; Humboldt declared it the richest in the world. Long ago the country Mexican discovered that he could live with a minimum of effort. There is food in the house, the sun is warm overhead, there are amusing neighbors with whom to gossip — why overdo the business of work? It is a pleasant philosophy, fit for a pleasant land.

If you share the American idea that the Mexican is lazy, go to the cities and watch the Mexican craftsmen working at the arts in which they excel. See how the leather-worker leans over his bench all day, carving out flowers and scrolls with exquisite skill. Ask him the price of an embossed pistol-holster, and the chances are that he will scratch his head distractedly before he can recall the amount — it is not fair to interrupt one's work for a little thing like money.

On several occasions I have employed Mexicans side by side with Americans at the same work, against the advice of friends, who predicted racial feeling and the demoralization of the regular men. The Americans were fine fellows,

such as exist by millions in our country, and the Mexicans relatively the same. What was the result? Miguel became Mike; Pedro, Pete; Juan, Johnny. They held up their end manfully, so that more than one of my countrymen came to tell me privately that he had changed his opinion of Mexicans. They grew to understand the good-nature of our rougher ways, and worked well because it seemed the thing to do, where a man was measured by what he could accomplish. I even fancied at times that the Mexicans were not the only ones to profit by the mixture of races. No good American would confess that he had learned manners from a foreigner, but one felt vaguely an atmosphere of quieter courtesy and greater consideration.

Both the Spanish and the Indians with whom they have intermarried are people of inherent good manners and of thoughtfulness for the feelings of others. Traveling in Mexico one drifts into conversation with a chance acquaintance and asks him where he lives. 'In Guadalajara,' he replies, 'on the street of Zaragoza; there you have your home.' Perhaps one is walking with a Mexican and passes his place. 'Is that your house?' one asks; and he answers, 'No, it is yours.'

These are set forms, of course, mechanically spoken and not meant to be taken literally; but I should hesitate to say that they are entirely without a basis of sincerity. We are too apt to sneer at such amenities, not realizing that to the Mexican there is no duty more sacred than that of hospitality. The poorest peon, with only a handful of corn in his grass hut, will share it with a belated traveler who asks for shelter, and will sleep on the floor while the stranger enjoys the comfort of a bed. In such cases money is neither offered nor expected; if it is desired to tender a small gift in return for some

unusual service, one is often obliged to invent diplomatic means of disguising the idea of compensation.

A few years ago, in southern Mexico, I set out on a forty-mile ride to get money for the plantation pay-roll. The east was brightening as I passed the quarters; lights were appearing in one hut after another as the women began to work at their charcoal braziers and I heard the patting of *tortillas* and a sleepy hum of talk. Drowsy chickens were waking, to flutter down from the trees. Beyond the pasture the trail led straight into the blank wall of the jungle, above which the morning mist was rising in slow wreaths.

Hour after hour I penetrated deeper into this tropical forest — the trail a tunnel, with soft decaying vegetation underfoot, and a dim roof of green. The enormous trunks of trees, shrouded in creepers and pale orchids, stood like columns seen by twilight in some ruined temple. My horse's feet made no sound. Strange little animals — sloths, anteaters, and coatis — walked slowly and noiselessly along the branches; small gray birds flitted silently from tree to tree, always just ahead. There was a sense of veiled watching, oppressive and unreal as the atmosphere of a dream — one felt that it would be dangerous to whistle, even to speak above a whisper.

At last, as I reached the edge of a forgotten clearing, I realized that something more than imagination was at fault, for my head was throbbing painfully and I felt the cold touch of a malarial chill.

I got off my horse and spent a bad thirty minutes beside the trail, shivering and half delirious, until an old woman came hobbling up in great concern. There were no men at her hut, but she would lead the horse if I could walk — Come, it was only five minutes away.

My chill developed into a brisk attack of pernicious fever; for two weeks I lay on a mat under kind old María's grass-thatched roof. There was no quinine, but she took delight in compounding certain doubtful brews which I was too weak to refuse. She was poor: there was not even a dog about the place, for dogs must eat. Her one possession was a pig, the very apple of her eye, christened Narciso after a departed son. Had he looked in a pool, Narciso would scarcely have fallen in love with his own image, but in the eyes of his mistress he was perfect. His mate, she informed me, had been killed by a jaguar.

As I grew stronger, I began to think of my departure. Knowing that she would take no pay for what was a common duty, I cast about for a way to save her face and yet make fair recompense for all that she had done. The idea came one morning as I lay on my mat, watching Narciso trot pensively from the jungle in answer to María's shrill summons.

'I have a favor to ask of you,' I said, when the day of parting came. 'It is evident, to one in sympathy with pigs, that Narciso feels the absence of his companion. It would relieve my mind to know that he was not lonely, so please take these twenty pesos and provide him with a fitting mate.'

II

In Latin-America these little courtesies have their part in business — the Mexican will often pay a greater price in order to deal with a man whose manners and personality inspire confidence. Our salesmen complain of the slowness of doing business in Mexico, not realizing that it is because the native likes to have a thorough knowledge of the man with whom he is dealing. The type we call 'a good talker,' or 'a quick

closer,' is out of place in the southern republics, where the quiet and well-bred man, who conforms to native customs, mails home the largest orders.

In the past, we have taken as little pains to understand the character and customs of the Mexicans, as to study their commercial needs. I shall not forget the case of a Mexican neighbor who had been considering the installation of a large plant for the treatment of coffee, and finally placed his order with the representative of an American manufacturer. Of the various bids received, the successful one was by no means the lowest: it was accepted mainly because of the good-breeding and pleasant manners of the young American who had often visited the home of Don Enrique.

The planter had been careful to explain that no single piece or casting must weigh over three hundred pounds — the old story of mule transport. It was a sad day for him when the machinery was unloaded at the nearest railway point: the packing was wretched, with several cases broken, and a number of parts weighed far in excess of the limit. The planter was almost too patient and good-natured over the affair. Gangs of peons succeeded in carrying everything except the steam-engine to the plantation. The engine had a fly-wheel weighing twelve hundred pounds, and even this, by superhuman efforts, they managed to roll fifteen miles over the mountain trails. Finally, at the top of one of the huge misty gorges which scar the flanks of Orizaba, it broke away and went bounding and crashing down two thousand feet, to lie forever in the bed of a mountain stream.

The Mexican is a lover of formality, both in manners and in dress. Eccentricity is not understood where one is judged largely by external things. Each man dresses according to his station: it

is unthinkable that a well-to-do man should wear a straw *sombrero* or carry a *sarape*; the peons would be the first to jeer at him.

In the state of Oaxaca there used to be an Englishman who had married a Mexican lady of the upper class — a charming woman, educated abroad and very popular among the foreign residents. He was an excellent fellow, a hard worker who did not believe in riding to the cane-fields dressed as a *boulevardier*. It was one of our amusements to hear his wife upbraid him for looking like a cane-cutter; she could never understand his hatred of good clothes in the daytime.

This couple illustrated another difference in point of view, a small thing, but curiously indicative of the mental gulf which separates us from Latin-America. Doña Lola, in common with most of her countrywomen, was a great lover of pets, on which she lavished an almost foolish amount of tenderness and care. Her husband used to curse softly as he unclamped a parrot from the hat-rack, or discovered a tame oscelet asleep in his chair. A genuine horseman and lover of horses, he found it impossible to comprehend her tenderness for pets, coupled with a complete indifference to the feelings of domestic animals. On our rides together I have seen him bite his lip to keep down angry words at sight of the blood dripping from the flanks of his wife's horse.

The Mexican inherits this cruelty to domestic beasts from both the Spaniard and the Indian, and his superstitions may be traced to the same double source. Few countries are richer in strange beliefs than Mexico, where witches assume the eyes of cats and flit through the night on vampire's wings, where a brisk business is done in love-potions, and where candle-flames still point the way to buried treasure.

Religion and superstition are closely linked, as is shown in the fear of the ghosts of unbaptized children, who wail along the fence that bars the way to consecrated ground. To the Mexican, religion is very real; heaven and hell actual places to be avoided or attained according to one's life. His is not an intellectual creed, but a thing of pure faith, which answers the purpose just as well. There is a Celtic tinge in this attitude toward religion and the supernatural — the same faith, the same melancholy, the same half-heathen superstition. Perhaps there are other affinities between the races: certainly no one can fail to remark how well an Irishman gets on in Mexico.

A prospector I used to know was camped on the Gulf coast of Lower California, and one night a ragged white man appeared at the fireside, asking for water. Announcing in a rich brogue that he was a deserter from a whaling vessel, he inquired the way to the nearest village. My friend told him there was a little plaza forty miles inland, and offered to show him the way if he would wait two or three days. The Irishman was impatient, however, and in spite of the other's warning that it was almost certain death to attempt the trip without water, he started off at daybreak. Three days later the prospector rode into Rosarito, mildly sorry for the poor madman who traveled Mexico without a word of Spanish, and was probably dead of thirst, somewhere in the sandhills. The village had a gala air; from the *cantina* came the scraping of fiddles and the shuffle of dancers' feet. Troops of people were passing in and out of the largest house in town, and as the prospector drew near, who should appear in the doorway but the Irish wanderer, gorgeously arrayed, and leading a dusky but blushing young woman.

'It's welcome you are,' he said

proudly, 'and glad I am to see you on me weddin' day. Let me introduce you to me wife.'

III

In the human qualities which all civilizations have admired, I do not believe the Mexican will be found wanting. He has plenty of physical courage: given the right leader, he makes a very passable soldier. His moral courage is not yet equal to that of the European races, for men fear the things they do not understand, and only education brings understanding. In commercial dealings I have found the Mexican, with few exceptions, honorable. This applies to the more educated classes; the others are upright in important matters, but inclined to small prevarication and thievery. Your house servant — a faithful fellow, perhaps, who would risk his life for you in an emergency — is apt to make raids on your cigars. If you catch him red-handed, you will be wise to scold him half-laughingly, for the privilege of outwitting you in small ways is one of his compensations for being a servant — almost a servant's prerogative. The Mexican conception of personal honor differs oddly from ours. Strike an American, and he will fight, but you may be friends again; call him a liar or by any opprobrious name, and you have made an enemy. Almost any verbal offense can be patched up with a Mexican, but strike him in a moment of anger, and he will never forget.

The quality of charity is nowhere more universal than in Mexico. In the peon's hut, when the family sits down to the scanty meal, there is always room for one more at the table — the thought of turning away the needy never enters their minds. Tramps are unknown; there is always a relative or *compadre* who will help out in time of trouble. Like charity, love and respect

for parents are inherent in the race: the Mexican who has received a mortal wound does not call upon God: he whispers pathetically, 'Mama!'

There is good in the Mexican people, in spite of nine years of turmoil and excess. In the old days the country was in the hands of a few hereditary aristocrats, many of them thoughtful men, who realized their responsibilities and cared for the people by whose labor they profited. Then came Diaz. He established a few schools, and his political system gave birth to a middle class from which it became possible to step into the class of landlords. Such *parvenus*, with no conception of the responsibilities their position entailed, spent their time at the capital, leaving the management of their estates to men who were paid in proportion to the income they were able to wring from the unfortunate tenants and laborers. It is an old story, and the result was inevitable; the Mexicans are struggling blindly, but they are struggling to remedy conditions which had become intolerable.

I shall always remember a visit I paid my friend Don Blas, a few weeks before the outbreak of the Madero revolution. His plantation, the Hacienda Tlalocan, lies among the tropical foothills of Orizaba, and was in those days a charming example of the old benevolent paternalism — now gone forever. Six generations of the family had lived like kings among the full-blooded Aztecs, speaking their language, and knowing them as few educated men will again. The house was built of plastered stone, with roofs of tile. Gates of native wrought-iron work gave on the cobbled *patio*, three hundred feet long and a hundred wide, where a fountain played and girls poured water into jars, lingering to laugh and pass the time of day. Near the gate was the general store and can-

teen, and along the arched galleries one found representatives of the useful trades: saddler, blacksmith, butcher, baker, and dipper of tallow candles.

It was Saturday evening. The book-keeper had moved his desk out into the court and was paying off. Don Blas and I stood nearby, watching the people file in. The book-keeper spoke Aztec with fascinating ease, reading to each man the total of his earnings for the week as well as the amount of his purchases at the store, and handing him the balance in silver coin. Mutual trust made the transaction perfunctory; the Indians were as little likely to suspect Don Blas as he to take advantage of their confidence. Each worker, before he turned to the canteen for his *aguardiente*, took off his hat, bowed, and raised Don Blas's hand to his lips. Smile if you will; I assure you there was nothing servile in what was simply the greeting of friends — one small, the other great, but friends nevertheless.

When the last Indian had been paid, a young woman came and stood before us, awaiting permission to speak. Two men were lounging near the gate, one holding a rope which bound the other's arms; they chatted together pleasantly, the guard helping his prisoner to light a corn-husk cigarette. Don Blas nodded and the woman broke into a flood of swift speech, the words merging sibilantly, musical with lingual sounds. Strange to think that here in the twentieth century one heard the old *Nahuatl* — the language of Montezuma — scarcely changed in the long years since Cortez first marched inland from the coast! The woman grew more vehement, made motions of tearing off her cotton *huipil*, and pointed to her back and shoulders. Finally, with a stamp of her foot, she turned accusingly toward the prisoner, who shifted about uneasily and did not meet her eyes. Don Blas spoke soothingly in Aztec.

'This woman,' he said to me with a chuckle, 'is the wife of Juan Elotlan yonder — he has been beating her. You have heard how she talks; one can scarcely blame him, eh? She had the *alguazil* tie him up and wants me to punish him. What shall I do?'

I shook my head; I am no Solomon. Don Blas thought for a moment.

'Listen, thou,' he told the guard in Spanish; 'give the woman a strap and let her beat Juan until she is content.'

Half an hour later I saw the pair shuffling homeward: it was evident that neither bore a grudge.

We dined that night in the family dining-room. The furniture of native mahogany, hand-carved a century or two before, was beautiful beyond price. Don Blas sat at the head of the table, a clear-eyed man of sixty, straight and slender, bearded like a caliph of the Moors. Felipe, the superintendent, came in after we were seated and slipped into a chair opposite my host. Once or twice during the meal I spoke to him, but got no answer save a courteous yes or no. When he had finished, he rose, stood behind his chair, and bowed. Don Blas glanced up with a careless nod; Felipe bowed again and left the room.

When I expressed interest in the old-time customs of the place, my host shook his head a little sadly.

'In a few years it will be gone,' he said; 'the old life ends with my generation. My son does not care to live here — he prefers the animation of the capital. There he has his horses, his mo-

tors, his friends at the Jockey Club. There is money enough; why should he not live the life he enjoys? As for me, I am a countryman, I like to hear the birds sing, to ride through the damp forest at sunrise. But sometimes I fear for my people; the little Indians need one who understands, to look after them. On any street-corner in Mexico one may hear whispers of the change to come. Our future depends on you Americans of the north, and all Latin-America will be watching. Let us hope that in those trying days you will deal with us tolerantly — making an effort to see the good which exists in the Mexican people.'

Don Blas was an educated and a thoughtful man. As I think of his words, a more recent incident comes to mind. It was at the ranch of a border cattleman. We had come in at dusk, leaving our horses in the corral. Walking toward the house, we met the Mexican chore-boy, a pleasant-faced lad, fresh from Sonora. The cattleman stopped him and pointed to the corral.

'You *vamos* down yonder,' he ordered, 'and drive them *caballos* over to the creek for a drink. *Pronto* now!'

The boy listened respectfully, his intelligent eyes bright with the striving to understand. Finally he shook his head.

'No entiendo, señor,' he said.

The American looked at me in disgust.

'Can you beat it?' he remarked; 'that Mexican don't even understand his own language!'

COMPANIONS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THE bread that's broken when we eat together
Tastes sweet. A sunbeam stealing to your hand
Seems as if spilled from something brimming over
In my heart, wanting no word, or itself
The word if wanted! Find we not our own
Language in winds, fresh from a golden place,
When, breasting the high down, at last we turn
To each other, bright with rapturous escape,
And the hills sing together, like our hearts,
Lost in the light! Between us, as we walk
Green roadsides, under hedgerow homely elms
Of summer leaf, silences are as water
Smooth for the sail and shining to the verge,
But intimate as a hand's touch when we pace
Long crowded pavements amber-lamped in dusk
That holds its dark breath over the gay talk,
Bright eyes, and grief buried in moving sound.
There is a secret color that has dyed
The world within our hearts: none knows it else,
No more than that which thickens the flushed light
Deep in the foxglove's honey-throat; it is there
In the midst of light speech and forgetfulness,
In the empty house of absence, where the walls
Echo other voices; it is in the midst
Of the unsaid fears the mind plots forts against,
In the dragging thought and drizzle of blank care,
The daily doing of what must be done;
Then suddenly it glows and bathes us like the sun.

THE CRUSADERS. II

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

It is a quarter to four next morning when the ward-room steward on night-duty brings me a cup of tea and a bloater-paste sandwich.

'Anything doing?' I inquire, rolling over to reach the cup.

He murmurs that he thinks we're going half-speed, and the airmen are all dressing.

'See anything yet?'

'Oh, yes, you can see artillery at it ashore,' he observes casually.

I sit up. It has not been my lot to behold artillery at it ashore, so I swallow the tea, dress hurriedly, and go out on deck. It is still dark, but away to starboard hangs a peculiar faint glow. At intervals this glow brightens and quivers, and the brightening and quivering is followed by a sound like the distant closing of a heavy door. Ahead and astern of us are ships keeping station, black blots in the indeterminate mingling of sky and sea. At intervals one can make out smaller blots moving restlessly hither and yon, passing and repassing, turning and gliding with silent and enigmatic persistence toward unknown goals.

I yawn, conclude that these small craft are saving us the fatigue of zig-zagging, and go below. Mr. Ferguson is descending the ladder just in front of me. Mr. de Courcy, a slender wraith in white overalls, appears at the other door of the engine-room, and follows. Eight faint strokes sound on the bell-bar below, very faint, out of considera-

tion for enemy underwater-craft who may be, and in fact are, listening in tense vigilance not far away. It is four o'clock.

The engineer going off watch hands me a chit from the Chief to the effect that the planes will be launched at day-break, when I am to call him. Good enough! We carry on, and presently the revolution-gongs begin to clatter, now more, now less, and through the skylight one can see the sky beginning to lighten.

Mr. Ferguson lounges to and fro, as I stand by the manœuvring-valve, and whistles 'I wanter go back, I wanter go back, to the place where I was born.' It occurs to me that this is an engaging fiction. I doubt very much if he would care to go back there — somewhere on the western edge of Ulster. He once said his adventures might go into a book. What he ought to have said was that his adventures might have come out of a book; for, though he is communicative, he says very little about himself. It is the adventure which interests him, not the biography of the adventurer. He has the happy love of *incognito* which is the mark of your true romantic. It happened to him, certainly. Well, it was this way — And off he goes.

Off he went as I inquired where he walked when he started away through England. Well, his boots wore out first, being his thin patents, and he bought a pair of heavy country shoes, with soles all hobnails and great horse-shoe-shaped flangings on the heels.

Once he had supplied them, they were fine walking-gear. And he went on into Yorkshire and down through Lincolnshire, doing a job of work here and a chore or two there for the country-folk, and marveling how empty England seemed. Almost as empty as the sea, he remarks. But of course he was taking a line that took him past the big cities. He slept in sheds and under hay-ricks.

Once he strolled into the huge garage of a hunting-hotel in Leicestershire, and got into a palatial limousine in a far corner, and slept like a duke. Note the metaphor. Your true romantic preserves the faith in fairyland, for all his gross ineptitudes and tawdry sociological taradiddles. Mr. Ferguson slept like a duke. Don't imagine, however, that he is unfamiliar with dukes. He knows more of them than either you or I, who have never seen one, and who are unfamiliar with the habits of the species.

Mr. Ferguson has told me the pathetic story of his efforts to make a fresh start in life when he had exhausted the resources and the patience of his native hamlet. As usual, he was vague at points, but I imagine it was the old poaching business that induced the irate bench to lock him up. And when he emerged, a pale, lathy emblem of repentance, it was decreed by an outraged parent that he should emigrate to England, said parent having a brother who was a locomotive-driver on a branch line. The idea was to interest Master Ferguson in locomotives, and in the sylvan loveliness of East Anglia set his feet in the paths of virtue.

So it fell out, and Mr. Ferguson found himself cleaning freight-engines in a barn at the end of a branch line. It was a branch on a branch — almost a twig-line in fact, he implies whimsically. It seems that his uncle was a driver distinguished far above other

drivers, inasmuch as he hauled the train which was appointed to stop on occasion at the duke's private station on the twig-line. And the duke in question often availed himself of the well-known eccentricity of the ducal classes by riding on the foot-plate instead of in his reserved compartment. This sounds far-fetched, no doubt, to democrats, but it is quite credible. Dukes have more sense than many people give them credit for. Possibly, too, this particular duke was a true romantic himself, and was only realizing in his maturity what every boy desires — to ride on the foot-plate. And hence it turned out that Mr. Ferguson found himself in possession of a relative who knew a duke.

The pity of it was that Mr. Ferguson could not be induced to display any particular aptitude or mark of genius which would justify anyone in bringing him to the notice of the family liege-lord.

One gets a glimpse of feudal England while listening to Mr. Ferguson's account of that happy valley, with its twig-line of railway, rabbits and hares and pheasants visible on the single track during the long hours between the twig-trains, the vast ducal seat showing its high turrets and gold-leaf window-frames among the ancestral trees, the little village snuggled along the ducal fence, owned lock, stock, and barrel by the romantic foot-plate rider, and wrapped in immemorial quiet. All except Mr. Ferguson. He was lively when he was young, he admits, and apt to be a bit wild. A game-keeper spoke with unwonted feeling to the uncle one evening at the Cow-Roast Inn on the subject of slaying game-birds with stones. Mr. Ferguson, attacked by *ennui*, had sauntered down the track one day and done this frightful deed, visible to an indignant game-keeper concealed in a neighboring copse. A lad

with an eye good enough to hit a bird with a stone at thirty yards or so ought to be playing county cricket or serving in the army, he observed, wiping his mouth.

His lordship was n't as stern as he might be on the subject of preserving. Indeed, I have a notion, born of Mr. Ferguson's fugitive hints, that this particular lordship had certain rudimentary views on the importance of preserving other things besides game — humanity, for instance, and kindness and Christian charity and a sense of humor. Anyhow, when the incident came to his ears, he expressed a desire to do something for the youth beyond sending him to jail. Riding up the twig-line on the foot-plate to join the express for London, he ordered his henchman to bring the guilty nephew before him for interrogation. So it was done, and one day Mr. Ferguson, a gawky hobbledohoy with wild red hair standing every which-way on his turbulent head, was ushered into one of the vast chambers of the ducal mansion — ushered in and left alone. His acute misery was rendered almost unendurable by the fact that an expanse of shimmering parquetry separated him from the nearest chair. For a moment he had a wild notion of crossing this precarious floor on his hands and knees. For yet another moment he thought of flight. Even the marble steps up which he had ascended from the side entrance were preferable to this dark shining mirror in which he could see the room upside down and his own scared face.

And then a door opened on the other side of the room, and a majestic butler appeared, followed by his Grace himself in a smoking-jacket of peacock-blue silk with old-gold frogs and piping. The butler beckoned sternly. The duke, going to a desk in the corner and sitting down, beckoned amiably. The perspiration broke from Mr. Ferguson's scalp,

and the tickling of his hair nearly drove him distracted. He essayed a step, quailed, and drew back to the friendly bear-skin. The majestic butler made an imperious gesture that brooked no delay. The duke looked round in innocent surprise. Mr. Ferguson, clutching at his cap, flaming in hair and visage, and nursing in his heart a new-born hatred of the governing classes and their insane luxury, started hastily across the glassy surface, slipped, recovered by a miracle that left a deep scratch and a heel-dent on the floor, wavered, stumbled, deployed sideways, and finally, in one last desperate grasp at equilibrium, threw himself backward, whereupon his heels both shot forward from under him, he fell with a terrible thud full length, and lay still, waiting for death with closed eyes.

But of course the days when he would have been taken out and beheaded were long gone by. Life is more complicated now. The majestic seneschal, instead of clapping his hands and summoning men-at-arms to remove the clumsy varlet, rushed forward and assisted the unfortunate to his feet, looking horror-stricken at the scratches, and supporting him to the small but priceless Armenian carpet where sat the duke, at his desk, laughing heartily.

A good sort of duke I surmise; but Mr. Ferguson will not admit it. He hates the whole race of 'popinjays,' as he calls them. Even the beneficence which followed — a complete colonial kit and fifty pounds to start life in the great Northwest — does not soften his asperity. He thinks as little of the great Northwest as of the House of Lords or the Royal Navy. It was the beginning of his odyssey, at all events. How he sold his colonial kit in Manitoba and got a job as a bar-tender, and later a job as a trolley-driver, and later a job as something else, cannot be set out at length. Mr. Ferguson

may some day amplify his tantalizing allusions, just as I hope to learn more of his matrimonial adventures in the Argentine.

In the meantime I must return to the tale he told me as we worked the engines to and fro, and the ship worked in close to the shore of the Holy Land, off Askalon, and the monitors and cruisers took up their positions around us, and the planes were swung out and soared away over the enemy's lines round Gaza. It was a long hot day for all of us; longer and hotter for the Turks, I fancy, for our guns broke their great stone bridges and blew up their dumps, and destroyed their batteries, and they fell back and back and back until they had lost horse, foot, and guns, and tortured Syria was free from them for ever.

Mr. Ferguson and I have to take a good deal of this for granted. We hear the thunder of the captains and the shouting, but in our breasts flames no martial ardor. We are preoccupied with certain defects in our ancient engines, and fill up the intervals with an idle tale.

II

Sleeping like a duke in a palatial limousine and like a tramp under a hedge, after the fashion of the true romantics, Mr. Ferguson fared southward. It was a pleasant life withal, he observes, and he marvels that, as it is so easy, so few, comparatively speaking, adopt it. Perhaps for the same reason that he abandoned it, which was that he came to a town, and was lured once more into industry, unable to escape the wage-system, as he calls it, and then was blown by the winds of fortune out to sea once more. It must not be supposed that he is opposed *in toto* to the economic principle of wages. Indeed, one of his most attractive theories is that every man ought to

have enough to live on without doing very much for it. 'Twelve to one and an hour for lunch,' as he phrases it in his picturesque way. Nor did he, as I have noted, object to an occasional diversion as a wage-slave, providing always that he could, at a moment's notice, move on. It was when the industrial octopus reached out its steel tentacles and began feeling for his free wild spirit, to hold it forever, that he began to squirm and wriggle. Would have squirmed and wriggled in vain, probably, but for a fantastic *dénouement*, as you shall see.

As he talks, we become aware of events taking place outside. Mr. de Courcy, who has been up to call the Chief, reports our planes over the lines and Turkish machines making for us as we lie on the motionless blue water under the blazing forenoon sun. And presently, as we stand by, engines moving dead-slow, destroyers and motor-boats rushing in swift interweaving circles about us, a terrific concussion makes our old ship quiver to her iron keel, and the lights dance, and the boiler-casing trembles visibly, shaking a cloud of soot from the skirting and making us sneeze. A moment, and another tremendous explosion follows. Our planes are sending back the range, and the next ship, a monitor with fourteen-inch guns, is sending her shells eight miles inland upon the bridges over which the enemy must retreat. At intervals six-inch guns from British cruisers and ten-inch guns on French ships join in the game, and a continuous fog of soot is maintained in my clean engine-room.

Mr. Ferguson is not concerned very much with this. Your true romantic has but small interest in the domestic virtues, and he considers that I worry unnecessarily about dirt in the engine-room. With a passing sneer at capitalists, he deprecates worrying about

anything; quotes a song which is very popular just now, and which clinches his argument neatly enough, and permits him to resume.

For as he wandered here and there through England, it so chanced that he came upon a quiet valley through which ran a little river and a little railway very much like the twig-line, reminding him of it and leading him to digress into that episode of the duke and the dead-beat, which I have already narrated. And standing at the head of this valley, some little way from the hamlet, was a factory of sorts, with a red-brick smoke-stack sending out a lazy dark-blue trail of smoke to mingle with the pale-blue mist of an autumn evening.

Mr. Ferguson marveled afresh at this anomalous affair, for the country was rural and for miles he had plodded among the fair fields of the 'nook-shotten isle of Albion.' He was unfamiliar with southern and midland England, where you may come suddenly upon a boiler-shop or a dynamo-factory far from the coal and iron fields, where flowers grow along the foundry-wall and the manager sits by a window screened with geraniums.

It was some such place as this Mr. Ferguson had found when he realized that he had no money and that it was necessary, at any rate, to truckle to capitalists long enough to earn the price of a meal. Standing on the bridge over the little river, he decided to 'see how the land lay up there.' Quite apart from his bodily needs, he had the true romantic curiosity to know what they manufactured in this idyllic corner of an empty land. Indeed, that was his first question to the anxious-eyed foreman whom he found in deep converse with a manager on the gravel-path outside an office covered with honeysuckle. They turned upon him and sized him up; asked him what he wanted to know

for. What could he do? Did he want a job? Had he ever worked a lathe? Could he work a big one?

Almost before he realized it, these supposedly sleepy denizens of a forgotten fairyland had pushed him along the flower-beds, through big sliding doors, past a trumpeting steam-hammer and a tempestuous rotary-blower, into a machine-shop whose farther end was chiefly occupied by a face-lathe to which was bolted an immense fly-wheel. And all those other machines, Mr. Ferguson assures me, were manned by boys from school, who leaned over their slide-rests and regarded the dusty way-worn newcomer with pop-eyed interest. The manager and foreman deployed on either side of their captive, and besought him to turn to and finish the fly-wheel, which was a rush-job for a factory fifty miles away, and their only experienced machinist was ill in bed with pneumonia.

Mr. Ferguson was intrigued. It was a dream, he imagined. Never in all his varied experience of a world darkened by capitalists had he ever heard the like of this: a capitalists' minion imploring a toiler to toil, offering him a bonus if finished in three days, and time-and-a-half overtime for night-work. He started to remove his coat, for the fever of action was infectious, and the foreman almost tore it from his back. Remarking that it was 'a week's work, in a general way,' he found himself examining the rim, which was still rough, and sorting out the tools. Evidently regarding him as an angel sent from heaven to assist them in their extremity, foreman and manager backed away and watched him with shining eyes. And Mr. Ferguson, for once blinded to the madness of his action in trusting himself to the tender mercies of a hated industrialism, turned to.

And he worked. As Mr. de Courcy comes down and reports that enemy

planes are overhead, and the telegraph gong rings sharply 'Full Ahead,' and our twelve-pounder anti-aircraft guns explode with full-throated bangs that astonish us with their unaccustomed anger. Mr. Ferguson assures me that he worked like a galley-slave. He ignores Mr. de Courcy's delicate insinuation that the enemy is trying to sink us with bombs, and inquires passionately if I have ever turned a fourteen-foot fly-wheel in an old lathe. I never have, and he commands me never to try, especially if the lathe is too small and I am inexperienced at turning compound castings.

Our three guns, keeping up a deafening fusillade of twelve-pounder shells into the blue sky, overpower even the fourteen-inch monsters on the next ship. We go 'Full Ahead' for a few minutes, the steering-engine clattering like a mad thing as the helm is put to and fro. Mr. Ferguson resigns the telegraph to Mr. de Courcy and comes over to where I stand at the manoeuvring-valve. There is a smile on his reddish, freckled features, and the ridge of his twisted nose glistens in the swift, glancing reflections of the shining rods.

'Pneumonia!' he whispers, with a far look in his eyes. That old machine was enough to give a man heart-disease and brain-fever, let alone pneumonia. More than once, just as he was finishing a cut, the wheel suddenly appeared out of truth, and he had to invoke the aid of the boys-from-school and hydraulic jacks from the store and a partially demented foreman from his office, who was in terror lest he, Mr. Ferguson, should throw up the billet. Mr. Ferguson was assured that, if he liked, he could have permanent employment there, if he only made out successfully.

Mr. Ferguson snorts at this. Imagine the fatuous idiocy of offering *him* a permanency, the one thing from which he eternally flies! And so he goes on

hour after hour, struggling with the old machine, with the bubbly casting, with his own inexperience, with the greasy belts and poorly tempered tools. For this was in the old days, when much good work was done on worn-out machinery, when precision instruments were looked at askance, and a man had to have a certain dexterity of touch and experience of eye to evolve accuracy out of the rough material of a country shop. Mr. Ferguson has a great contempt for those old days in the abstract, though he forgives them because of their romantic distance from him.

But at length it came to pass, on the third evening, that he seemed about to achieve success, all that remained to be done to the outer rim being a finishing cut to give a fine smooth surface that would assume in time the silvery polish proper to well-bred fly-wheels. That was at tea-time, and when he returned from the cottage where an old woman was providing him with his meals and a bed for his scanty hours of sleep, he found the works deserted save for the elderly engine-man who was to keep the shafting going during the night. It was understood that Mr. Ferguson was to keep at it for this last night until he had completely finished, so that the wheel might be slotted and shipped off first thing in the morning. A big naphtha flare hissing over his head, Mr. Ferguson leaned negligently on the narrow bench that ran along the wall behind him, and watched the tool gnawing softly at the slowly revolving wheel. What a life! he was thinking. The life of a cog in a wheel, a deadly dull round of grinding toil, for a mere 'beggarly pittance' — which is another of Mr. Ferguson's favorite phrases. Ninepence an hour, forsooth! And heaven only knows what this little sawed-off firm would make out of the transaction — hundreds of pounds, very likely. It

was true that they had magnanimously advanced him three pounds on account, two of which reposed in his jeans at the moment; but that was only the devilish cunning of the capitalist class, to hold him in their clutches a little longer.

However, it would soon be over. In the morning, after a good sleep at old Mrs. Thingummy's, he would step out once more and seek fresh woods and pastures new.

What was that? He opened his eyes and noted that his much-vaunted finishing cut had revealed yet another blow-hole in the rim of the wheel—a big one too, darn it! Well, that was the capitalists' look-out. With folded arms he watched the blunt-nosed tool gnawing softly away at the gray powdery surface and then relapsed into gloomy introspection. He was bored. He was also tired. And when a man is both bored and tired, he tends to relinquish his hold upon the realities. The shop was full of mysterious shadows and pale glimmers as the belts flapped in listless agitation on the idler-pulleys. At the far end a wheel squeaked, and he could hear the leisurely rumble and cough of the steam-engine in its corrugated house outside. Life? It was a living grave, cooped up here in a sort of iron mortuary, an imprisoned spirit toiling in the service of a sinister genie. *Bump* again! That blow-hole must be quite a big affair. It would need another cut to clean it out of the wheel. More work. More nipeneces. More truckling to the mercenary spirit of the age.

But the soft murmur of the lathe was very soothing, and in spite of his bitterness of spirit, Mr. Ferguson grew drowsy. His head nodded over his folded arms. He grew more than drowsy. He slept.

Mr. Ferguson does not know how long or how often he slept and awakened. He remembers vaguely that time

and again he did something or other to the slide-rest, or perhaps adjusted the tool for another cut. It must have been past two in the morning anyway, when the grand catastrophe overtook him; for soon after came daylight in the little wood where he slept till noon. But as he stood there, nodding over his folded arms, he became aware of a great noise in his ears and a stertorous rumble of disintegrating material; and straightening up, he was horrified at what he thought at first was a nightmare woven out of his long toil and trouble. There was a spatter of sparks from the tool as it broke and flew asunder, and the whole fourteen-foot wheel was caught on the rest and was rising, rising, like some dreadful destiny, and hovering over him.

He stood in an ecstasy of expectation, petrified with an unearthly desire to know what would happen next. It rose and rose until balanced above him, pausing while the last holding bolt was sheared from the face-plate and fell into the heap of turnings below. And then, in a sublime epicycloid curve, it descended, crashed lightly through the brick wall behind the bench, smothering him in broken mortar and plaster-dust, trundled leisurely across the yard, and striking a prostrate cement-grinder that lay up-ended awaiting repair, fell with a hollow boom among the débris.

Mr. Ferguson reached for his coat in a sort of trance. The thing was unbelievable, but it is your true romantic who takes advantage of the unbelievable. With one look round at the ghostly shadows of the little shop, he leaped upon the bench and out through the hole in the wall. And in a few minutes he was on the road leading up out of the valley, breasting the hill in the small hours, seeking afresh the adventures he craved, and musing with a meditative eye upon the scene at which he regret-

fully relinquished all idea of being present when day broke and the result of his labors was discovered.

III

Mr. Ferguson pauses as a couple of crashes resound nearby. We look at each other in some trepidation. The Chief runs lightly half-way down the ladder, waves his hand in a complicated manner, and rapidly ascends out of sight. Another crash — or perhaps crash does not convey the meaning. At the risk of appearing meticulous, one may say that those Turkish bombs now dropping around the ship sound to us below as if several thousand waiters, each with a tray of glasses, had fallen down some immense marble staircase in one grand débâcle.

'Good Heavens! what's that?' says Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. de Courcy mentions what it is, in his opinion.

'Fancy!' says Mr. Ferguson, staring hard at the young gentleman.

I don't think these two have ever made each other out yet. As a true romantic, Mr. Ferguson is doubtful of Mr. de Courcy's credentials. He suspects him of being one of those whom he calls 'popinjays,' and a conventional popinjay at that.

What Mr. de Courcy suspects, no man has ever discovered. I sometimes think he is one of those people who have no real existence of their own, who are evoked only by a conventional necessity, and who, if you were to go to them as you go to those whom you love or hate, would be found to have vanished. I am always prepared, when I open Mr. de Courcy's cabin door, to find it empty, swept and garnished, the bed neat, untouched, the washstand closed, and a faint musty smell in the air. I cannot believe in his existence save when I behold him; and even then the long

elegant fingers manipulating the gold-tipped cigarette, the tolerantly benignant smile, the jaunty pose, the mincing gait, suddenly assail me without any corresponding conviction that there is a human being concealed anywhere behind them. He is uncanny that way, and Mr. Ferguson feels it without understanding it.

As we climb the ladder, the Chief and Third Engineer having relieved us until the bombs have ceased dropping, Mr. Ferguson admits that the young fellow 'makes him afraid to live, sometimes' — a cryptic phrase. We lean on the bulwarks and watch the performances of our airmen chasing the Turks. Or is it the Turks chasing ours? We are not sufficiently versed in these warlike matters to decide. Ashore, on the long strip of yellow sand, we see the British Army on the march. We see the shrapnel bursting into black plumes ahead of them, and the sharp darts of flame from the ruins to the northward, where the Turks are working a battery to cover their retreat. We see the shrapnel, and the quick wink of heliographs from inland beyond the dunes. Someone points, and at length, after much searching, we descry one of our machines, a mere dot in the blue, over the Turkish fort.

This, mark you, is war. It has the precision of clockwork. It *is* clockwork. The huge squat monitor next us slowly swivels her turret toward the fort. One of the fourteen-inch muzzles rears, moves up and down and to and fro, as a man moves his neck in his collar.

'Now then,' breathes Mr. Ferguson, 'here we go gathering nuts and may, nuts and may, nuts and — Gee! Now, I ask you,' he says, after a pause between the explosion and the sudden rise of a tall plume of yellow smoke over the Turkish fort, 'Now, I ask you, as one man to another, what is the

use of all this? Think of those men in that —'

A shrapnel shell fired by a methodical and business-like Turkish gunner drops between us and a racing motor-launch, bursts with a damp thump, and spatters one or two fragments against the ship's sides.

Mr. Ferguson stops short, and looks offended. 'No, but is it?' he insists, not sparing me his oratory. 'Here we are, wasting precious lives and money and so on, all at the bidding of the capitalist classes. Is n't it silly? Is n't it sickening? Is n't it wicked? Why should n't the workers —'

'Below there! Stand by to hoist in planes!' sings out the C.P.O.; and instantly we are thrust aside as a swarm of men range themselves along the rail. A plane flutters slowly over the water, one float smashed, wings slit, observer looking rather sick with a bullet in his thigh.

Well, he will get a medal, never fear. According to Mr. Ferguson, every airman receives three medals a week, just as he receives three meals a day. He is so bitter about it, you would think it was a personal grievance. That is his way. He thrives on grievances, as no dull realist could ever thrive on good fortune. The whole war is one gigantic grievance. Society is a festering sore

and humanity a bad joke, posterity a bad dream. So he tells me.

Yet I have my own view. I have set it out here in a way. I see Mr. Ferguson away ahead, at peace let us hope, in some Home for Aged and Deserving Seamen, and I hear him telling the children round his wheel-chair how the Great War was fought, and how he too was there, as witness the medal with the faded ribbon on his breast. There is no bitterness in his voice, nor any talk of Capitalism (children not knowing such long words) or 'popinjays' or 'grinding toil.' He has long since seen these things in a new light. But he is faithful in this, that he paints the irrevocable in all colors of fairyland. He will speak of the ship and the crew — even of me — with fond regret. He will lapse into silence as these memories overwhelm him. The sharp ridge of his twisted nose will glisten as it droops over his white beard, and he will mumble that those were heroic days.

It may be that they are. It may be that, while we plodding realists go on, forever preoccupied with our daily chores, abstracting a microscopic pleasure from each microscopic duty, your true romantic has the truer vision, and beholds, afar off, in all its lurid splendor and terrible proportion, the piquant adventure we call life.

(The End)

YOUNG AMERICA

LETTERS OF MARY LEE

FIRST AIR DÉPÔT, A.E.F.,
October 3, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Was there ever an army where a girl could live alone in a tent in the middle of an enormous Aviation Camp and feel as safe as a church, and be treated with the utmost respect and consideration by everyone? I think not. And I think it is the greatest of proofs of what we are fighting for. Sometimes I get a little discouraged with men and their ways over here, but when I see how they treat American girls, I can see that we are a lap ahead of the others in civilization.

I am the only white woman among thousands of soldiers. Which need not worry you, as R— McC— and R— R— are in the town, and we are surrounded at a radius of ten to twenty miles by hospitals. The swell Philadelphians, when I arrived, started leaving one by one. So I am here alone, to keep house for one thousand soldiers, two Y.M.C.A. men, and fifty officers, all of whom have to be cocoaed and sandwiched three times daily, and a household consisting of two headstrong French girls, and a little boy, who moves slower than anything I ever saw in my life. You'd laugh if you could see me get up and get breakfast for the two Y men.

Then there is a series of soldiers who come in and want breakfast, having just come from the front, or forgotten to get up, or 'feeling a little sick this morning.' Then millions of sandwiches to be made, and cocoa — a barrel of it! Then I walk in town for my mail, or try

to barter sugar for eggs in the village. The hens generally do not lay when you offer money, but when you say, 'J'ai du sucre,' one can usually find nine or ten of them. Then I rush back and cocoa and sandwich the soldiers till twelve, when I rush to the officers' mess. There I eat, either alone with thirty lieutenants, or sometimes with the C.O. and his majors and captains.

The colonel is a great old cavalry officer. Every time he starts to tell a story, the major and the captain on each side of him kick him violently under the table, and he either 'shifts the story' or shouts, 'Can that! This one's all right!' Every now and then he gets mad and starts off and then stops with a 'Ah-hmmmm!' and everyone howls and says, 'We are glad you're here.' They are all awfully nice and polite to me, really. It all seems to be quite natural and decent, one girl and fifty men; and it is rather nice to think one lives in a country where it is possible.

There is another lady coming right away. I hate to think what she'll be like. The evenings are terrible and diverting.

ON THE TRAIN TO METZ,
January 31, 1919.

I've had the most awful two days getting off, you ever knew. Last evening I took a cab at six, to take my trunk to the station before dinner. We went by all sorts of back streets, and in the middle of the backest and blackest of them, the front wheel suddenly rolled off the taxi, and we coasted on the axle for a while and stopped. The taxi man

thereon bawled me out for being an American, and said that's what a good honest man got for taking Americans about. I ran about the dark streets, looking for a taxi. Finally one came along. He did n't want to take me, but I got in and said, 'Pas compris,' and pointed to my busted chariot, shouting, 'Cherchez la malle là.' At last we marched, after much swearing and cursing and shifting of baggage.

At the Gare de L'Est it was 'necessary to form a tail' — which means getting at the end of a line a mile long. I formed a tail, and after half an hour arrived at the window. When I took out the yards of pink and yellow comic sheet we travel on, they said I had formed the wrong tail, and must form the other one. So I went to the end of another line, full of trucks covered with beds, bird-cages, and baby-carriages, all being checked, ahead of me. Now in France, being checked is a matter of being weighed, of making out a separate *fiche* in triplicate of each article, of carefully placing a tin ruler on the *fiche*, tearing it in two, and slowly pasting, with a little pail and brush, one half of each *fiche* on each article.

Again I waited half an hour. At last my little wagon with my trunk got on the scales, and they began *parlez-voing* about my comic sheet. A man stepped up behind me and paid the official two francs to put his stuff on first. He had a truck with all his household goods on it, a great mattress standing up at the head of it. The baggage-man shoved my trunk off and put the traveling circus on. I could see it would mean at least thirty pastings, and I am afraid I lost my temper. 'Darn you!' said I, and rushed my shoulder into the mattress, and pushed the truck off the scales, knocking down two men who were standing behind it. They all started howling and brandishing paste-brushes in my face. When angry I can-

not speak French, so I just said, white with rage, 'Put that trunk on there again, you old fool!'

At this point two American captains, who had seen the affair over a pile of luggage, jumped over the pile, placed their backs firmly against the traveling circus, saying, 'Damn these frogs! we'll show 'em how to behave with a lady. Put her trunk on there! Put it on, damn you!' And he put it on, and enregistered it, and it was over.

STRASSENHAUS, GERMANY,
March 9, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Such a hectic two days! Yesterday I got so fed up with this place that I decided to go A W O L, and accepted the colonel's invitation to go to the horse show in Neurvied. It was a corps horse show — winners of all the classes in the different division shows. There were *beaucoup* generals and such in attendance, and altogether it was very sporty. Swell white grandstand and white-bordered ring, hung with hemlocks and flags at the corners, and across it the Rhine, with the steamers going up and down. There was a band, and everybody was very sporty. Some rather good jumping horses, except that most of the officers who rode them did n't know how to ride.

I went down with the colonel and lieutenant-colonel from here, and some veterinary. Shook them at about 11.30 and went to do some shopping. Went back to show, and this time got a six-foot marine, who lugged coat and bundles. Then I found the show had evolved into races, which were about two miles down the river. I started to walk, and was getting frightfully cross and weary. About a dozen generals went by, with Y girls and nurses safely stowed into their limousines. Finally I saw a boy in a Dodge, waved madly at him, and ran up to get in, when a major-

general pulled up and sent a gallant young aide up to ask me to go to the races with him. So in I piled, coat, disreputable-looking bundles and all. Aide turned out to be an Eli, one Captain J——S——, in T——E——'s class. General was General H—— of the ——th Division. He was very genial, and when we got to the race-course, made one of his men follow us all about with my junk. We walked right out in the middle of the course and stood there, a timid M.P. not daring to police us off, everybody else staring considerably, and all our lieutenants from here walking past and being vastly amused at me.

Finally the general called the M.P. over. 'Which end of the course is this?' says the general.

'The start, sir,' says the M.P. saluting.

'Where is the finish?' says the general.

'At the other end of the course, sir,' says the M.P.

Whereupon I and the crowd and the general all roared and we got out of the way just as we were about to be run over by the horses.

The general left soon after this. He was a nice old gentleman, but I was just as glad he went. Somehow, there is an awful responsibility about giving a general a good time. God save the King!

STRASSENHAUS, GERMANY,
323 F.A., March 15, 1919.

DEAR DAD, —

Yesterday was another Red Letter Day in my A.E.F. career. Pershing reviewed the Division (the 32nd) preparatory to its leaving for the U.S., and it was all very thrilling and interesting and never-to-be-forgotten.

All week, of course, everyone was scrubbing and painting and grooming and in a state, getting ready for it — officers ranking horses away from each

other, Medical Department salvaging turpentine to be put on gun-carriages, people stealing spearheads off the top of regimental colors for some other regiment's colors, etc., etc.

Saturday I went to Coblenz with Lieutenant-Colonel K—— in the colonel's limousine, to get new spearheads, varnish, enamel, and so forth. That day the C-in-C. was reviewing the 2nd Division, and we met him on our way in. There was a sort of a thrill about it. It was along a long flat space by the Rhine, and the chauffeur suddenly said, 'Here comes General Pershing, sir'; and there sure enough was the great old Locomobile, with its four stars, and two sets of wheels on behind, zooming up the road at us. The colonel came to a snappy salute, and then they sped by, about sixty miles an hour, followed by three staff-cars.

The day of the review was perfect. We'd had the chaplain working on the weather for a week, and he assured us it would be perfect; but as the three days before were good, we naturally thought that day would be poor. But it was n't. Everything went well. Everyone even had eggs for breakfast, which took place at 6 A.M. They talked ham and eggs the night before, and I thought it was a myth, but sure enough, there they were, for men and officers alike.

I was out at 7.15 to see them pull out. Stood on the fence of the P.C. and watched A Battery winding up out of a white, frosty valley from Jahrsfeldt, with the morning sun behind them, shining on their oily tin hats, and the horses' breaths rising in little puffs of mist. They halted right at the fork of the road opposite me, and then we all stood about waiting a moment, stamping our feet with cold and exulting over the weather. B Battery presently appeared out of the woods on the other road, and the captain reported to the major, and the major reported to the

colonel, and it was all very military and thrilling to me. It was all beautiful, too. The horses looked wonderfully, — groomed within an inch of their lives, — and the men were cleaner and spicker and spanner than anything you ever saw. I never realized there was such a crowd of orderlies and horses and things connected with the administration of a regiment. Even lieutenants have an orderly scampering at their heels, and bringing their horses back and forth when they dismount. It was great seeing them all mount, and get in order, and then to hear the colonel give the order to march, and see the batteries pull up, and pass, and roll off up the road through the frosty fields and the pink sunlight. I stood in the road and wished like anything that I was a part of it, and was going along with them.

But I had to take it out in comfortable ham and eggs!

Of course, we policed up the canteen that morning until we were all blue in the face. And of course he never came up this road, and would n't have stopped if he had. I had lovely spring flowers on all the tables, and new green blotters neatly thumb-tacked down, and we washed the mud off all the chairs and benches with hot water!

At about 10.50 I got a belated message from G-1 that a car would arrive to pick me up at 11. It came, with a colonel inside, and I sent word I was n't ready and would go over myself. Major H—— took me over from here, and of course he had a horrible time getting there — chauffeur was lost, differential was busted, etc., etc. We got there an hour late, after pushing the car mentally all the way; and, as usual in the army, the thing did n't start for an hour after that.

The review field was most beautiful — a great, long field on the top of a high bit of land, from which one looked out and down over acres of rolling

woods and fields. The field itself sloped just a little away from a row of thick spruce woods, in front of which was the reviewing stand, with its flags, and a row of benches for the Y.M.C.A. ladies! The sun clouded over while we waited; but just as a wave of excitement thrilled the crowd, and the doughboys came to attention, and the Commander-in-Chief rode out from behind the spruce trees, the sun came out and shone beautifully on his white horse. He stood up there, like a statue, against the green, at salute, while the band played the Star-Spangled Banner. It made you cry a little.

Then he inspected very quickly on horseback, going at a surprising gallop, with all the generals, and chiefs of staff, etc., etc., and a perfect army of orderlies after them. After this he made a detailed inspection on foot, which took about an hour and a half, and would have been a bore, except that the day was so pretty, and it was so remarkable to see all these long brown rows of menspread out before you, and the German countryside rolling peaceably away beyond. It is nice, after you have been thinking about divisions so long, and seeing only scattered units, actually to see a whole one there before your eyes.

I went over to see my outfit while the inspection was away off at the other end. They were all very much bored and very glad to see me, even though I could n't possibly recognize them in their tin hats. The 75's were beautiful, in their new paint, and the horses were in great shape, and not a mangy one among them. One would have said that the whole regiment had never done anything but parade in new paint, if one did n't know they had been on the front for six months. My old friends the 'heavies' (324th F.A.) were drawn up alongside, looking very classy with their new tractors. They had camped there all night and actually painted the

whole blooming business after they had got 'em there through the mud. The paint was still sticky.

After the inspection there was a presentation of D.S.C.'s, which was good. We were right up close, so we could see and hear everything. The C.-in-C. made a little speech, and then pinned the crosses on, while somebody read the citations. He shook hands with each man, very warmly and cordially, and had a few words for each. A cute little Indian boy, who comes to the canteen, got one. I asked him what General Pershing said, and he said he congratulated him and asked him where he lived.

The actual review was wonderful. I got a place right down beside the reviewing stand, where I could see the faces of all the high officials and also the parade. General Pershing has a very nice smile. His face is stern while at rest, but when he smiles it is no half-way affair, but a good one. Once he told a moving-picture man to get back, and a moment later I found myself stepping forward a little, and it just happened that when I looked up I caught the general's eye. I backed back hastily, and he smiled most delightfully then!

I never saw a regimental front march past before. It was great. These grand old doughboys, who are the real thing, in their tin hats and with fixed bayonets, coming row on row. There is a seriousness about our army that all the others lack, I think. You get a tremendous feeling of youth and strength and determined unity of purpose from seeing them march by. They are individual men, and yet they are soldiers, too. They double-timed off over the field below the reviewing stand, the whole regiment at a time.

My regiment went by last, so when the colonel from G-1 tried to make me start home, I did n't go, but stuck

on the line until the last man was past, so the others got quite a way off from me. When I began to cast an eye around, I saw a tall figure coming down the steps of the reviewing stand and walking straight toward me, with his hand out. I gave a little gasp.

'How do you do,' said General Pershing, shaking hands with me. 'I am glad to see you here.'

'How do you do, General Pershing,' said I, wondering like Alice in Wonderland, if I ought to say, 'Your Majesty,' or anything like that.

After that, it was all very genial and quite as if he had been anybody.

'Was n't it fine?' said I.

'It certainly was,' said he. 'They are a fine division. I am proud of them. And they are the real thing, too. They fought as well as they look to-day.'

We conversed a bit, and then he asked me if I would come down and hear him speak to the men, and we started across the field to where the automobiles were. I told him my name, and that I was from Boston, and he said he knew all about me! That is a habit of great men, is n't it?

'Let me see,' he said; 'where were you in France? Oh, yes, you were at Colombey-les-Belles. Yes, I know all about you.'

'But how?' said I.

'I have reports on all you people. I remember about you very well.'

Interesting, if true!

By this time we had hit Colonel F—— and the other eight Y.M.C.A. ladies, and he shook hands with each one and said a good many nice things to us. He is really somewhat of an idealist, I think, and he believes firmly that we do a good job here, and that the whole game is of value to the army, and he told us so and thanked us. Which was nice. In the daily routine, you get to thinking that you are having a good deal of fun and giving very

little, and that it is all perhaps foolish. So it is nice to have someone — especially the head boss — tell you that the job is worth while.

After this he made them a speech. All the men clustered in a field by the road, which ran across a high sort of embankment, so that they were about fifteen feet below us. We, as usual, had box-seats, being up on the road with all the generals and the staffs. It was a most remarkable sight — a solid sea of men, with their green-brown uniforms, and their red-brown faces, and their brown-brown helmets. Never was a crowd so uniform, yet with such a feeling of individual personalities under their tin hats.

General Pershing made quite a good speech, very genuine and very heartfelt and very straight from the shoulder. He told about our part in the war, and the division's particular part, and he thanked them for their individual part, without which the rest could not have been. He told them he wanted them to carry the spirit of the A.E.F. home.

After it General Lassiter stepped out, and they gave three cheers. And after this, somebody from somewhere called out the perpetual question of the Army of Occupation, 'When are we going home?' at which Pershing laughed, and they all laughed, and the great day was over.

I was standing about twenty feet away from General Pershing at that time, and thought he looked a bit lonely, as no one in the army can quite rush up and clap the C-in-C. on the back and tell him he made a good speech. So I stepped up and shook hands with him this time, and told him it was a good speech; and he grinned and said, 'Thank you; you cheer me up immensely.'

I said, 'You speak much better than you used to,' and he roared. I told him I heard him speak in Washington just

before he left, and he laughed again, and said, 'That was a rotten speech, was n't it?' 'Well,' I said, 'I must admit that after it I said to myself, "That man's a soldier." 'I am,' he said. 'But now,' I said, 'you are a soldier and an orator, too.' He is, too, — not because he speaks well, for he does n't, specially, but because he has something real to say, and says it as if he meant it.

We then had quite a pow-wow with all the generals — General Hinds of the Corps and General Lassiter of the Division, and all the chiefs of staff and things. They all looked so funny in their tin hats that I had an awful time to recognize them. Tin hats look wonderful on the young, but I must say on an old gentleman of 55 or 60, they are a bit quaint. After a little talk, General Pershing started to go. He shook hands again with all of us and said to me, 'I am glad to have met you at last.' What the deuce anyone told him about Colombey, I'd like to know.

The boys say they got a movie of me all the time I was talking to the C-in-C., so be on the lookout for it.

STRASSENHAUS, April 19, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER, —

I certainly never thought that any place in Germany could get to be home; but this undoubtedly has. Suddenly, since they heard they were going home, the regiment has all swung around so that they are strong for me, instead of strong against, and the ones that were the worst are now the best. Two or three have even gone so far as to say they are sorry. 'Say, Miss Lee, I certainly am ashamed of myself for bein' drunk that night. You did n't hear me say nothin' dirty, did you?' Or another: 'Your stock has gone up three hundred per cent in A Battery in the last two weeks. For the first two months the boys did n't *compris*. But now they do.'

The first of the week A Battery marched up here in force, banging tin pans and playing two accordions, crashed into the Y, and gave me speeches, songs, more speeches, and a song which went something to this effect:—

'Mary Lee, we roll along, roll along, etc.
Across the deep blue sea.
We want cocoa
" " "
" " "
And cocoa we will have.'

There was more to it, but I forget it. Anyway it took away the feeling of being a complete failure quite effectively.

A Battery is Captain C——'s outfit, and they hang out in Jahlsfeldt, a tiny town down the hill from Strassenhau. I've sent some pictures, which please keep carefully for me. They were awful at first, but at the last they fell quite heavily for the Y, and I never saw a nicer or a more humorous bunch. They howled when I came in the mess-hall and gave me the best of good times all through the meal—most terrific fire of jokes and repartee I've ever heard. After dinner we went out to see the cute little white goat they had just purchased for a mascot. They are awfully funny with it. Just happens they are all six-footers and giants, and the goat is very small and white, with a pink nose and ears like a rabbit, and they treat it with the utmost gentleness, using curses that they used to on the horses in the quietest, most gentle voice. It is a funny sight to see a great tough soldier called McGovern 'grooming' the goat.

We spent a great deal of time cutting out a blanket for the goat, and red arrows to put on it, and a red binding to go around the edge, and explaining to a German dame how to sew it. Then we went to the top of the hill,—where the wind was cold, but the view most glorious,—where I was to umpire a soccer game between the 'Micks' and

the A.P.A.'s—four Catholic and Protestant tables at the mess. It was great fun. Everyone was on the crest of the wave, all playing for all they were worth and kidding each other. Before it started Sergeant Leith, a charming Scotch character, held up his hand and said, 'No profanity! First man that swears will be fined five francs.' And not a swear did I hear all afternoon. Which was going some for A Battery, and for soccer, which is usually an orgy of all the bad language in the army.

After the game (the Micks won, of course!) we all adjourned and drank up more cocoa. The 23rd Infantry Machine-Gun Company pulled in in the middle of it, having marched up to take our places. They all came in for cocoa, too, and we went strong till about four-thirty, when we locked up and cleaned up and packed up till five-thirty—Julia, the maid, and I and Drummond, the K.P. Julia wept off and on all last week. I think she was in love with the K.P. Whenever I asked him what was the matter with her, he'd say, 'Well, I don't know. Prob'ly she's got somethin' on her mind.'

That evening the chaplain held his final service in the ex-Y, while the 2nd Division men got drunk in the saloon across the hall, and threw beer glasses through the windows until their officers came in and cleaned 'em out, to the great delight of our men, who said, 'Say, ain't those guys hard?' Ours usually threw their glasses at the barmaid, so that the racket was not audible from without.

COBLENTZ, April 27, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER,—

Yesterday I went to Cologne. Cologne is a swell city. There is a very beautiful cathedral, and really wonderful shops. It has an atmosphere of age, yet chic, like Paris and Nancy,—good clothes, good food, good wine, and good

art, — a perfect good breeding about it that this town lacks sadly. Also the Britishers lend a tone to it. They certainly do beat everything for style. Their officers are the smartest, and their men the bone-headedest of any army in the world. I stopped and asked at least ten Tommies questions about well-known things about the town, and the answer was always and invariably and identically, 'I don't know, miss,' in that strange cockney brogue. They never know anything, and they *never* think. You can bet I fell on the neck of two perfectly good Americans, when I saw them on the corner. 'Where's the Rathaus at, anyway?' I said.

'I ain't sure,' says the Yank, 'but I *think* it's this way, 32nd. Come on anyway, and we'll find it.'

So they got on either side of me and we went on down the street. Stopped and ate ice-cream, and coffee and some kind of German pudding in a store, they making awfully funny remarks to the barmaid, causing the silent Tommies about to crack surreptitious smiles under their mustachios. They insisted on paying for all the eats, too, and the British could n't make us out at all.

We then proceeded to the Art Museum, where we hired a guide, and crashed full speed all over the paintings, the guide jabbering as fast as he could in English, and we getting off awful, disrespectful remarks and howling with laughter. I guess there were some good paintings there, only we did n't have time to stop over them. The only ones I liked were a couple of Rubenses and Richter's picture of Queen Louise (Queen Quality, of shoe fame). Just as we said we had to go, we found there was a collection of Roman stuff, so we decided to do another lap. One of the soldiers was awfully strong on both Biblical and ancient knowledge, and though he knew nothing about the pictures, he knew all about the subjects,

and got very excited over them. When the man called our attention to the paint on the old ones, he remarked, 'Well, say, if they'd 'a' had to use that there O.D. paint we put on them wagons, he'd 'a' been out o' luck.'

There was a most wonderful collection of Roman things, which thrilled me to the core. The Museum itself is built on the ruins of a Roman church, and in the cellar there is an ancient tomb, left exactly as it was, with the little vases still in it — a little square stone-lined hole in the ground, with a few little shelves, and you in a lovely glass bowl, and a couple of chickens or something in two others for you to eat in Hades, or some such notion. Then there were wonderful gold rings and bracelets, and the neatest set of doctor's instruments — tiny knives, tweezers, etc. — and from a child's tomb a tiny set of rakes, shovels, hammers, etc., that make the tools the French use now look foolish. Also, the original safety-pin, built on the same model as ours, only slightly more cumbersome. There was a model of the ancient town, with its nice white houses, and its baths and aqueduct and walls. Two towers of the wall still stand.

It is a little discouraging, really, to think of those old birds coming away up here, and living in a clean city, and writing with a silver penholder, and having lovely mosaic floors, and being altogether more near our civilization than anything since, — and that back in the one hundreds, — and then being wiped up and a dirty mediæval city built on top of their remains. I would have stayed in that cellar all day, only I'd decided to get a three-thirty train to Bonn, and catch the six-thirty from there back. Of course, I missed the three-thirty train, and lost my two soldiers in my attempt to catch it.

I then tried to go up the Cathedral towers, but the Boches refused to take

me, for some reason that I did n't *verstehen*. So I took a car-ride down the river, in a vain attempt to find the ancient Roman tower. Did n't find it, so I walked about a bit, and got another car-line to go back. The British don't pay 'the Hun,' as they call him, any carfare when they ride, the way we do, and the conductor honestly gave me back my three cents. Two beautiful young officers standing on the platform with me laughed like anything when I told them we always paid. I got to talking to them. They are even worse subjects of the 'have n't-spoken-to-an-English-speaking-lady-for —' disease than our soldiers, who are quite used to seeing us about. One of them immediately invited me to the Officers' Club for tea, which I as immediately accepted, being very cold and hungry. Incidentally, the car-line passed the gate of the old mediæval town, and we walked past the Roman tower — sort of sticking out of the side of a store — on our way back to the Club. Also passed the blooming Rathaus and all the other things I'd been reading about in the Bædeker and had not found. I was able to point them out to the British officer, who was mildly interested.

We had a very delightful tea in a chic English club, with music, and swell English officers all about. They look like the huntingest kind of hunting speeds in our country. All Englishmen seem to correspond to Grotties in our country. They are very charming and take you awfully sportingly and are most delightful. It really *is* nice to get back with gentlemen once in a while. We ate bread and butter and jam, and plum-cake, and drank strong tea, and talked about Woodrow Wilson and imperial government, and then I got up and said I'd have to go, and they escorted me out and round the corner, and we shook hands and parted. There were two French nurses in the club,

but otherwise, I was the only lady, and for once in their lives the English *did* look around when I came in. They don't have ladies in the British army at all. You never go anywhere here in Coblenz that there are n't droves of them. Britishers are n't so dependent on women as Americans are, somehow. They don't do this fraternizing business either, and are more dignified. Nor do they continually have to have movies and dances and things to go to. All of which is perhaps the reason they lack pep.

I spent the rest of the time buying cologne for dad and pricing furs. I pretty nearly bought a red fox because, with money at the present rate, everything is cheap. I did buy some gloves for ten francs. You can't touch 'em in France under twenty-five. The Germans either don't understand or don't care that the mark is only worth ten cents.

Got on the six-thirty train, in a compartment with a wonderful British lieutenant with a glass eye, a British major, an American captain, a Y girl, and an American lieutenant (sitting very close to her). We all talked madly. The Britishers kept saying we really ought to see Bonn, which got my goat more and more at having missed it. Finally we got to Bonn.

'Really, you should have seen it, you know,' said the major, just as the train was pulling out.

'I'd almost get off now,' said the American captain.

'I'll get off with you,' said I. (I knew there was a train about eleven.)

Like a flash we seized my hat and rubber coat and Bædeker, opened the door, jumped out, and before we had time to consider, the train was pulling out and leaving us. The captain had been in the same compartment going over to Cologne, and I had sized him up as a good scout. I am getting pretty

kippy at that by now. He was youngish and from Missouri, and has risen from a sergeant last July to being about to be a major now. He had a nice way with him, and a nice smile.

We proceeded to do circles around Bonn, trying to see it before the light failed. The Tommies patrolling the campus of course did n't know whether that was the University or not, but we finally interrogated enough 'Huns' to get the lay of the land. A British M.P., even, does n't know a damn thing. All he can say is that he advises you 'to follow the railway,' pointing to the train line. Heavens! How our soldiers have got it over every other soldier in the world!

Bonn is a lovely spot. It has the quiet, nondescript, don't-care-about-the-world atmosphere of a college town, and you can feel it the minute you get off the railway. It is partly in the trees, and partly in the faces of the people, and partly in the students. I guess it's the same in any University town anywhere. Professors don't care a darn about anything but their stuff, and students don't care a darn about anything, and they all take their time.

Well, we saw all we could of Bonn before darkness swallowed it up. Then we found a poor lone American soldier down on the river-bank, and asked him where we'd better eat. He led us to a swell hotel, and tried to find his chief (who is liaison officer with the British), but with no success, so we ate in the restaurant of the hotel. It was a very chic place, and the first time I've ever eaten German food. (We aren't allowed to.) We started off with plover's eggs, which were green and speckled and hard boiled. The rest of the dinner was good, but not remarkably like French. Better than Q.M. food, though.

After dinner we walked out to see the palace of the Kaiser's sister, where a British general lives. It looked — in

the dark — about like the Spragues', or any big place in Brookline. A Tommy was guarding the gate, but seemed inclined to talk to us. Said the old lady was very genial, and talked perfect English. Her mother was English, if I remember, so that's not so awfully smart of her. The British won't let her ride horseback, which is her favorite form of sport. Otherwise they treat her as becomes a princess.

Monday.

We were much amused at the relief of the guard, which came strolling up as we were talking to the sentry. I expected he'd get bawled out for talking to us. Not at all. The man ahead of the new guards merely said in a casual way, 'Well, ye can go now, Mr. —.'

'Right-o,' said Mr. So-and-So, and took his place behind the old guard.

Gosh! If 't were our army, things would go quite differently.

Also, we were halted on the way home, which was quaint, too. The British make everybody get off the streets at eight, so, as we went by some building with soldiers in front, one of them casually shouted across the street, 'Halt who-are-you?' Thinking he was merely trying to be fresh, we paid no attention. Whereupon he yelled again, 'Halt-who-are-you?' as if it was all one word.

'Are you trying to halt us?' says the captain.

'Yes, sir,' says the sentry, not even starting to come across the street.

'Americans,' said the captain; and on we went. They never put a light on us or anything. Again, in the American army 't would have been a little differently managed. I guess one of those Tommies would die in a fit if he could hear one of our sentries yell, 'Halt!' and come up in front of you with a bayonet out of the darkness.

The town was as dark and deserted as a French town in an air-raid when

we walked back to the station. We got there at ten-thirty, and found the train did n't get there till seven minutes of one! Good-night. I was weary, and my feet were soaked. We sat on a bench on the platform and shivered for a while, and then the captain went and got the British R.T.O., a very sporty old major, who came and asked us to 'sit in my office,' which was a place with gray broadcloth armchairs for the Kaiser to wait for the train in. The major told his ten-year-old sergeant that 'this American officer, and this lady will wait here for the train. You will see that they get their train and will make them comfortable.' We slept in two armchairs till the train came.

Train had apparently all doors locked. We banged and banged on one, and an English officer finally opened it, with many apologies, saying, 'We have 'em all locked so as to keep out the Huns. We won't travel with Huns.' They did keep two or three Huns out, too, and made 'em go third class. There were two officers in there, and they were very nice. I don't think they quite got my number, as one of them kept looking and looking at me all the time when the light was covered and he thought I thought he was asleep. At 3 A.M. we arrived at Coblenz, and had to walk all the way from the station to my billet, and Lord knows where the captain had to go afterwards. I may say, I felt a little bit low by that time.

May 23, 1919.

A year ago to-day was Cantigny. 'We'd oughter get a holiday,' the boys said, and laughed. They laugh at the whole thing now, and are most awfully cheerful and don't-care-a-darn about everything. It is nice to be with a good crowd again and the country is lovely, lovely. How could they *want* Lorraine?

Love to you all,

M. L.

SCHENCKELBERG, May 30, 1919.

DEAR MOTHER. —

To-day is Memorial Day, which seems to mean more than it used, and which somehow seems highly inappropriate to horse shows and such-like things. It had sort of lost its meaning before, had n't it?

We had a wonderful service to-day at Hartenfels, a town half a mile from here, on the top of the hill in the middle of the town where the ancient tower of Hartenfels Castle still stands. The castle was built on a high, steep rock — very hard to scale, and very flat and grassy on top, like a great table in the middle of a sloping valley of little squares of green field, with the town of Hartenfels snuggling at its feet. On top of the grassy table stands the grand old round tower, about a hundred and fifty feet high, with no entrance save a window halfway up, and holes all around to shoot arrows from. On top is a brand-new white flag-pole, with, to-day, a great garrison flag floating at half-mast. It was a still, sunny summer day, and the flag fell down against the old gray stones, and billowed gently about over us.

The service was on the flat, grassy top of the hill, at the foot of the tower, where there is a beautiful view, off and down, of all the country for miles about. It was really pretty thrilling. E. Company marched down with fixed bayonets, and me tagging along. Then I found the chaplain and a Y.M.C.A. parson, and dragged the latter old top up the precipice to the tower. I thought he'd fall and break his neck several times, but finally he got there. Then the soldiers came up the side of the hill, puffing and panting and yelling killing remarks at me and each other and everyone else. They lined up in a hollow square, and stacked arms.

The service was simple and rather good. The Y man put on a little too

much soft pedal, and the chaplain — a Polish priest — prayed that the seventy thousand fallen heroes may get out of purgatory as quick as practicable. Of course, the soldiers would n't sing when we sang hymns, either. But altogether, it was good just the same. To me it was the rows of bronzed faces of men who had been through it all, and with whom the soft pedal did n't make a dint, and the stacked arms, and the robber barons' stalwart tower with our flag floating on it, and the beautiful green country stretching for miles about us, and just the fact that we were there, was what was good about it, and the service and the purgatory didn't matter. They blew taps at the end, and that was lovely, as it always is, and a little sad — and it was over.

I made and served lots of lemonade this afternoon, it being a holiday. All my favorites are on K.P. this week, and as the kitchen is just above the Y, they have been dropping in in their blue jeans to cool off between doses of work. So the captain said he'd court-martial anyone found in the Y in blue jeans. So the K.P.'s now come down, pull off their trousers, tuck them under their arms, enter triumphantly, and consume buckets of whatever cold drink is handy. They are a nice crowd — one long lanky Texan, name 'Slim' James, with a brown face and wild eyes. Last night we played checkers rather late, and then got talking about the war. I asked them all how many Germans they'd killed. Some of them would n't tell, and

just shook their heads when it came to them. Slim gave me a funny look and said, 'I did kill one, but it was behind the lines. I was wounded, and I found him a-lyin' there. He was terrible bad — insides all a-blowed out. I tried to carry him in — I carried him a little way. But I could n't do it, so I laid him down again and then I killed him to get him out of his misery. I figured it was best.'

Afterwards Slim walked home with me, and he never said a word, except that now and then he'd shake his head and say, 'Oh dear, oh dear!'

'You were right,' I said.

'Maybe,' he'd say, and then again, 'Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!'

Slim is only twenty-one, but I feel as if he, and all of these, were years older than me. All the ones who have really fought seem much older than boys of their age used to be at home. I guess you skip ten years of youth if you live through a war.

I wish something would *happen*. This is the last little gasp of war, and it *is* fun. Whatever anyone may think, war *is* fun if you are right up where things are happening. I suppose the Germans will sign peace to-morrow, and life will start again on the dull slothfulness of another era of peace and prosperity. But to-night there is the possibility of a fight. M. L.

P.S. Last letter that has to be censored. Censor goes out of business June first! *Finie la guerre!*

EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

IT all began with our discovery of the Dawn. Of course, we had known all along that there was a sunrise—a mechanical sort of affair that started things going like clockwork. But Dawn was a bird of another feather.

If we had had our parents with us, they would have, in all likelihood, unfolded the mystery of it in some bedtime visit; but our governess, Mrs. Handsomebody, if she ever thought about the Dawn at all, probably looked on it with suspicion, and some disfavor, as a weak, feeble thing—a nebulous period, fit neither for honest folk nor for cut-throats.

So it came about that we heard of it from our good friend the Bishop.

Mrs. Handsomebody had given a grudging permission for us to take tea with him. In hot July weather her voice and eyes always seemed frostier than usual. The closely shut windows and drawn blinds made the house a prison, and the glare of the planked back-yard was even more intolerable. Therefore when Rawlins, the Bishop's butler, told us that we were to have tea in the garden, it was hard for us to remember Mrs. Handsomebody's injunction to walk sedately and to bear in mind that our host was a bishop.

But as we crossed the cool lawn, our spirits, which had drooped all day, like flags at half-mast, rose and fluttered in the summer breeze, and we could not resist a caper or two as we approached the tea-table.

The Bishop did not even see us. His fine grave face was buried in a book he had on his knees, and his gaitered legs were bent so that he toed in.

When we drew up before him, Angel and I in stiff Eton collars, and The Seraph fresh as a daisy, in a clean white sailor blouse, he raised his eyes and gave us a vague smile, and a wave of the hand toward three low wicker chairs. We were not a bit abashed by this reception, for we knew the Bishop's ways, and it was joy enough that we were safe in his garden, staring up at the blue sky through flickering leaves, and listening to the splash of a little fountain that lived in the middle of the cool grass-plot.

Surely, I thought, there never was such another garden—never another with such a rosy red brick wall, half-hidden by hollyhocks and larkspur—such springy, tender grass—such a great guardian cathedral, that towered above and threw its deep beneficent shade! Here the timorous cathedral pigeons strutted unafraid, and dipped their heads to drink of the fountain, raising them heavenward, as they swallowed—thanking God, so the Bishop said, for its refreshment.

It was hard to believe that next door, beyond the wall, stood Mrs. Handsomebody's planked back-yard. Yet even at that moment I could see the tall, narrow house, and fancied that a blind moved as Mrs. Handsomebody peered down into the Bishop's garden, to see how we behaved.

Rawlins brought a tray and set it on

the wicker table beside the Bishop's elbow. We discovered a silver muffin-dish, a plate of cakes, and a glass pot of honey, to say nothing of the tea.

Still the Bishop kept his gaze buried in his book, marking his progress with a blade of grass. Rawlins stole away without speaking, and we three were left alone to stare in mute desire at the tea-things. A bee was buzzing noisily about the honey-jar. It was The Seraph who spoke at last.

'Bishop,' he said, politely, but firmly, 'I would like a little nushment.'

'Bless me!' cried the Bishop. 'Wherever are my manners?' And he closed the book sharply on the grass-blade, and dropped it under the table. 'John, will you pour tea for us?'

We finished the muffins and cake, all talking with our mouths full, in the most sociable and sensible way; and, after the honey-pot was almost empty, we made the bee a prisoner in it, so that, like that Duke of Clarence who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey, he got enough of what he liked, at last.

I think it was Angel who put the question that was to lead to so much that was exciting and mysterious. He said, leaning against the Bishop's shoulder, 'What do you think is the most beautiful thing in the world, Bishop?'

Our friend had The Seraph between his knees, and was gazing at the back of his head.

'Well,' he replied, 'since you ask me seriously, I should say this little curl on The Seraph's nape.'

The Seraph felt for it.

'I yike it,' he said, 'but I yike my wart better.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed the Bishop. 'Don't tell me *you've* a wart!'

'Yes, a weal one,' chuckled The Seraph. 'It's little, but its gwoing. I fink some day it'll be as big as the one on Mrs. Handsomebody's chin. *It* can wiggle.'

'You don't say so!' said the Bishop, rather hastily. 'And where do you suppose you got it?'

The Seraph smiled mischievously. 'I fink I got it off a toad we had. He was an awful dear ole toad, but he died, 'cos we —'

'Oh, I say, don't bother about the old toad, Seraph!' put in Angel hastily, feeling as I did that the manner of the toad's demise was best left to conjecture. 'We want to hear about the most beautiful thing in the world. Please tell it, Bishop!'

'Well — since you corner me,' said the Bishop, his eyes on the larkspur, 'I should say it is the wing of that pale-blue butterfly, hovering above those deep-blue flowers.'

Angel's face fell. 'Oh, I did n't mean a little thing like that,' he said. 'I meant a 'normous, wonderful thing. Something that you could n't *ever* forget.'

'Well — if you will have it,' said the Bishop, 'come close and I'll whisper.' Instantly three heads hedged him in, and he said in a sonorous undertone, '*It's the Dawn.*'

'The Dawn.' We three repeated the magic words on the same note of secrecy. 'But what is it like? How can we get to it? Is it like the sunset?'

'I won't explain a bit of it,' he replied. 'You've got to seek it out for yourselves. It's a pity, though, you can't see it first in the country.'

'Must we get up in the dark?'

'Yes. I think your tallest attic-window faces the East. You must steal up there while it's still gray daylight. Have the windows open, so that you can hear and smell, as well as see it. But I'm afraid the dear Seraph's too little.'

'Not me,' asserted The Seraph, stoutly. 'I'm stwong as two ephelants.'

'You must n't be frightened when you hear its wings,' said the Bishop, 'nor be abashed at the splendor of it,

for it was designed for just such little fellows as you. You will come and tell me then what happens, won't you? I shall probably never waken early enough to see it again.'

Though we played games after this, and the Bishop made a very satisfactory lion prowling about in a jungle of wicker chairs and table-legs, we none of us quite lost sight of the adventure in store for us. Somewhere in the back of our heads lurked the thought of the Dawn, with its suggestion of splendid mystery.

We were no sooner at home again than we set about discussing ways and means.

'The chief thing,' said Angel, 'is to waken about four. We have no alarm-clock, so I s'pose we'll just have to take turns in keeping watch all night. The hall clock strikes so we can watch hour about.'

'I'll take first watch!' put in The Seraph, eagerly.

'You'll take just what's given to you, and no questions, young man,' said Angel, out of the side of his mouth; and The Seraph subsided, crushed.

II

Came bedtime at last, and the three of us in the big four-poster; the door shut upon the world of Mrs. Handsomebody, and the windows firmly barred against burglars and night air.

Angel announced, 'First watch for me! You go right to sleep, John, and I'll wake you when the clock strikes ten.'

But I was n't at all sleepy, and we lay in the dusk and talked till the familiar harsh voice of the hall clock rasped out nine o'clock.

'You go to sleep, please, John,' whispered Angel in a drowsy voice, and I'll watch till ten.'

I felt drowsy, too; so I put my arm

about the slumbering Seraph and soon fell fast asleep.

It seemed to me but a moment when Angel roused me. I know I had barely settled down to an enjoyable dream, in which I was the only customer in an ice-cream parlor, where there were seven waitresses, each one obsequiously proffering a different flavor.

'Second watch on deck!' whispered Angel, hoarsely — 'and look lively!'

'But I'd only just put my spoon in the strawberry ice,' I moaned. 'Can't be ten minutes yet.'

'Oh, I say,' complained Angel, 'don't you s'pose I know when the old clock strikes ten? You've been sleepin' like a drunken pirate, and no mistake. Must be near eleven by now.'

'I'll just see for myself,' I declared. 'I'll go and look at the schoolroom clock.' And I began to scramble over him.

'You will not then,' muttered Angel, clutching me. 'I shan't let you!'

'You won't, eh? If it's really ten, you need n't care, need you?'

'Course it's ten — it's nearer eleven; but you're going to do what I say.'

At that we came to grips, and fought and floundered till the bed rocked, and the poor little Seraph clung to his pillow as a shipwrecked sailor to a raft in a stormy sea. Exhaustion alone made us stop for breath; still we clung desperately to each other, our small bodies pressed hotly together, Angel's nose flattened against my ear. The Seraph snuggled up to us.

'Just you wait!' breathed Angel; his hands tightened on me, then relaxed — his legs twitched —

'Strawberry or pineapple, sir?' came the dulcet tones of the waitress. I was in my ice-cream parlor again! Seven flavors were laid before me. I fell to, for I was hot and thirsty.

I was disturbed by The Seraph, singing his morning song. It was a tuneless

drone, yet not unmusical. Always the first to open his eyes in the morning, he began his day with a sort of saga of his exploits of the day before, usually meaningless to us, but fraught with color from his own peculiar sphere. At last he laughed outright, a Jovian laugh, at some remembered prank — and I rubbed my eyes and came to full consciousness. The sun was slanting through the shutters. Where, oh where, was the Dawn?

I turned to look at Angel. He was staring at the slanting beam and swearing softly, as he well knew how.

'We'll simply have to try again,' I said. 'But however are we going to put in to-day?'

The problem solved itself as all problems will, and the day passed, following the usual landmarks of porridge, arithmetic, spelling, scoldings, mutton, a walk with our governess, bread and butter, prayers, and the (for once, longed for!) *bed*.

That night we decided to lie awake together, passing the time with stories, and speculation about the mystery so soon to be explored by us.

I told the first story, a long-drawn adventure of shipwreck, mutiny, and coral caves, with a fair sprinkling of skeletons to keep us broad awake.

'It was a first-rate tale,' sighed Angel, contentedly, when I had done; 'an' you told it awfully well, John. If you like, you just tell another 'stead o' me. Or The Seraph can tell one. Go ahead, Seraph, and make up the best story you know how.'

The Seraph, important, but sleepy, climbed over me, so that he might be in the middle, and then began, in a husky little voice.

'Once upon a time there was fwee bwothers, all vewy nice, but the youngest was the bwavest an' stwongest of the fwee. He was as stwong as two bulls, an' he'd kill a dwagon before

bweakfast, an' never be cocky about it —'

Angel and I groaned in unison. We could not tolerate this sort of self-adulation from our junior. 'Don't be such a little beast,' we admonished, and covered his head with a pillow. The Seraph was wont to accept such discipline at our hands philosophically, with no unseemly outcries or struggles; as a matter of fact, when we uncovered his head, we could tell by his even, reposeful breathing that he was fast asleep. It was too dark to see his face, but I could imagine his complacent smile.

The night sped quickly after that. There was some desultory talk; then Angel, too, slept. I resolved to keep the watch alone. I heard the sound of footsteps in the street below, echoing with a lonely sound; the rattle of a loose shutter in a sudden gust of wind; then, dead silence, followed after an interval by the scampering and angry squeak of mice in the wall. The mice disturbed me again. There was a shattering of loose plaster; and, suddenly opening my eyes, I saw the ghost of gray daylight stealing underneath the blind. The time had come!

III

Silently the three of us stole up the uncarpeted attic-stair. It was unknown territory to us, having been forbidden from the first by Mrs. Handsomebody, and all we had ever seen from the hall below was a cramped passage, guarded by three closed doors. Time and again we had been tempted to explore it, but there was a sinister aloofness about it that had hitherto repelled us. Now, however, it had become but a pathway to the Dawn, and, as we clutched the banisters, we imagined ourselves three pilgrims fearfully climbing toward light and beauty.

Angel stood first at the top. Gently he tried two doors in succession, which were locked. The third gave, harshly — it seemed to me, grudgingly. The Seraph and I pressed close behind Angel, glad of the warm contact of each other's bodies.

In the large attic-room, the air was stifling, and the sloping roof, from which dim cobwebs were draped, seemed to press toward the dark shapes of discarded furniture, as if to guard some fearful secret. It took all our courage to grope our way to the low casement, and it was a struggle to dislodge the rusty bolt, and press the window out on its unused hinges. It creaked so loudly that we held our breath for a moment, but we drew it again with a sharp sensation of relief, as thirsty young animals drink, for fresh night air, sweet, stinging to the nostrils, had surged in upon us, sweeping away fear and loneliness and the hot depression of the attic-room.

Mrs. Handsomebody's house was tall, and we could look down upon many roofs and chimneys. They huddled together in the soft gray light as if waiting for some great happening, which they expected, but did not understand. They wore an air of expectancy and humility. Little low-roofed outhouses pressed close to high walls for shelter, and a frosty white skylight stared upward fearfully.

'Is this the Dawn?' came from The Seraph, in a tiny voice.

'Only the beginning of it,' I whispered back. 'There's two stars left over from the night — see! that big blue one in the East, and the little white one just above the cobbler's chimney.'

'Will they be afraid of the Dawn, when it comes?'

'Rather. I should n't be surprised if the big fellow bolted right across the sky, and the little one will p'raps fall down the cobbler's chimney into his workroom.'

The Seraph was enchanted. 'Then the cobb'r'll sew him wight up in the sole of a shoe, an' the boy who wears the shoe will twinkle when he wuns, won't he? Oh, it's coming now! I hear it. I'm afraid.'

'That's not the Dawn,' said Angel, 'That's the night flying away.'

It was true that there came to us then a rushing sound, as of strong wings; our hair was lifted from our hot foreheads, and the casement rattled on its hinges.

This wind, that came from the wings of night, was sharp with the fragrance of heather and the sea. One fancied how it would surge through the dim aisles of cathedral-like forests, ruffling the plumage of drowsy birds, stirring the surface of some dark pool where the trout still slept, and making sibilant music among the drooping reeds.

The sky had now become delicately luminous, and a streak of saffron showed above the farthest roofs; a flock of little clouds huddled together above this, like timorous sheep at gaze. The white star hung just above the cobbler's chimney; dangerously near, it seemed to us who watched.

There were only two of us at the window now, for Angel had stolen away to explore every corner of the new environment, as was his custom. I could hear the soft opening and shutting of bureau drawers, and once, a grunting and straining, as of one engaged in severe manual labor.

A low whistle drew me to his side.

'What's up?' I demanded.

'Got this little old trunk open at last,' he muttered; 'full of women's junk. Look.'

Our heads touched as we bent curiously over the contents. It was a dingy and insignificant box on the outside, but it was lined with a gayly-colored paper, on which nosegays of spring flowers bent beneath the weight of sil-

ver butterflies and sad-eyed cockatoos. The trays were full, as Angel had said, of women's things: delicate, ruffy frocks of pink and lilac, and under-garments edged with yellowing lace. A sweet scent rose from them, as of some gentle presence that strove to reach the light and air once more. A pair of little white kid slippers looked as if they longed to twinkle in and out beneath a soft silk skirt.

Angel's mischievous brown hands dove among the light folds, discovering opera-glasses (treasures to be secured, if possible, against some future South Sea expedition), an inlaid box of old-fashioned trinkets, gold-tasseled earrings, a coral necklace, and a brooch of tortured locks of hair. His eyes were dancing above a gauze fan held coquettishly against his mouth; but I gave no heed to him; I was busy with a velvet work-box that promised a solution of the mystery: for, hidden away with thimble and scissors, as one would secrete a treasure, was a fat little book, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Someone had drawn on the fly-leaf, very beautifully, I thought, a ribbed sea-shell, and on it had printed the words, 'Lucy from Charles'; and on a scroll beneath the shell, in microscopic characters, 'Bide the Time!'

My brother was looking over my shoulder now. We were filled with conjecture.

'Lucy,' said Angel, 'owned all this stuff, and Charles was her lover, of course. But who was she? Mrs. Hand-somebody never had a daughter, I know; and if she had, she'd never have allowed her to wear these things. Look how she jaws when Mary Ellen spends her wages on finery. I'll bet Lucy was a beauty. And she's dead too, you can bet; and Charles was her lover, and likely he's dead too. "Bide the time," eh? You see, they're waitin' around yet — *somewheres*. Is n't it queer?'

The Seraph's voice came from the window in a sort of chant, —

'The little white star has fallen down the cobbler's chimney!'

'It has fallen down, and the cobbler is sewing it into a shoe!'

'A milkman is wunning down the stweet!'

'Tell you what,' whispered Angel; 'I'll show you what Lucy was like — just a little. I'll make a picture of her.'

The space between two tall chests of drawers formed a sort of alcove, in which stood a pier-glass, whose tarnished frame was draped in white net. Before it Angel drew (without much caution) a high-backed chair, and on it he began his picture.

Over the seat and almost touching the floor, he draped a frilled petticoat, and against the back of the chair — with a foundation of formidable stays for support — he hung a garment which, even then, he seemed to know for a camisole. Over all he laid a charming lilac-silk gown, and under the hem, in the most natural attitude, peeped the little party slippers. A small lace and velvet bonnet, with streamers, was hung at the apex of the creation; and in her lap — for the time has come to use the feminine pronoun — he spread the gauzy fan. He hung over her tenderly, as an artist over his subject, — each fold must be in place, — the empty sleeves curved just so: one fancied a rounded chin beneath the velvet streamers, so artfully was it adjusted. Her reflection in the pier-glass was superb!

'It is here!' chanted The Seraph. 'Evwy bit of evwyfing is shinin'. Oh, Angel an' John, *please* look!'

We flew to the window and leaned across the sill.

It was a happy world that morning, glowing in the sweetest dawn that ever broke over roofs and chimney-pots. The earth sang as she danced her dewy way among the paling stars. The little

gray clouds blushed pink against the azure sky. Blossoming boughs of peach and apricot hung over the gates of heaven, and rosy spirals curled upward from two chimneys. Pink-footed pigeons strutted, rooketty-cooing along the roofs. They nodded their heads, as if to affirm the consummation of a miracle. 'It is so,' they seemed to say; 'it is indeed so.' One of them hopped up on the cobbler's chimney, peering earnestly into its depths.

'It sees the star!' shouted The Seraph. 'It sees the star and nods to it. "I am higher now than you," it says!'

Something — was it a breath? a sigh? — made me look back into the attic, where Lucy's clothes clung to the high-backed chair, like flower-petals blown against a wall. The pier-glass had caught all the glory of the morning, and was releasing it in quivering spears of light that dazzled me for a moment.

I rubbed my eyes, and stared, and shook a little, for in the midst of all this splendor I saw Lucy! No pallid, rigid ghost, but something warm, eager with life, spreading the folds of the lilac gown like a butterfly warming its new wings in the strength of the sun.

Her bosom rose and fell quickly, her eyes were fixed on me with a beseeching look, it seemed. I drew nearer, — near enough to smell the faint perfume of her, — and I saw then that she was not looking at me, but at the fat little book, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, which I still held in my hands. The book that Charles had given her! 'Bide the time!' he had written, but she could bide the time no longer.

Proud as any knight before his lady, I strode forward, and pressed the book into her hands, — saw her slender fingers curl around it, — heard her little gasp of joy. I should not have been at all surprised had the door opened and Charles walked in.

IV

As a matter of fact, the door *did* open and — Mrs. Handsomebody walked in.

She gave a sort of gurgling cry, as if she were being strangled. Angel and The Seraph faced about to look at her, in consternation, their hair wild in the wind, and the rising sun making an aureole about them. The four of us stared at each other in silence for a space, while the attic-room, with its cobwebs, reeled, the sun rose and sank, like a foundering ship, and Mrs. Handsomebody — resembling in my fancy a hungry spider in curl-papers — considered which victim was ripest for slaughter.

'You — and you — and you!' she gobbled. 'Oh, to think of it! No place safe! What you need is a *strong* man. *We* shall see! The very windows — burst from their bolts!'

She slammed the casement and secured it, Angel and The Seraph darting from her path.

'Even a dead woman's clothes — to make a scarecrow of!'

She pounced upon them. I hid my face while she did it, but I heard a sinister rustling and the snap of a trunk-lid. It was over. 'Bide the time.'

Ignominiously she herded us down the stairs. The Seraph, making only one step at a time, led the way. Far down the drab vista of the back stairs that ended in the scullery, Mary Ellen's red round face was seen for a moment, like a second rising sun; but vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, at a shout from Mrs. Handsomebody.

We were in the schoolroom now, placed before her in a row, as was her wont in times of retribution. Seated behind her desk, she wore her purple dressing-gown with magisterial dignity; the wart upon her chin quivered as she prepared to speak.

'Now, David,' she said, addressing

Angel by his proper name as usual, 'can you say anything in explanation of this outrage upon my property? Hold your head up and toe out, please.'

Angel looked at his hands. 'Nuffin' to explain,' he said, sulkily. 'Just went an' did it.'

'Oh, I thought so,' said our government. 'It was just one of those seemingly irresistible impulses that have so often proved disastrous for all concerned. If your father knew' — She bit off the words as if they had a pleasant, if acrid taste — 'If your poor father in South America knew your criminal proclivities, he would be a *crushed* man — a *crushed* man!'

The Seraph was staring at her chin.

Then, 'I have one too,' he said gently.

'One *what?*' Her tone should have warned him.

'One wart,' he went on, with easy modesty. 'It's just a little one. It can't wiggle — like yours — but it's growing nicely. Would you care to see it?'

Mrs. Handsomebody affected not to hear him. She stared sombrely at Angel and me, but I believe The Seraph sealed our fate, for, after a moment's deliberation, she said curtly, 'I shall have to beat you for this.'

She gave us six apiece, and I could not help noticing that, though The Seraph was the youngest and tenderest, his six were the most stinging.

When we had been sent to our bedroom to say our prayers, and change our pitifully inadequate night-clothes for day things, I put the question that was burning in my mind.

'Did either of you see *her?*'

'Who?'

'Lucy, sitting there in the chair.'

Angel's brown eyes were blank.

'I saw *her* *clothes*. What sickens me is that the dragon took that spy-glass. You see if I don't get it yet.' (Mrs.

Handsomebody was 'the dragon' in our vernacular.)

'Did *you* see her, Seraph?'

The Seraph was sitting on the floor, his head on his kness. He raised a tear-flushed face.

'I'm 'most too cwushed to wemember,' he said, huskily. 'But I *fink* Lucy was fat. It's a vewy bad fing to be fat, 'cos the cane hurts worser.'

I turned from such infantile imbecility to the exhilarating reflection that I was the only one to whom Lucy had shown herself — her chosen knight!

I was burning to do her service, yet the passage that led to the attic stronghold was well guarded. Two days had passed before I made the attempt. I had been sent upstairs from the tea-table to wash my hands, — although they were only comfortably soiled, — and after I had dipped them in a basin of water that had done service for both Angel and The Seraph, I gave them a good rub on my trouser-legs, as I tip-toed to the foot of the attic stairs.

Cautiously, with fast-beating heart, I mounted, and tried the door. It was locked fast. I pressed my eye against the keyhole, and made out in the gloom the dark shape of the trunk, sinister, forbidding, inaccessible. No rustle of lilac silk, no faintest perfume, no appealing sigh from the gentle Lucy greeted me. All was dark and quiet. 'Bide the time!' Who knew but that some day I might set her free again?

Yet my throat ached as I slowly made my way back to the table, presented my hands for a rather skeptical inspection by Mrs. Handsomebody, and dropped languidly into my seat.

The Seraph gave me a look of sympathy — even understanding. Perhaps he had heard me mount the distant attic-stairs; his hearing was wonderfully acute. He chewed in silence for a moment, and then he made one of those seemingly irrelevant remarks of his

which, somehow, always set our little world a-rocking.

'One fing about Lucy,' he said, 'she was always sweet-tempud.'

'Who?' snapped Mrs. Handsomebody.

'Lucy,' repeated The Seraph. 'Such a sweet-tempud gell!'

Mrs. Handsomebody leaned over him,

and gobbled and threatened. The Seraph preserved a remarkable calm, considering that he was the storm-centre. He even raised his small forefinger before his face and looked at it thoughtfully. His speculative gaze traveled from it to Mrs. Handsomebody's chin. I perceived then that he was comparing warts!

IS AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING A DISEASE?

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

It has been said of the prophet Daniel that he went with the greater willingness to the den of lions because he knew that he would not be called upon for an after-dinner speech. This is merely an inference. But I find, upon further consideration of the prophet's record, a more important indication, to wit, that even in his early day the custom of after-dinner speaking was already well established; for when, on a certain well-known occasion, he rose to address the company in Belshazzar's banquet-hall, he was introduced by the Queen of the realm, who, speaking undoubtedly without notes, began very simply (see Daniel, 5: 11), 'We have with us this evening one who needs no introduction.'

I wish that the account might go more into the details of that occasion: as to the nervousness of the Queen, for instance, and Daniel's air of studied indifference until he rose to address so distinguished a multitude. But it is indicated in the record that he illustrated his remarks with a number of anecdotes.

This whole matter interests me because, not only have I suffered under the vagaries of after-dinner speakers, but I too have presided at a feast; I have held the wand; I know the abracadabras and the eeny-meeny-miny-mos. *'We have with us this evening a citizen than whom . . . which reminds me of a story. . . . I know you are impatient . . . but a moment of your time . . . sure you are looking forward to . . . without further humble assistance from me . . . honor of presenting —'* I too have trembled and perspired over the unforeseen emergency, or have risen panic-stricken, wondering just what the speaker's middle initial might be.

An experience on one such occasion may serve me well for a text. It was a small assemblage, with good-fellowship the keynote, and in my hands lay its post-prandial destinies.

A group waylaid me before the dinner began. 'Are you going to call on John Q. Robinson?' they inquired anxiously.

'I have been so instructed,' I answered, 'and his official position alone would seem to make it desirable.'

'Then, for our sakes, find some way to choke him off! We've all heard him — and we know,' they added darkly.

In those days I had all the confidence of youth. I went at once to John Q. Robinson, praying for tact on the way. But he was delightfully easy of approach.

'I wish to apportion the time,' said I. 'May I get an idea how much we are to expect from you?'

'Only a moment or two,' he replied cheerfully. 'I have positively nothing to say to them. They have heard me before, and I am sure they want to hear from the others.'

'Then shall I apportion you fifteen minutes?'

'Five will do,' he said with emphasis. 'Five or less.'

The testimony of those protesting ambassadors lingered in my mind, and I made assurance doubly sure. 'Will it offend you if I tap on a glass, or give some other indication of a time-limit?'

He was amused by my persistence. 'Of course it would not annoy me,' he said kindly, as to a child; 'but you will find no occasion.'

At the end of fifteen minutes his hearers were obviously restive, and I tapped on a glass. He would not hear it. At intervals I cleared my throat loudly. He was deaf to all but his own voice. After twenty-eight minutes I leaned so far forward that he saw me — and I saw that he saw. He deliberately turned his back toward me and addressed one side of the room. At the end of thirty-five minutes he sat down amid applause. But the nature of that applause he failed to comprehend.

All the time I was a coward, and I knew it. I should have crashed two dinner-plates together, and failing in that, I should have summoned the dinner committee and beaten him to the floor with chairs.

At intervals throughout several years my mind has recalled that experience

and turned it over and over. It was not so flagrant an after-dinner crime as many that you may have known, and yet it is so bold in its outlines.

John Q. Robinson is a gentleman courteous in his ways — of that I am assured. On this occasion he knew how many were to speak, and that fifteen minutes was a liberal allotment to each speaker. His promise was solicited and given. Despite all that, he refused to heed the signals which he both heard and saw. There is only one possible explanation: while he spoke, John Q. Robinson ceased to be his normal self; he became, in fact, hypnotized. Doubtless this explanation is simple and obvious enough to men of science, but to me it came as a Columbian discovery. I sought at once an erudite and good-natured psychologist. 'Tell me,' I said, 'how does a man hypnotize himself?'

'Oh, in various ways,' was the reply: 'looking fixedly at a bright object, or something of that sort.'

'Listening to a sound?' I asked.

'Well, not so much that.'

'Must it be one bright object?'

'Why no, it doesn't have to be bright, as a matter of fact, and it might be many objects.'

'Ha!' I said to myself, 'The eyes of his audience.' And I mulled over the matter for a time. But the idea had not assumed a comfortable completeness in my mind. I sought my friend again, and found him still good-natured.

'This auto-hypnosis,' I said, 'is it actually a trance? Is it as real as the hypnotic state induced by an operator, or whatever you call him?'

'Yes, indeed, it can be very real.'

'How real? How far can it go?'

'Oh, hysteria — all that sort of thing.'

I think that my psychologist, while still good-natured, was becoming bored. 'Here,' he said, 'read this. Then you'll know all about it.' And he left me at the

mercy of a tome which fairly bristled with the technical terminology of his craft.

Yet the Fates were kind to me. Plunging into the very middle of the book, I read persistently along, much as I go at a Russian novel, remembering how the names of the characters appear on the page without pronouncing them. Suddenly I was jolted into an intense interest.

'The memory of a hypnotized subject has a wide range,' said the book, 'much wider than it has at other times. Frequent instances of this extraordinary memory have been given, so surprising as sometimes to lead to the belief that the subjects were endowed with a mysterious lucidity. Richet remarks that somnambulists describe in minute detail places which they have formerly visited or facts which they have witnessed. . . . We have been able to make a hypnotized subject give the *menus* of dinners she had eaten a week before. Her normal memory did not extend beyond three or four days.

I reread the page, and then in memory I sat again with a pleasant dinner-group on an occasion which may be mentioned here because it is historic, and listened while an eminent Senator wrecked his chances for the presidency by talking at us actually for hours, disregarding all consideration of those who were to follow him, blind to every evidence of unrest in the audience facing him, deaf to the poundings and shufflings that even their sense of courtesy could not repress. His friends explained the occurrence later by alleging a mental break-down. 'Sickness,' they said. Surely sickness was there, if a state of auto-hypnosis may be called sickness; and to my mind that is a sufficient explanation.

'Is it easier for a man who has once hypnotized himself to do it again?' I asked my kindly psychologist.

'Yes, indeed, easier each time.'

How satisfactorily this accounts for the legislator who can rise in the halls of Congress and talk for hours, recalling old addresses of his own, statistics, quotations from the Classics — a marvelous achievement when considered merely as an act of memory, and very often it is obviously nothing more.

Once on a time I attended one of those annual social occasions in New York City where the sons of some distant commonwealth get together for the sake of good-fellowship and the renewal of early associations. Both of the Senators who represented that state at Washington sat at the head table; both were to speak, and there were other speakers to be heard as well. One of the Senators talked for fifty minutes, and the other talked for an hour and twenty minutes, and the guests departed at intervals throughout the evening in a state of gloom and depression. Similarly, at a dinner in Washington, a Speaker of the House of Representatives held an obviously fidgetty audience of dinner-guests beneath his gaze, and used up the entire balance of the evening, so that other speakers whose names appeared upon the programme had to be omitted altogether.

These Senators, and his Honor the Speaker, and John Q. Robinson, all were undoubtedly well-intentioned, with no desire to spoil a pleasant evening for a roomful of guests, or to act discourteously toward fellow speakers. But they have hypnotized themselves so often by gazing into the upturned eyes of a waiting audience, that they pass under the spell with ever-increasing facility. Considerations of courtesy, sounds of warning — attention to any such disturbances as these is inhibited.

I have spoken frankly of Mr. Robinson, and I have told the true story of that evening, yet it does not disturb me to realize that these very words may

come under his eye. He will never know that he is the man. When his speech was over on that occasion of regrettable memory, and he mingled with his victims as they rose preparing to disperse, it was evident from his hand-clasp, his assured smile, his every word, that he felt himself the distinguished speaker of the evening. If he had heard muttered imprecations, it would still have been impossible for him to discover the truth. He was a friend to everyone there, and everyone was his friend. He had come out of his trance, and the deeds of the immediate past were as though they had not been.

'We have to thank Heidenhain,' continued my learned volume, 'for having first pointed out the importance of inhibitory processes in hypnosis. . . . We may then consider every hypnosis as a state in which the normal course of the ideas is inhibited. . . . When one idea among several gets the upper hand, through its intensity, or for some other reason, and represses other ideas —'

And my oracle tells me further that the hypnotized subject will show a definite antagonism to any of those influences which tend to oppose the actions upon which he is engaged. 'The hypnotized subject,' it continues, 'seldom remembers on awaking the events which occurred during his hypnotic sleep. On the other hand, when he is asleep his memory embraces all the facts of his sleep, of his waking state, and of previous hypnotic sleeps.'

The alarming truth forces itself upon my mind that the professional orator who rises to his feet to-morrow not only is able to deliver all of the speech that he has prepared for the occasion, but, if properly hypnotized, could add to it all other speeches that he has ever delivered on previous occasions. The thing is cumulative. He not only goes into this trance with constantly increasing ease whenever the eyes of many

auditors are fixed upon him, but he can run longer. Truly, it is time we did something about this social custom of after-dinner speaking!

A strange custom it is, and one that has crystallized into curiously definite forms. Once upon a time a gifted after-dinner speaker told a funny story to illustrate the point he had in mind. His intentions were honorable, and the immediate result was all that he had hoped; but I wish that I knew that man's name. I would post it here in capital letters as a candidate for eternal obloquy.

'Do you know any funny stories?' says the harassed-looking individual; 'I have to make an after-dinner speech.' Anything will do. He will look up the stories first, and attach a speech to them. And it is another curious thing about this custom of post-prandial disturbance, that it is maintained even on occasions when no one desires it. At such times the Toastmaster is drafted under protest. The speaker would prefer to be among his friends; and the diners have attended the dinner with two dominant motives: they want to eat, and they want to chat with their associates.

'Shall I call on you now?' says the Toastmaster, apparently calm, but with betraying fingers nervously twiddling his coffee-spoon while he turns to the Distinguished Guest at his elbow, who is trying to appear unconcerned. 'Shall I call on you now, or shall I let them enjoy themselves a little longer?'

'I can't understand why those people in the far corner are so discourteously inattentive,' says the Toastmaster querulously to a Member-of-the-Dinner-Committee who has come busily up to confer with him. 'Could n't you get a hint to them?'

Can't understand! Merciful heavens! They are inattentive because they do not want to listen. Of course they will

conform to the proprieties if someone jolts their elbows; but they have a subconscious idea that they have come there to enjoy themselves — that this feast is a carnal occasion, where the head is to be subordinated to the stomach for a reasonable time. Their suppressed instincts have rebelled at the command that two digestive processes shall be carried on simultaneously within their mortal frames.

But I suppose there is as little use protesting against an established social custom such as this as against a fixed social costume like a dinner-coat with useless buttons on the sleeves. It is the fault of no one living; for surely I would not seem to blame that worthy creature, the Toastmaster, curiously spineless person that he is. It is his custom to weigh the happiness of a hundred diners against the possible injury to the feelings of a single speaker, and then to shirk the obvious duty incumbent upon him. Cowards, these toastmasters, and little wonder! For when by rare chance a truly courageous soul presides over the feast, and it falls to his lot to dam some stream of inexhaustible eloquence, he wins the hatred of one whose brain-child he so ruthlessly mutilated, and the indifference of many who never knew what they were spared. Out of any hundred toastmasters that you have known, will you not admit that at least ninety have failed to exercise courageously the authority invested in them? Not only have they not controlled the floods they were set to guard, but often they have themselves overflowed upon a surfeited, saturated meadow-land of hearers. Truly they are a by-product of an effete social machine; perhaps the war will prove to have burned them out — and yet I am no optimist. Think of the innumerable banquets to returning heroes!

Nor should I blame that other reputable citizen, the After-Dinner Speaker,

because of what he does while in a hypnotic trance. He and his audience are the victims, not of any premeditated crime on his part, nor of any innate viciousness, but of his own good-nature. True, I have heard that there are in existence professional after-dinner speakers who seek opportunity, men who actually train themselves for such service, memorizing anecdotes, and, like trained newspaper reporters, have on tap a little of the professional patter of all trades and all schools. They are an inevitable product of the system; like the hired social organizers at summer hotels, they must formulate new recipes for spontaneity. Perhaps, since the thing is to be done at all, men should seriously study how to do it well. But I should like my son to choose some other profession.

A colleague of mine tells me that a young man once confessed to her an ambition in this direction. 'Do you think,' he asked, 'I might gain in fluency by practising, as Demosthenes did, with pebbles in my mouth?'

'Yes, indeed,' she answered enthusiastically; 'but don't use pebbles, use Portland cement.'

Probably the chief blame for maintaining the present system at its worst attaches to that securely established institution, the Dinner Committee; and with them it is often inexperience or ignorance rather than vicious natures. It might be better, indeed, if in their case the task had been studied as a profession. I remember that once upon a time the chairman of such a committee placed in the hands of one who was to preside a list of the names of those who were to be introduced. The affair, by the way, had a charitable excuse.

He glanced at the list, and asked her when the speaking was to begin.

'At nine,' she said firmly.

'Will any of your speakers and singers take less than fifteen minutes?'

'I should certainly hope not,' she said earnestly; 'they are all distinguished and most talented.'

He wrote fifteen after each name, added twenty minutes in all for combined intervals and delays, drew a line under the column, and silently handed her the paper for a bit of simple arithmetic.

She looked at him aghast. 'Why, that means that they won't be through until after midnight, and many of our guests live in the suburbs. What shall we do?'

'Leave some of them out,' he suggested simply.

'But that is impossible,' she said. 'They have all volunteered their services, and they are all so distinguished.'

There was nothing more to be said; and after all it was her party.

These rambling comments are worthless unless they are accompanied by some constructive suggestion. An assemblage of memories, pleasant and unpleasant, leads to the conclusion that there are two classes of after-dinner speech. One occurs on those occasions when people have assembled to hear certain speakers talk at length on subjects with which they are acquainted, and incidentally a meal is served. If the meal is a hearty one, and the audience dines heavily, it is unfair to the speaker. Such speeches should come first, and a light collation might be served afterward. This has many

points in its favor. Audiences will be more likely to stay until the bitter end; and as even an expert sometimes talks too long, it may be that the gnawing pangs of hunger will set a limit to a talk that might otherwise lack it.

The second class includes those speeches which are properly responses to toasts. It is these that have been more abused by custom in such fashions as I have narrated. Yet the present autocracy of dinner-committee chairmen, the dynasty of toastmasters, and the tyranny of after-dinner speakers, will, like all tyrannies, perpetuate these abuses so long as there is an acquiescent majority. We have learned in these days that such is the fundamental cause of all anachronistic survivals. Education of the majority is the great solution. If, then, hypnotism is the key to this situation, it is in the science of hypnosis that the helpless majority must be educated, for it is, after all, their eyes that hypnotize the speaker. They have done it heretofore unconsciously. Let them become conscious and active factors in the game, and imagine the result. The after-dinner speaker finds himself facing, not an array of victims, but an array of masters. He will say whatever they will him to say, and stop exactly when they will. There are pleasant possibilities in the fancy. What may we not do, Svengali-wise, in days to come, to those high-seated individuals who stare back at us from the head table?

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PEACE

BY ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

I

To one who has looked outward from Paris upon the ex-Central Powers and who has looked inward toward Paris from the ex-Central Powers, two facts stand out in prominence. The war closed by armistice and not by surrender. Middle Europe, from the Baltic to the Black and Adriatic seas, is a pandemonium of nationalism.

To appreciate the meaning of the fact that the war ended by armistice and not by surrender, one must have visited Germany. The entire psychology of the German people would have been different with surrender instead of armistice; the history of their next generation would have been written against a totally different background. Granting an armistice was a military mistake — it was a political error. For weeks prior to October first the operations of each day were defeats for the German arms. The plea for an armistice was made for the purpose of avoiding a débâcle. There is no doubt that, had that plea been denied, the Germans would have surrendered unconditionally within a few weeks after the date of the armistice. Once the armistice had been applied for, this fact was accepted by the German soldier as an acknowledgment of military inferiority by his High Command. With this inferiority realized, nothing could have stayed the rapid development of revolution within the German army, and unconditional surrender would have been the early result.

The military leaders of the forces of the Allied and Associated governments knew this, of course; and if Foch did not actually burst into tears when the armistice was granted, as is so commonly stated in Paris, he might well have done so. It was of course evident to the statesmen of the Allied and Associated governments that an armistice might prove to be a political error. That an armistice was nevertheless granted, and granted, we may be sure, despite the ultimate best judgment of the military and political leaders, is to be explained as the result of the reflex reaction of the French and British peoples. Over four years of most intense warfare, involving immeasurable destruction of property, loss of life, and suffering, had produced a profound degree of exhaustion. Knowing that the Allied and Associated governments could dictate the terms of the armistice, the peoples on the home fronts in France and Great Britain could see no reason why the armistice should not be made tantamount to surrender. If the application were rejected, there was the frightful prospect of another winter at war, since no one could guarantee that the Germans would surrender. The collapse of the Germans had been predicted so often, especially in Great Britain, that the common man was skeptical. If an armistice could be secured in the autumn on the basis of terms dictated by the Allied and Associated governments, why fight through another winter?

This was the psychological reaction

in France and Great Britain, and it determined the granting of the German request for an armistice. Had the governments of Great Britain and France possessed a high degree of influence over the convictions of their masses, one may be sure that the armistice would not have been granted.

For the Germans peace after armistice meant a peace of negotiation and not a peace of surrender. It was immaterial whether the Germans were permitted to negotiate or not. The terms of peace might be identical with those imposed after surrender; but it remained, nevertheless, a peace of negotiation. Germany's deathbed recognition of the 'fourteen points' of Mr. Wilson was in itself a negotiation. In the very nature of the subject-matter, a Hegel or a Clausewitz (and most Germans think like one or the other) could interpret and dispute them *ad infinitum*. A wise pope once said that he cared not who conducted the arguments, so long as he framed the definitions. In like manner, no matter how the Peace Conference has laid down the conditions of peace for Germany, the result has been, from the beginning, and in its effects will always be, a peace by negotiation.

This fact colors every sentiment and movement in Germany. The Pangermanist does not regard his ambition as defeated: it is merely held in abeyance. The Royalist does not accept the peace as binding upon his party. The Majority Socialists blame their leaders for not having secured a better peace. The Militarists picture Germany as having extricated herself from a débâcle. The Intellectuals revel in the thought that Germany outmanœuvred her antagonists. Only the Independent Socialists and Bolsheviki regard the armistice as equivalent to surrender.

Of course there were enlightened individuals, like Eisner, Forster, Harden,

and others, who recognized the truth of the situation; but they had little political influence. For the mass of the people it was a treaty of negotiation, which has turned out badly for them because their leaders were incompetent and because the Allied and Associated governments employed the moment of armistice as an occasion for force. The average German knew no argument but force. Force would have been expected and accepted after surrender; but negotiation and not force was expected after armistice. It is, therefore, for them a treaty of force and injustice. Even the fulfillment of the conditions of reparation, agreed to by Erzberger, are regarded by the Germans as forced when written into the peace treaty. The average German is being taught to feel himself outraged and humiliated; and this is the impressionistic background upon which the future history of Germany will be painted. Had the war been permitted to continue until the surrender of Germany, she would have accepted as natural and proper conditions far more severe than those contained in the present treaty of peace.

II

By a pandemonium of nationalism, I mean such excess of the impulse of national existence as to lead the numerous states of Central Europe to disregard economic and industrial conditions vital to their future. When the Hapsburg monarchy broke into fragments out of which arose, in conjunction with other acquired or preëxisting territory, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, and Greater Serbia, the political leaders in these countries, following the example of Lloyd George and Clemenceau, promised their peoples far more than could be secured for them. It was apparently assumed that economic conditions would remain the

same with the new boundaries as with the old. When it became clear that this was not to be the fact, each state attempted to protect itself at the expense of the others, the result being a complete disorganization of transportation, pitiful scarcity of coal, cruel starvation, industrial chaos, and ruinous depreciation of currency. Thinking men realize that the new boundaries cannot be eaten, burned, worn, or used as tools.

The definition of boundaries along ethnographic lines is by far the easiest part of the problem in Middle Europe. Considering the area as a unit, one third of the tangible national wealth was destroyed in war. The currencies have fallen to a plane incompatible with industrial existence. A correct definition of the equities of each state with respect to the others has not proved possible. With the transfer of Upper Silesia to Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland control the industrial coal of Central Europe. The coal output is much below the normal. It lies within the power of these two states to ruin the industries of Austria, Hungary, and the S.H.S. These states possess but minimal deposits of coal of poor grade, and unless they are supplied from the north or can utilize the oil of Roumania, industrial ruin is inevitable. There is no prospect of overseas coal coming to their relief.

And Germany, when she shall have fulfilled the conditions of the treaty, will have no coal to export to Central Europe. Czecho-Slovakia and Poland naturally wish to develop their industries. Coal is 'black money,' just as sugar is 'white money.' But if they allow their own industries to monopolize their coal, this will result in anarchy and Bolshevism among twenty or thirty million people to the southward. It will do Czecho-Slovakia and Poland no good to develop their industries if their neigh-

bors flounder in anarchy. Thus, on the very threshold of their existence, these young and scarcely solvent states have to face a frightful choice between their own industries and their neighbors' destruction. In such a situation the possession of a boundary means little.

Six months of armistice has injured Central Europe as much as the last year of war. Through the developments of the past six months, however, the conflicts between ethnology on the one hand and economics, industry, and transportation on the other hand, have become painfully clear. In this area are now constituted, or in process of constitution, ten nations with a combined population of less than a hundred million. These states have to resist exploitation from the west and disintegration from the east. By an ethnographic boundary we mean the edge of migration of a people. Once made, a boundary is almost irreversible. Sometimes these migrations follow an industrial impulse, as in the case of Upper Silesia. But very frequently they proceed as a mere reaction of adaptation to surface conditions, as related to watershed, timber, and plain. The ethnographic boundaries of this type were determined to a large extent prior to the transformation of modern society by railways and the development of intensive industrialism by coal. When, at a critical moment, owing to tremendous loss of food, coal, and transport, it was clear that the *status quo ante bellum* could not be regained, to invoke nationalism as a refuge in the storm tended to intensify the struggle rather than to ameliorate it.

In this sense it is regrettably true that the principle of free determination of small peoples, enunciated by Mr. Wilson, has been used to excess in Central Europe. In order to visualize the situation by a comparison, let anyone, after reviewing the relations between Ireland

and England, contemplate what would happen in England if Wales should suddenly decide to exercise the right of free determination of a small nation.

The conditions in Central Europe have a large bearing upon developments in Germany, because if she still retains the concept of *Mittel-Europa*, it would lie within her power first to undermine and then to exploit these feeble nations.

Now that peace between the Allied and Associated nations and Germany has been ratified, what verdict is to be placed upon it? The verdict of the present may be different from that of the future. The peace must provide security for France and Belgium. The German Armistice Commission and the German Commission to Negotiate Peace recognized the obligation on Germany's part to make large financial reparation to France, Belgium, and the United Kingdom for acts committed confessedly in contravention of the rules of war. The treaty of peace must bring about the extermination of militarism in Germany. The treaty of peace must effect the establishment of a league of nations.

Does the treaty accomplish — or promise to accomplish — these ends? Widespread fear is felt in France that security against future German aggression is not made certain under the treaty. France is so insistent upon the reduction of German military capacity that her efforts have at times the appearance of aiming at the economic ruin of Germany. It is difficult for those who have not surveyed the devastated areas of France, who cannot count her dead or appreciate her suffering, to realize how intense is the French prayer for security against future German aggression. This passes in Germany for French imperialism, and the utterances of certain French politicians have given color to this imputation. But the heart

of France is not imperialistic. The desire of France is for security, justice, and reparation, not for revenge or destruction.

III

Is the treaty too severe? Is it workable, practicable, expedient? These are the questions discussed every day in every capital in Europe. It is conceded by victor and vanquished alike that it will not lie within the economic power of Germany to make full reparation. The Germans have suggested a figure of \$25,000,000,000. It will be the function of commissions provided for in the treaty to enforce the payment of damages by way of reparation. In view of the responsibility of Germany for the causation of the war, in measurement of the death and devastation entailed, and in consideration of the methods of warfare, it cannot be said that the treaty is too severe. Whether it is workable, is a question of technique in economics. Whether it is expedient, is a question of developments in politics. Certainly, in view of the enormous difficulties, the excellencies of the treaty, as compared with what might have been, constitute a monument to the idealism and sagacity of President Wilson. Whether the treaty works out in practice will depend to a large extent upon the quality of brains assigned to the execution of the economic and financial clauses. If the operations of the treaty, on both sides, are to be under the supervision of typical politicians, national and international, the chances of success will not be bright.

The industrial future of Germany is involved in her ability to carry out the terms of the treaty relating to coal. The highest production of coal yet attained in Germany was about 285,000,000 tons per annum. Of this approximately 100,000,000 tons were brown coal, 185,000,000 tons represented black

coal adapted to industrial uses. Before the war Germany produced 70,000,000 tons of brown coal and 180,000,000 of black; she exported some 18,000,000 tons of black coal and imported some 10,000,000. She used, therefore, about 170,000,000 tons of black coal per year.

The treaty turns over to France for a period of fifteen years the Saar basin, with an output of 17,000,000 tons, which, together with the 3,000,000 of Alsace-Lorraine, represents a subtraction of 20,000,000 tons of black coal. A portion of the Upper Silesian basin is to be turned over to a commission, the final disposition to be settled later by plebiscite. This district produced 40,000,000 tons of black coal per annum. Thus there would remain to Germany, at the old rate of production, 120,000,000 tons of black coal and 100,000,000 tons of brown. In addition to the withdrawal of the Saar basin and Upper Silesia, Germany has pledged herself to deliver, during the next ten years, 80,000,000 tons to Belgium, 70,000,000 to France and 77,000,000 to Italy, equal to 22,700,000 tons per annum. In addition she has pledged herself to make good the decreased output of the mines in Northern France, up to a maximum amount of 140,000,000 tons, in ten years.

The sum total of these commitments would therefore amount to 36,700,000 tons per annum on an average; or, to be exact, during the first five years 42,700,000 tons, and during the second five years 30,700,000 tons per annum. If Germany were compelled to deliver this entire sum in black coal, on the basis of pre-war production, she would have remaining for her industries during each of the next five years as little as 80,000,000 tons, as compared with 170,000,000 tons consumed in her industries in 1913. If the Allies were to accept half of the deliveries in black

and half in brown coal, Germany would be left with not over 60 per cent of her pre-war black coal. Naturally, she will cease to be a commercial exporter of coal. Whether she will continue, as before the war, to import practically 10,000,000 tons from the United Kingdom remains to be seen. Poland would, in accordance with the treaty, export to Germany 20,000,000 tons from the Upper Silesian basin.

The figures of pre-war coal-production do not represent the maximum output of her mines, despite the fact that these do not lend themselves well to machine operations. The highest outputs of black and brown coal in a certain number of years were respectively 205,000,000 and 110,000,000 — a total of 315,000,000 tons. Subtracting 60,000,000 tons as representing the output of Upper Silesia, the Saar, and Alsace-Lorraine, and 35,000,000 tons more as representing the maximum commitments under the treaty, would leave 220,000,000 tons for consumption within Germany. This production can be expanded, particularly in brown coal; and the use of the latter variety in replacement of black coal may be easily enlarged.

The difference between 220,000,000 tons and the amount consumed before the war in the territory that now constitutes Germany is not a large figure. The gap that must be bridged by increased production is in no wise to be termed insuperable. There seems little doubt that, if the Germans work as they worked before the war, they can increase their coal-production to the point necessary to attain such industrial output as will be required to meet the contractual obligations for reparations. With the shorter work-day Germany would be compelled to increase largely the number of miners, of whom before the war many were non-Germans. It is a problem of the human fac-

tor. If the Germans will work under the new régime as they worked under the old, *if they will work in peace as they worked in war*, the treaty will prove to be workable in the economic and industrial senses. Success will be difficult, but it can be achieved. Life will be hard in Germany during the next decade; but life will be hard in France as well. Industrially, there is not much to choose between existing conditions in the uninvaded portions of France and in Germany.

Before the war Germany had a high peak of over-production. The physical element was coal. The human elements were organization and technical skill in the management, thrift and diligence in the workmen. This peak must be again attained if she is to pay large indemnities; if it is not attained, she cannot support her own population. This is the crux of the situation. In order to pay large indemnities, Germany must again become industrially strong. But will she then again become militaristic? Naturally, the French fear the future. Great Britain faced a similar dilemma. Replacement of ton for ton was once the British demand. But when the British realized that Germany, were she to replace the sunken tonnage, would possess the largest and most efficient ship-building plants in the world, replacement of ton for ton was abandoned. Of raw materials, Germany has only two to offer — coal and potash; and with these no large indemnity can be paid. The indemnities must be paid with commodities delivered to the Entente or sold to the outside world, the profits being devoted to reparation. The larger the task, and the harder Germany has to work in order to accomplish it, the stronger will she be when the task is completed. Any task that she can perform must have this result; any task she cannot perform would ruin her and yield no reparation.

IV

Whether the Germans will choose to carry out the terms of the treaty in spirit and letter will depend finally upon the internal evolution of Germany. Germany requires a moral regeneration. She has sought to attain it through revolution. If the present generation, and more particularly the oncoming generation, discards militarism, rejects the theory that might makes right, casts off Pangermanic imperialism and accepts the League of Nations in spirit, it lies within their power to carry out the terms of the treaty of peace. If she does none of these things, the terms of the treaty will not be carried out, and the nation will devote itself to internal reconstruction for the purpose of future war.

It is this factor of the internal evolution of Germany that makes many of the clauses of the peace treaty of secondary importance. One so often hears the statement that the loss of the Saar basin and the Upper Silesian fields, the return of Posen to Poland, the arrangement regarding Dantzig and the Vistula, and the loss of her colonies, will provoke another war. The writer is convinced that, if the internal evolution of Germany is accomplished in the positive direction, these things will not lead her toward war.

If, on the other hand, the internal evolution is not accomplished, then Germany would again prepare for war, even if the *status quo ante bellum* were restored. The future revolves about the moral regeneration, the internal evolution, and the development of pacifism in the people of Germany. This indicates at once the responsibility of the Social Democrat, the Centrist, the Intellectual, and the Junker; and there is no question that the Social Democrat is the most worthy of trust in this direction.

While the future of Europe is in the direct sense dependent upon Germany, the internal evolution of Germany may be profoundly modified by three circumstances.

The first is the League of Nations. If the League of Nations, which in the beginning must operate like a league against Germany, is so conducted as to bring Germany quickly within the fold, and so organized as to arouse and sustain in all the nations of Europe the spirit of idealism, this cannot fail to influence the development of public sentiment in Germany in the direction of international morality.

On the other hand, it is incumbent upon the nations which were opposed to Germany in the late war to encourage those elements in Germany whose influence is directed toward amity. The League of Nations is no place for chauvinists. In the League of Nations lies the hope of the successful execution of the treaty of peace.

The second external factor that may be expected to influence the internal evolution of Germany is International Socialism. The much-vaunted 'Internationale' became the much-despised 'Internationale,' owing to its utter failure at the beginning of the war to exert influence upon any government. The meeting of the International in Berne last winter was not a particularly edifying exhibition. But the appearance as one of the signers of peace for Germany of Hermann Müller, who visited France in July, 1914, to assure the French Socialists that the German Socialists would not vote war-credits, was indeed a tragic incident in the history of the International.

Nevertheless, International Socialism promises to be stronger than ever before. The Continental nations engaged in the recent war expended a third of their tangible national wealth in the enterprise. Labor is determined not

to pay this bill; and this motive, common to Socialists in all countries, will furnish a new basis for Internationalism. This would not be important had the Central Powers retained their old form of government; but under present circumstances, International Socialism promises to exert upon Germany a strong influence in the direction of peace. Socialists everywhere in Europe must teach labor the necessity of forced production as the sole method of economic regeneration.

Europe has become a debtor continent. With the exception of the five small neutral nations contiguous to Germany, every nation in Europe is deeply in debt, and either is approaching or has attained bankruptcy according to pre-war definition. There has been enormous loss of man-power, and the working spirit of the men who remain is greatly reduced. There is demoralization in transportation, reduction in the output of coal, depreciation of currency, and palsy of industry.

Europe cannot be restored until a fair measure of productivity in agriculture and industry is regained. Europe requires of the world food, raw materials, and credit. For most of them she must look to the Western Hemisphere. When the hot blood of nationalism has been cooled in the chill atmosphere of the struggle for economic restitution, the erstwhile enemies will discover that their problems are very much alike; and this will draw them to one another in sheer self-defense, because they struggle under the same conditions of misfortune, and must aid one another. The debtor nations of Europe will almost unconsciously combine against the creditor nations of the world. In the struggle for the economic restitution of Europe, Germany and France will not be competitors, but must cooperate. Nationalism cannot save the impoverished nations from the results

of the war; internationalism alone can do that. This fact must not fail to receive adequate appreciation in the United States. With international diplomacy, international economics, and international labor all working in the direction of peace, a positive influence upon the evolution of Germany is certain. But the will to do must proceed from the consciousness of the German people.

In each country in Europe there is a pro-American and an anti-American party. The pro-American parties believe that we entered and fought the war under the impulses of idealism; the anti-American parties regard our conduct as based upon sordid materialism. In Central Europe we enjoy almost universal appreciation. The nationalists applaud President Wilson, and everybody has been helped by Mr. Hoover's management of the A.R.A.

The Germans are very bitter against us. The neutral nations blame us for breaking up a profitable war-trade with Germany. Large masses in the Entente countries, influenced by clever politicians, feel that we have not aided them in reconstruction to the full extent of our material ability. The Italians regard us as intruders in the century-old problem of the Adriatic. The French

exhibit a warmer appreciation of us than the British, partly as the result of temperament, and partly owing to the fact that there were fewer points of friction in our relations.

The Americans and British are cousins; during the war we acted as brothers; we must not now separate so far as to become second cousins. One must distinguish between saving the war and winning it. It is generally conceded that we saved it, since, had we remained neutral, the Entente nations would have gone bankrupt in men and resources. Current European military opinion seems to be that our work in the war was more in the way of submarine control, blockade, food, resources, and credits, than on the field of battle. The Germans, following Ludendorff, are loudest in the expression of this opinion; but it is widely entertained and openly stated in Entente circles. Bethmann-Hollweg, on the other hand, states that the victory was won for the Entente by President Wilson.

Time will clarify opinion at home and abroad. Europe has suffered so deeply that she is not objective. But this must not be made the occasion for us to crawl into a chauvinistic shell. It is the occasion for wider tolerance and higher idealism.

THE HEART OF THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

In the flower-wreathed cemetery of the city of Tepic, capital of the newly made State of Nayarit, with the pine-covered summits of the Sierras as a background to the east, while to the west rich undulating country descends to the *tierra caliente*, the hot coast-land, and the ever blue Pacific with the islands of the Three Maries on the horizon, stands the weather-beaten tomb of one Manuel Lozado, bandit leader and local hero.

Manuel Lozado is notable because he waged war against three presidents of Mexico: Benito Juarez, Lerdo de Tejada, and Porfirio Diaz, and because he raised and equipped armies of peons strong enough to attack great cities like Tepic and Guadalajara in a struggle lasting from 1870 to 1877; he is even more notable, I think, because, quite unconsciously, he has given the key to the Mexican problem in one of his favorite pieces of strategy. It was his custom, when a new campaign against the central authorities was in contemplation, to send his bodyguard down from their lairs in the high Sierras, to the fertile plains, with orders to cut down all the banana plants, thus destroying the chief food-supply of the native villages. The peons starved for a while, and watched their women and children starve; then they came in a body up the mountains, and begged Lozado to enroll them in his army of bandits, to lead them forth to war and plunder, which, for them, meant simply food.

Here is the clue, the answer to the everlasting enigma of turbulent Mexico. Banditry and plunder are the last resource of hungry peons, always on the verge of starvation, and, when their meagre sustenance is cut off, immediately pressed beyond the verge.

Have we ever asked ourselves this simple question concerning Mexico — how does a bandit chief like the magnetic and hard-hitting Francisco Villa, year after year, gather and hold together armies of four or five thousand, to wage protracted war against the federal troops of President Carranza? How did Venustiano Carranza, in the days when he was himself a rebel, the fellow bandit and ally of Villa, assemble the troops with which he made headway against President Huerta? How was Emiliano Zapata able for years to maintain considerable armed bands in Morelos, and even to capture and occupy Mexico City? Or, to generalize, how did the hundred dictators of Mexico, in the years following the break with Spain, muster the forces that for generations made their country an armed camp? How did Hidalgo, in 1810, enroll his first followers in the earliest war of independence, fighting the battles that rank, in Mexican tradition, with Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill?

We may, if we choose, solve the problem in part by ascribing to these leaders — bandits or patriots or both — an innate love of strife and conflict, just as Bacon attributes to a certain portion of mankind a natural and cor-

rupt love of the lie itself; but what about the rank and file, the men who are ready, not only to enlist, but to be killed? Is your everyday Mexican so bloodthirsty, so enamored of fighting for fighting's sake, that the hard campaigns of banditry, the excitement of being killed, make to him an appeal that is irresistible?

Or — to put the question in an even simpler form — who are the men who actually supply the rank and file in the armies of the Villas, the Zapatas, the innumerable bandit leaders? Why are they, seemingly, at all times ready and eager to leave their peaceful livelihood, to abandon home and family, for the wild crusade of outlawry which holds so many chances of sudden death? For we must realize that the Villas, the Zapatas, however turbulent they may be on the one hand, however patriotic on the other, would be quite powerless to break the spell of Mexican peace if they went forth to battle single-handed. We have men of the same adventurous temper in our own country; but they are compelled to limit themselves to solitary hold-ups and train robberies. If every such knight of the road among us was able to enroll, almost overnight, an army of four or five thousand American citizens and voters, ready to die in the hills about Harrisburg or Colorado Springs, should we not have reason to seek for the explanation, not so much in human depravity, as in some enduring cause of discontent, some deep sense of wrong, which made men eager to dare and die for the least chance of liberation?

One has read, in the last few weeks, scores of columns concerning Mexico, including not a little invective; but one finds in all of it hardly a line that shows a fundamental understanding of the peoples of Mexico. Neither newspapers nor magazine writers nor Congressional committees have brought that side of

the matter to the light. They seem barely conscious that there is any problem to be solved. And the odd thing is that, in the governing powers of Mexico in Mexico itself, there seems to be the same blindness, the willful blindness, perhaps, of a group of men who do not wish to see.

II

The new Mexican Constitution, adopted at Queretaro at the end of 1916, and in operation since the spring of 1917, declares that all who are born in Mexico are 'Mexicans' and citizens; if duly qualified, they are voters also. But there is in the country itself no such uniformity as this definition implies: Mexico has no citizenry qualified to make the new Constitution a genuine organ of government. The Constitution of 1917, just like the older Constitution of 1857, was made for an imaginary Mexico, not for the Mexico that really exists. And because it is built, not upon reality, but upon a fairy tale, the new Constitution has wholly failed to bring the blessings of peace and well-being which its sponsors promised.

The fundamental fact about Mexico appears to be this: if you take away the thin veneer of Latin civilization which came in the wake of the Conquistadores four hundred years ago; if you lift off the upper layer of two million Spanish Creoles, with their cathedrals and palaces and *haciendas*, and with the thin network of railroads and industries bestowed upon Mexico mainly by Americans, Britons, and Canadians, you will find the native Mexico of the days before Montezuma, to all intents untouched, unchanged. You will have a population of genuine Mexicans, — for the name itself is aboriginal, — either of pure race, or with a very small infusion of Spanish blood; a population as varied, of as many widely differing types and tongues, as are the nations of

Europe; with gifted and able races like the Quichés, the Mayas, the Zapotecs, the Aztecs at the one end of the scale; with tribes like the Tarahumare and Tepehuane at the other, still so primitive that they dwell in caves, yet deeply imbued with a devout pantheism. You will find this; but you will find nothing resembling the population of 'Mexicans,' the uniform and equally equipped citizenry postulated by the Mexican Constitution.

When we call the aborigines of Mexico Indians, perpetuating the geographical blunder of Columbus, we fall into a double error: first, we imagine them to be a uniform population; next, we think of them as close kin to the Indians of the United States. In reality, the great mass of the indigenous peoples of Mexico appear to be about as remote in race from our Cheyennes, let us say, and our Arapahoes, as they are from authentic Indians, like the Bengalis, or the Tamil and Telugu peoples of Madras. There are, in Northern Mexico, tribes like the valiant Yaqui, the huge pugnacious Seri of Tiburon Island in the Gulf of California, the fighting Apache, neighbors but not kindred of the Yaqui — tribes which appear to belong to the same great race-stock as the Arapaho and the Cheyenne; but Seri and Yaqui and Apache are alien in type to the great bulk of the Mexican population, and are quite distinct from them in the kind and degree of their civilization. From the standpoint of the above authentic Mexican peoples, Seri and Yaqui and Apache are foreigners of the northern desert country, not genuine children of Mexico at all. The true indigenous civilization of Mexico, the civilization of the real Mexicans, appears to have been developed, not in the northern desert country beyond the Rio Grande, but in the hot, teeming south, between Mexico City and the Guatemalan border; in all probability

it included Guatemala and Honduras.

One may give this ancient civilization the name of Maya-Quiché, from two of its foremost peoples, still numerous and robust to-day. It has its authentic scripture in the Quiché tongue — the *Popol Vuh*, unearthed at Chichicastenango by the Dominion Padre Ximenez about 1675, and printed in full, with an interleaved French translation, by the Abbé Basseur de Bourbon in 1865. To anyone acquainted with the *Vedas* and the *Puranas* of India, the *Popol Vuh* has a familiar ring. Its cosmogony begins with universal night, — what the Sanskrit Scriptures call the Night of Brahma, — when darkness was upon the face of the waters. Then there follows the development of the worlds, first formed like thin cloud-wreaths in the abyss, and gradually hardening into hills and plains, under the formative will of 'the Creator, the Moulder, Heart of the Heavens, Heart of the Earth.' Then beasts and birds are formed, to people the forests and ravines; but, although they have voices, they have no articulate speech; they cannot invoke their Creator, or call upon the Heart of the Heavens in prayer.

Therefore the Divine Powers set themselves to make man, the being who can pray and praise the Creator, so that the Divine Powers may receive adoration from their handiwork. But not at once is intelligent man brought into being; two races are made but to fail: the men formed of wet clay, who melt and dissolve, and the manikins made of wood, whose hearts are hard, so that they cannot worship. A race is at last brought into being, intelligent, reverent, full of a penetrating wisdom that sees all things, the far as well as the near, what is in the heavens equally with what is on the earth. And this perfect race renders praise and glory to the Heart of the Heavens, its Creator.

But the Divine Powers are full of apprehension lest this race so highly endowed shall rival their divinity; therefore, they becloud its far-reaching vision, dimming its eyes, as a mirror is dimmed when it is breathed on. So men became as we know them, limited in vision, yet able to pray and praise.

Such is the *Popol Vuh*, the ancient Quiché Scripture. And it is significant that the reverent pantheism of the *Popol Vuh* is in essence the religion of aboriginal Mexico to-day. The Norwegian explorer, Carl Lumholz, who devoted years to a sympathetic study of the untouched tribes of the Western Sierras, describes the beliefs and practices of tribes like the Tepehuane and the Tarahumare in terms exactly corresponding to the old Quiché Scripture, although he never mentions the *Popol Vuh*, and, perhaps, had never read a line of it.

The high antiquity of the Maya-Quiché civilization has its proof, not only in the primitive cosmogony of the *Popol Vuh*, but also in an elaborate system of astronomy, evidently based on accurate observation through thousands of years, as it arrived at a more accurate computation of the solar year than that of the Julian calendar, which Julius Caesar in turn borrowed from the ancient Egyptians. Further evidence of the age and magnitude of the Maya-Quiché civilization is furnished by the great ruins of Mitla and Palenque and Chichen-Itza, of Quirigua in Guatemala, of Copan in what is now Honduras. If we add indigenous metal-work, lacquer, the weaving of elaborately decorated textiles, the cultivation, not only of maize, but of cocoa and tobacco, both native to Mexico, we shall have some sense of the varied richness of the ancient national life beneath the thin veneer of the Latin Mexico of to-day.

It is hardly to be supposed that the builders of Mitla and Chichen-Itza

lived in wigwams. Nor do their descendants to-day. For, just as there are primitive cliff dwellings in the north-western Sierra, so there are, in the far more civilized southern country, towns peopled wholly by aboriginal tribes, towns in all likelihood exactly the same in style and structure as they were in Montezuma's day, or a thousand years before Montezuma. Take a town like Cheran, for example, in Oaxaca, with four or five thousand inhabitants, practically all full-blooded Tarascos, where the score or so of Spanish traders must give up speaking Spanish and learn the Tarascan tongue, or starve: there must have been just such towns in the Tarasco country in Montezuma's day, or a thousand, perhaps five thousand years before Montezuma's ancestors came down to the Valley of Anahuac, from somewhere beyond the northern desert, somewhere, perhaps, beyond the Rio Grande. There are towns as completely aboriginal in the Aztec country about Mexico City, and in the Otomi country, somewhat farther north.

The Aztecs, whom we think of as the aborigines of Mexico, are in reality as little this as the Goths and Vandals are the aborigines of Spain. The Aztecs, in truth, carried out their drive to the southward centuries after the Goths and Vandals, and, like them, adopted a civilization far higher than their own. Like captive Greece, the Mayas and Quichés, or whatever branch of their race then inhabited the Valley of Anahuac, led captive their rude conquerors, and instilled into them their science and their arts.

But the Aztecs either brought with them, or developed in their new home, one original feature: the abominable system of human sacrifices to their war-god, Huitzilipochtli, the memory of which blackens the name of aboriginal Mexico, and which Hernando Cortes did well utterly to destroy.

It is, by the way, a fair guess that only a small part of those who are called Aztecs to-day, and who speak the Aztec tongue, are genuine descendants of the first invading Aztecs; just as only a minority of the natives of Bengal, who speak a language classed as Aryan, are true offspring of the first Sanskrit-speaking invaders.

III

But the fact that I wish to drive home, the fundamental truth concerning Mexico, is this: beneath the thin veneer of Spanish Creole race and culture, aboriginal Mexico persists to-day, with its many races and its many tongues, substantially unchanged since Montezuma's day, or the earlier day when Montezuma's ancestors beheld, where Mexico City now stands, the eagle perched upon a cactus, holding in its talons a writhing serpent — the prophesied emblem which is still the national device of Mexico.

Substantially unchanged in race and speech, yet vitally changed in one respect; and here is the heart of the Mexican problem. Within a generation after Cortes landed, on Good Friday, 1519, at the spot which he therefore named the City of the True Cross, or Vera Cruz, the Spaniards had reduced the whole of aboriginal Mexico to slavery, and slaves they have practically remained to the present day, in spite of a series of constitutions.

Cortes held, and all his followers held, that the title to the newly conquered lands inhered in the King of Spain; and to Cortes and his followers the King of Spain, as ultimate owner, apportioned the fertile Mexican lands. Exactly the same theory of royal ownership persisted a century later, when the foundations of the Thirteen Colonies were laid; and names like Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia per-

petuate the theory of kingly ownership.

But, while the older tenants of the Thirteen Colonies have long since departed to the happy hunting-grounds, the conquered aborigines of Mexico remained, and remain to-day, serfs attached to the soil which once belonged in fee simple to their ancestors. And the vital matter is, that they have neither forgiven nor forgotten the first seizure of their lands.

We hardly realize, perhaps, how completely unchanged the first Spanish dominance of the Conquistadores is, even to-day; to how great a degree the vast feudal lordships assigned by the royal letters patent of Charles V and his successors remain intact. The Mexican census of 1910 reveals the fact: some seven thousand families of Spanish Creole descent own nearly all the fertile soil of Mexico; and since Mexico measures in all some 750,000 square miles, it follows that these feudal estates average over a hundred square miles each. Many of them are immensely greater. The Terrazas estate in Chihuahua contains some 13,000,000 acres, an area as large as Holland and Belgium combined; the Terrazas family owns, not a kingdom, but a pair of kingdoms. And there is an estate in Yucatan said to contain 15,000,000 acres.

In the home life of these feudal families of Spanish origin, there is, without doubt, much that is attractive and courtly and gracious; just as there was much that was attractive and gracious in the life of the old slave-owning families of Virginia. But the foundation was, none the less, slavery, a system inherently unjust and evil. While not in name slaves, the natives of Mexico, the peons, were made slaves in fact. The name peon, by the way, is of Latin origin, and means no more than 'footman,' with the same origin as 'pioneer.' They are still slaves, inheriting in its full bit-

terness the curse of Adam, toiling for starvation wages and kept in squalor and perpetual debt. The average daily wage for the peon on the large *hacienda*, the great landed estate, was about twenty-five *centavos*, the equivalent of twelve cents; and on this he had to support a family, or see them starve.

Exactly the same system of plunder goes on at the present day, wherever the native has any land left which a Spanish Mexican finds worth coveting. We hear a good deal about the treacherous Yaquis, with their passion for murder and outrage; I should like to tell the story, for once, from the Yaqui point of view.

The Yaquis were valiant, and in their way industrious and fairly advanced. They were in no sense savages; they were even members, in good standing, of the Roman Catholic Church; and for centuries they had lived in comfort and well-being, tilling the rich Yaqui Valley, and desiring only to live their lives in their own way, in peace.

But the Diaz government passed a law, which, in view of its operation, can only be called iniquitous, requiring the registration of written titles for all land, and permitting the denunciation of land, title to which was not thus legally recorded. The natives, who held their land through immemorial possession, had no written title-deeds, nor did they know enough of legal procedure to obtain titles and have them registered. Therefore the Spanish Creoles, whenever they coveted the native lands, took advantage of this enactment, and denounced them. Not only did Diaz recognize the claims of the new owners as valid: he sent federal soldiers to drive off the native owners; and when, like the Yaquis, they resisted, to carry them off, with their wives and children, into slavery, to be starved and beaten to death on the tobacco plantations of the Valle Nacional

and in the henequen fields of Yucatan. That is the story from the Yaqui side; and it is typical of all Mexican history.

I have spoken of Hidalgo, the first Mexican patriot, and of his battles, the Concord and Lexington of Mexico, in 1810. In the autumn of 1910, the centennial of Hidalgo's uprising was magnificently celebrated in Mexico City, and the central figure of that more than national festival was Porfirio Diaz, who had brought great prosperity to his country, but who had also wrought or tolerated certain deep-laid wrongs. That splendid celebration was his swan song. Within a few months the more than monarch of Mexico was a fugitive, destined to die in exile, discredited and deserted. The evil that he had done, or allowed to be done, outweighed the good. Injustice to the native races, such as the wrongs inflicted on the Yaquis, brought about his ruin.

IV

Francisco Madero was, without doubt a weak hysteric, a vain dreamer of the Kerensky type, utterly unable to bring his dreams to any practical fruition; yet one thing must be said for him: he did realize and proclaim the intolerable wrongs of the great mass of native Mexicans, the huge injustice that they suffered, the practical slavery in which they were held by the few thousand feudal families of Spanish Creoles. And because he saw these things and courageously proclaimed them, he was heralded from one end of Mexico to the other as a Messiah; the natives applauded and acclaimed him as no man in Mexico had ever been acclaimed; and within a few months after the great centennial celebration, he swept Porfirio Diaz and his seemingly impregnable government into the sea.

Madero was, I say, a weakling and a dreamer. Seemingly honest and dis-

interested himself, he allowed a swarm of his kinsmen to descend upon the national resources. Some \$30,000,000 in cash which Diaz left in the Treasury melted away under the fingers of Hernando Madero, the President's uncle, like snow under the Mexican sun. Nor did Francisco Madero take any really effective steps to right the wrongs of the natives, which he had so eloquently proclaimed. He did, it is true, confiscate the estates of some of the friends of Diaz, — the Científicos, the clique of learned statesmen who had developed the country, and opened it to foreign enterprise under the aged President, — and he distributed the confiscated lands among the peons. But he did this in such a haphazard way, with such slight guaranties of permanence, that the peons, for centuries unaccustomed to the ownership and practical management of land, immediately sold their new allotments for whatever they would bring, and proceeded to squander the proceeds.

Of Huerta, it is enough to say that he could never have overthrown Madero, if Madero's utter failure had not already discredited him. When Huerta fell, he left the stage to an abler man than himself, Venustiano Carranza.

Carranza was, on the one hand, a provincial official of the Diaz régime, for some time Governor of the State of Coahuila; on the other hand, he was a disciple of Madero, or at all events ready to carry on Madero's agitation. Whether he is at heart an enemy of the United States, therefore a friend of our enemies; whether he is sincerely convinced that the introduction of foreign enterprise, so consistently fostered by Diaz, amounts in fact to robbery of Mexico's resources — these are questions that I shall not attempt to answer. It is enough that, in order to gain and to retain power, he has taken this position of hostility.

I have spoken of Carranza as a far abler man than Huerta. In proof, let me cite two facts. From the revolutionary chaos of an inconvertible paper currency, which anticipated the best effort of Bolshevik Russia, he has brought the finances of Mexico back to a gold basis, and he has gathered a much larger revenue than Diaz collected, even at his flood-tide of success: during the later years of Diaz, the national revenue averaged about \$100,000,000 Mexican; Carranza has raised it to over \$150,000,000. These are remarkable achievements.

Unfortunately, the people of Mexico have not profited; and here we come upon one of the ugliest facts of the Carranza régime. While, under Diaz, the Mexican federal army cost about one fifth of the nation's income, and on that limited sum maintained complete internal peace, Carranza has allowed his military supporters to help themselves to a full two thirds of the national revenue, while armed bands, like Villa's, continue to lord it over whole provinces.

But the point which I wish to make is this: though ostensibly a pupil of Madero, convinced of the evils which Madero so passionately denounced, Carranza has done nothing really effective to right these evils. Perhaps his plan is radically wrong; perhaps he has no sincere wish to find a true solution; perhaps the military despots, in the main Spanish Creoles, who rule Mexico in fact while he rules in name, will not permit him to act. However this may be, the fact stands. The original peoples of Mexico remain disinherited. They keenly feel the injustice of their position. They will leave everything, to take up arms and follow any leader who promises them redress.

The Carranza plan, embodied in the new Constitution of 1917, seems inher-

ently bad. Emiliano Zapata had at least a consistent scheme, though not, perhaps, a very practical one — to confiscate one third of every feudal estate, and distribute the land among the landless natives. This would have worked no substantial injustice, since a considerable part of each of these big estates has always remained uncultivated, though often quite fertile.

The Zapata plan has its defects, but the Carranza plan appears fantastic. The Constitution of 1917 lays down the rule that each of Mexico's twenty-eight states shall decide just how much land may be included in a single estate; that the excess above this limit, which might easily differ in each of the twenty-eight states, shall be taken under condemnation proceedings, paid for by government bonds, and distributed among the natives seeking land. The noteworthy thing about this plan is, that there is not the slightest attempt to ascertain how much land the natives need, how much they can profitably cultivate, how much would really solve the long-standing problem and right the deep-seated wrong.

But worse than this fantastic element appears to be the fact that even this plan is not being worked out in good faith. It is credibly reported from Mexico that estates have indeed been confiscated, estates which belonged to friends of Porfirio Diaz; but that these estates have not been allotted to the

landless natives, but have instead been handed over to the military supporters of Carranza.

The fact, therefore, remains that the older natives of Mexico, who are the great majority of the nation, feel that they have been robbed and dispossessed by a foreign minority, and that this injustice continues. They are indignant, fretting feverishly under their wrongs; they are so eager to right these wrongs, that they are ready, at a moment's notice, to leave their homes and fly to arms, following any leader who will promise them liberation from bondage and redress. Because Emiliano Zapata promised this, he was able to hold Morelos by armed force for years. Because Francisco Villa promises it, he is still at the head of an effective army. Because Manuel Lozano promised it, and died, as his followers believed, in trying to keep his promise, his tomb is a shrine.

No matter what government holds Mexico City, — whether Spanish Creole or foreign, — the long and dangerous inflammation of the Mexican body politic will continue until justice in this fundamental matter is done. If wisely undertaken, and along sane lines, it could be accomplished, without confiscation, without perceptible injury to any justly grounded interest, without disturbance or revolution. But it must be taken in hand, if Mexico is to have security and peace.

ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC

BY JOHN ALLEYNE GADE

I

THE northernmost links of the military chain spanned across Europe from north to south, in order to hold back Soviet Russia, are formed by the Allied troops at Archangel and Murmansk, the Finnish 'White' army, the British men-of-war in the Gulf of Finland, and the armies of Esthonia and Latvia. The two latter have their separate battalions of Russians under officers left over from the imperial régime, and Germans and German-Balts under General von der Goltz.

All these races and peoples and armies fear Bolshevism and the 'Russian slaughter-house' for their own separate and differing reasons. In Finland, the 'Whites' were facing their old mortal foes, the 'Reds'; in the Gulf of Finland, British light cruisers and even smaller destroyers were blocking dreadnoughts behind mine-fields and the guns of Kronstadt — for the British Admiralty had the courage to protect the Baltic, whatever the Allied policy might or might not be; and in Esthonia a communistic republic dreaming of independent sovereignty faced the Soviet regiments, for the sole reason that when the scourge of Bolshevism had passed over their country, it left behind it such horror that the entire population preferred extermination to a renewal of what they had suffered.

When the Bolsheviks withdrew behind the towers and walls of Reval, it was only the small gray hulks flying the Cross of St. George which had forced

them back and enabled the long-suffering peasants to gird their loins and form their first citizen regiments.

Kilometre by kilometre the enemy had been driven eastward, butchering and burning all behind them, until Esthonian, Baltic baron, and Russian patriot once more stood united on the frontiers of Esthonia, from Narva south to Lake Peipus, and farther on to the bend by the great Pskoff railroad junction — an army as motley as the crowd in the dressing-rooms of a circus.

After the great Russian débâcle, a few thousand soldiers, stripped of everything, were holding their ground in the Pskoff region. They offered their swords to the newborn Esthonian government, thinking that their support in this hour of the direst distress might suffice to regain their lost fatherland. The ultra-radical Esthonians, on the one hand, fearing anything that had served the Russian Empire, and on the other, needing every fighting-man who still held a musket, however ragged or starving he might be, finally consented to allow 3500 men to form a separate battalion under their own leader, and to give them the Narva-Peipus front.¹

As our engine pulled into Narva, we felt the lull before the storm. The blue, black, and white flags of Esthonia, and pathetically sparse and simple garlands and wreaths of green wound by peasant hands, greeted the American naval offi-

¹ This battalion numbers now some 6000 men, though only half the number is given on paper, so as not to disquiet the socialistic populace. — THE AUTHOR.

cer as he stepped out in the little shattered station. On one side stood General R—, once the dandy of the *chevalier-gardes* and the best-known figure on the imperial race-course; on the other, simple, manly, gallant General T—, condemned to death within three hours when freed from the Bolsheviks. The news had spread through the city with electric swiftness that an officer was coming from the great promised land, in order to see the full extent of misery and of courage. Horses had been taken from the guns to drive the canary-lined barouches of bygone peace and splendor. Slowly they clattered, with generals, staffs, suites, and the American, in and out through the pink and white walls of the Middle Ages. Parapets, escutcheons, mullions shattered the day before had hurriedly been carried off from the cobblestones over which the little cavalcade was to pass on its way to the reviewing ground. Along the sidewalks crouched the population of Narva, and black masses of them lined the battlements of the fortress from which, two centuries ago, the fame of the Lion of the North resounded through Europe. Less than one half of the original population remained, and a quarter of these, more than five thousand, were the next night to see their homes in flames.

'Will you review the Estonians or the Russians first?' queried the Estonian general.

Rather a delicate point, quickly decided by Krusenstjerna, the Russian chief of staff, saying, 'The Estonians have just come out of the battle-line, and may drop from exhaustion unless reviewed immediately; there are no spare soldiers for reviews.'

They were clad in every conceivable garment, but mostly filthy sheepskin coats, the only glittering part of their accoutrements being the steel spike of the bayonet. More than a third had

their feet covered with blood-stained bagging, in which they had marched and fought throughout the winter's ice and snows. As each white, emaciated face rigidly glared into that of the American marching down the columns, he realized that starvation was written on every one of them. The officers' uniforms were buttoned to conceal the absence of the shirt. Wounds had been bound round with paper, and in the rarest instances had any surgical care alleviated the pain. The band played the National Anthem, and the colors were lowered to the horizontal. General T— called for a cheer 'for the great friendly Republic.'

Then came the Russians; in every uniform—or what was left of it—of Russian dragoon, hussar, cuirassier, or infantryman—scarlet, oriole, and turquoise blue. Some with the high peaked astrakhan bonnet, others with bare, disheveled locks.

As the command 'Attention!' rang down the lines, the Estonian officers stepped back and the Russian commander turned to the American, saying, 'Have you not *one* word of encouragement or hope to give them?'

What could he say? Those who sat in council in Paris had ordered him to see, to hear, and to learn, but not to promise. We were making peace with Germany, but were we this brother's keeper? The wharves and storehouses of Copenhagen were bursting with thousands upon thousands of tons of American food, but this was bound elsewhere, to other starving millions. But he promised, in his despair, and within that same week came Hoover's cable, that America would care for every starving child in Estonia.

When the last soldier had passed, the American involuntarily put his hand to his pocket for a cigarette. The general's hand restrained him. 'We could n't stand seeing you smoke,' he said; 'we

have longed for it so much, for years.'

'They look as if they could fight,' said the American, fairly choking with emotion.

'They have shown that constantly for four and a half years,' was the reply.

The little Princess L——, who had ridden from Dantzic to Reval to join her colonel husband, was sewing in her nurse's costume as we entered to have tea with her before starting down the Narova for the German-Balt battalion. The barracks were perched above the waterfalls, beside the huge cotton factories that so long had been silent. Outside lay the timbers of houses demolished by shells, now useful for heating where no coal was to be had. The hall was filled with soldiers of 'her' regiment, waiting for her to do some simple piece of sewing.

A single cup of what might not have been tea was passed, with two slices of unbuttered black bread. Never was a meal offered with more hospitality or less apology — no princess ever presided with more graciousness.

Around the samovar, the American tried to learn and understand the mysteries of what surrounded him. 'For five months,' General T—— began, 'we have fought without arms or money, ammunition, medical supplies, or food. We have taken most of what we are fighting with, with our bare hands. You can do a good deal, you know, when the alternative is a raped wife, butchered children, and a home leveled with the ground. Oh, it is not so much the poor devils facing us. Most of them, except a few fanatics, are as unwilling to continue and as exhausted from fighting as my own men. Every week large numbers of them try to cross the lines and surrender; but we have to tell them to go back and fight us, for lack of food for prisoners. Our jails are bursting now, and more room can be made in them only by taking out

some of the inmates to fill the holes in our own ranks. Strange to say, they make splendid and trusty fighters. Naturally, they get better rations in the lines than in prison. There are scarcely any of them but are happy to have escaped from the Soviet regiments. At least a quarter of the men we reviewed this morning were fighting three months ago in the Bolshevik ranks. They are pathetically grateful for the least kindness, and always talk of fighting their way back to "free homes."

Outside the broken windows of the room, the crowd was growing dense. And what a crowd! Like that of a famine-struck Indian district — emaciated little faces, rickety limbs, and hollow, sunken eyes. Here and there a tiny, bony hand would half furtively be held up, when the owner noticed the American looking its way. It seemed worse than Belgium. There were children, and therefore mothers. They all seemed dumb. Such is the usual eloquence of starvation.

'What about the officers?' inquired the American, as he and General T—— turned away from the silent audience.

'We never take them alive,' was the reply. 'Would you like to know the reason why?'

As he asked the question, he produced from his pocket a sheet of paper, taken the night before from the body of a fallen Soviet captain. It was singularly illuminating, as the reports of the Allied intelligence officers had, during the spring months, shown a constantly increasing number of officers in the Soviet armies and navy, belonging to the old Imperial army — names of officers of well-known regiments and of famous Russian families. Here was at last the explanation in its whole horrible truth. It was an official document, issued by the war office of the Soviet Republic: lines ruled off with questions for the holder to fill in and answer — one copy

to be filed and one to be kept. After the customary questions as to name, age, rank, residence, occupation, and family, came the damning evidence.

MILITARY REGULATIONS

In case of desertion: Nearest relative will be shot.

In case of defeat, where success might reasonably be expected: Family will be deprived of rations for a period to be determined by the commissioners, and judged according to the circumstances.

And so it continued down the page.

The old loyal officers were thus being pressed into the army and forced to this accursed work, with the alternative of seeing their families exterminated. With this alternative, whose choice would not have been the same as that of these poor tortured wretches?

'Some forty thousand troops now stand upon the borders of Esthonia,' continued the general. 'It is just a question of weeks, if you do not help us. We do not need a single soldier; oh, no; we are glad to be able to defend our own fatherland; but we *must* be loaned money, ammunition, and war-supplies and food. We have reached the crossing of the ways. You cannot go on any longer with no Russian policy. How can you bring peace to this agonized world by the mere defeat of our common enemy, Germany? I am only a soldier,' — he touched with simple pride the Cross of St. George on the gray of his long Russian-cut tunic, then continued, — 'but even I believe myself enough of a diplomat to see there is no peace to the body politic of Europe, and consequently to the world at large, until there is peace in Russia. Pardon me if I say you have done more harm than good by your half-hearted measures. The Russian body is so exhausted by the diseases that have ravaged it, that it is now utterly incapable of curing itself. You can no more expect it to get

well, left to itself, than a half-expiring patient without doctor or surgeon. The soldiers of Esthonia have done the superhuman. They have captured most of what they are fighting with. The Russian corps has never even seen any of the few supplies which our government has received in relief from the English admiral. There is not nearly enough to go round. It is six weeks since the soldiers have had any pay, and they are clamoring more and more loudly for peace, since help does not come. They are almost all farmers, and they must return to till the ground, for the fear of next year's starvation haunts them, even while they fight. Naturally, the enemy knows of our critical state, and is redoubling his efforts to spread disaffection and sedition. Do you not believe your great President will glance up here to the north, now that the German peace is all but signed? Or is your proletariat so mighty that he fears its voice if he interferes with the mob over there?'

He pointed through the window toward the green-black forests to the northeast, whitened and hidden from time to time by the smoke of bursting shells.

The group of officers sitting and standing around had gradually grown thicker and approached. The men, patiently waiting for their seamstress, had clustered, hats in hand, in the hall doorway. Every man's glance was riveted on the American, as if looking for the Messiah. The little house trembled slightly from the shock of the exploding shell.

'There are a million and a half Esthonians,' the general resumed passionately, 'and we contend we have, with the Finns and the army in Latvia, hindered the shores of the Baltic from becoming Bolshevik stepping-stones to Scandinavia, thence westward to Great Britain and your own great Republic.

We have been doing your work, but we do understand that, up to now, you have been too busy with Germany. But now, now, have we not earned some help? We are trying to mould our little Republic upon yours; we have shown we are thoroughly capable of defending and administering ourselves. Is not one of the main objects which should be served by international alliances the prevention of the oppression of a weak nation by strong ones?’

The American had no reply. Despite his lack of response to the appeal, the audience felt how deeply he sympathized. The general pushed back his cup as he rose, saying, ‘I shall call for you at five to-morrow morning; the launch going well, we should be able to run up the Narova and reach Lake Peipus by noon. Count P—— and Baron S—— will review with you the German-Baltic battalion, and,’ he whispered with a queer smile in the gray eyes, ‘they have all sent home for the Easter goodies they have been saving for the luncheon the officers hope you’ll take with them.’

II

The morning fog had just lifted from the ochre marshes. The machine-gunners were sitting by their guns fore and aft on the little launch, ready for any emergency. The Esthonian batteries were shooting intermittently over the heads of the party, exploding their shells accurately along the opposite river-bank so as to disperse any snipers and sharpshooters anxious to pick off the passengers as the launch pursued its slow course up the river. The north-east wind from off the ice-floes of the Gulf of Finland cut through the coat like a razor. The pressure of the cap left a burning circle around the temples. Everyone filled the magazine of his rifle and revolver, as they chugged

on. The spouts of water from the bursting bombs played like fountains in the early sunlight.

Unknown to the American, word had been sent all along the line to every camp and detachment that an ‘American admiral’ was coming with words of encouragement and cheer, and every soldier and officer must be at attention along the river-front when the launch came in sight.

All through the morning, soldiers seemed to spring out of the earth, and stand riveted to the banks as the launch passed. Where did they live? How could they live? Often the eye could reach between the forests, away out to the horizon, and merely see the ruins of some former miserable hovel. All winter long these men had been coming out of the ice and snow of the same desolate forests and frozen wastes. How did any nourishment ever reach them?

The motor stopped wherever there was a larger detachment. It had been marching all night so as to be on hand. ‘It is our custom,’ Krusenstjerna said, ‘always to greet our men with a good-morning. Will you not always begin with that?’

Hardly had he spoken the words before ‘Dobro utro, Admirali!’ came from each throat down the line. Then a few words from the American, and then the march past of the soldiers, legs thrown straight out in the cloud of dust, almost in goose-step. An entire regiment with a couple of batteries was waiting at Tischorni, this one nearly all dressed in a brown homespun, with the black-and-white oval insignia of the old Russian soldier on the front of the caps. The officers wore the silver-eagle decorations of the graduates of the Imperial Petersburg Military Academy. Baron S——, as he threw off his coat, showed the black cross of the pages’ corps, beside the Cross of St. Andrew. The

standard-bearer held, to our surprise, the old red, white, and blue flag of Russia, here on the frontiers of the country which prayed that it had forever turned its back on all which that flag had represented. Strange was this brotherhood which united all in their fight against Bolshevism!

The Russian officers may have guessed what was in the American's heart and mind when he failed to salute, as he passed down the long double row of six hundred men. He waited to draw his sword until he faced the colors of his country's ally, which he had last seen waving beside the Stars and Stripes on Fifth Avenue. Some twenty blades around him flashed in the air, and for the first time rose a shout from every poor devil, given without awaiting the officers' command.

The American spoke. He forgot caution and advice and orders — he spoke from the bottom of a heart filled with awe at the wonder of patriotism. He felt like Moses before the burning bush — that he was standing on holy ground. The moment passed. The gallant fighting gentleman beside him showed no shame in brushing the tears from his cheek before they all passed under the little arch of spring birch-leaves, once more to embark.

The German-Balt regiment fights by itself; the self-sufficient, mistrusted stepchild of the Estonian army. The Baltic barons had been left to fight their own battle and work out their own salvation. Some 350 families of them had ruled the country for centuries. They had brought feudalism, successfully or unsuccessfully, right down to the beginning of the twentieth century. They had owned 65 per cent of the entire land of the old Russian agricultural province, and the Russian government let them do just about as they pleased with the oppressed, resentful, complaining population, feeling that the unruly Baltic

provinces might possibly cause least trouble by applying to them the maxim, *Divide et impera*. The Revolution of 1905 burned and sacked a third of their estates; then the wave of Bolshevism swept over the country with a fury equal to the storm of ten years back; and finally came their beloved German kinsmen, to set them free and once more deliver the country into their hands, or at least divide it with them.

But what a disillusionment, this crumbling of German militarism! And with it, their delivery body and soul into the hands of those they had about equally despised and tormented. Now the people were in the saddle. A complete Socialist government was installed in Reval, giving the country laws and a constitution which had no place for the Baltic barons. Farmer, merchant, or nobleman, there was no room for the German-Balt in the new social order. The day of reckoning had come. As they huddled in dismay and bewilderment in the old hall of knights on the rock above Reval, there were smiles of triumph and scorn on the faces of the laborers and mechanics who were nationalizing all land by law in the Constituent Assembly sitting by right of popular election in the people's hall down below in the city. One by one the estates were being taken over, agents shot or chased away and replaced by government superintendents, and bearers of names great since the days when the Knights of the Sword conquered the lands seven centuries ago were now trembling in fear of the final inevitable disaster.

But the Bolshevik enemy was common to all, and some eight hundred of the German-Balts, most of them noblemen had formed their own battalion under the command of the old Russian guardsman, Colonel de W—. They occupied what was possibly the most exposed portion, facing Pskoff.

Nothing could have savored more of German militarism than the soldiers who now filed past the American. German uniforms, even German helmets, German goose-step, and German words of command. Every sign and semblance of the enemy. And all this despite the fact that it was centuries since their forefathers had left Teuton lands. But their German tongue and their Russian citizenship notwithstanding, they indignantly refused to be taken for anything but German-Balts! Every face was that of one gently born and bred — some pink-and-white countenances, with the low-necked helmet way down over the ears, had still the mischief of the schoolboy. They were living and fighting on sea and on land, on foot and on horseback. Each one had provided his own accoutrements. A couple of hundred of them were riding on anything, from an old farm plug, hardly to be mounted, to a full-blooded racehorse, impossible to keep in the ranks. The former captain of Emperor Nicholas's steam yacht was in command of a thirty-foot tug, while the Master of the Horse was found currying the artillery horses, before the six field-pieces gave their salute in the form of shells sent across to the new Bolshevik lines. Many of the names given, as some exceptionally smart-looking private was pointed out, had been great in the annals of northern history, famous in the early days of Sweden's greatness, in the battles against Tilly and Wallenstein, and the later Scandinavian wars. It was a *corps d'élite*. Most of the privates had, in better days, held commissions in the regiments of their imperial master. Some few of them, despite their German tongue and heritage, detested the Prussian, having through Russian associations and marriage become entirely loyal to the house of Romanoff. But these were a handful. To most of them Berlin was the Mecca. They had

gone to Germany for their schooling and professional training, invested their money in German banks, and staked their all upon a world to be made over under the sway of Prussian militarism.

In the little fishermen's settlement, among the pines and scrub oak skirting the great lake, lay the camp of the German-Balts. The Russian cupola over the modest little church had been crushed in like the oval of an egg. In ruts through the heavy sand planks had been laid, to ease the hauling of the guns.

Some forty sat down to what certainly must have been the most succulent meal they had seen for many a month. With a wastrel's prodigality, they had produced all they had, regardless of the lean days to come — all for the benefit of the visitor who represented the conquerors of the Germans.

Glancing around the table, another type of officer was seen balancing on the back of his chair, laughing and jesting with sparkling eyes and animated gestures, very different from the officer just met at the General Staff Headquarters in Reval or along the Esthonian battle-lines. Here death was mocked at as by the comrades of d'Artagnan. They carried their rifles and rags as gayly as they had danced and gambled in bygone days. The comically ill-fitting tunics were worn with the elegance of smartly fitting uniforms. *Chiens de race!* Hunting the Bolshevik with the same relish as they would the big brown bears; *gueux* of to-day, in every sense of the word; outwitting their adversary at every turn; every officer and private's brain filled with some special scheme of his own, by which the enemy was to be trapped or deprived of some of the guns which had long been worrying them. Every night meant a raid at some point or other believed vulnerable, by a group of close comrades; every day meant some sortie or ambushade by

dare-devil gentlemen. If needs must be, they were as willing to fight for a decade as for a day. Their backs were against the wall, and what did it matter, when another throw of the dice might decide it all? Their castles were demolished or had been appropriated by the state, their women-folk and children had either retreated with the German wave across Mecklenburg and Pomerania, or were genteelly starving to death in some Finnish boarding-house, or, possibly, were huddled together in a couple of rooms on the Domburg above Reval.

German, French, and Russian gibes flew across the deal tables that had been pushed up one beside the other, while the peasant girls of the hamlet were smiled at for their *beaux yeux* as much as for the dishes they passed. Two or three wives were in camp, caring for influenza patients, binding up wounds, washing the dead before burial, mothering the boys — sleeping always with a revolver beside the cot, to end life should a sudden surprise bring them face to face with the beast and his desires. They had the healthy look of hard work, wind, and sunshine. They had said good-bye as completely to this world as nuns who had taken the veil. The officers who led the American to them seemed as ready to kneel as before the images of their saints.

III

Twilight was creeping on, the rushes bending to the late afternoon wind, as the party caught the first lurid reflections in the northern sky and felt faint shocks from the distant shells. As they wound in and out of the marshes, the pink streak first seen turned into a crimson glare and a sky aflame, huge clouds of smoke rolling across the brilliant coloring. Narva must be burning. The lack of all the supplies that go to make war had at last told.

'It was just a question when it would come,' said General T——; 'they have gradually been creeping closer and closer, until I felt certain it would happen as soon as they had the fire-bombs. They surely know of your visit,' he continued with a smile, 'and wished at least to try to hinder any report being forwarded to your government. Just a dozen of the aeroplanes that are rotting in England for lack of sheds, or that you Americans propose shortly to make bonfires of in France; a few engines and a half-dozen armored cars mounted with machine-guns, and food in the men's bellies — that's all we needed to avert this calamity.'

The different quarters of the city which were in flames stood out more clearly as we approached, and the noise and whine of the bursting shells increased.

There were no more festive garlands, for the station was a pile of smouldering bricks. Fifteen thousand people were cowering in cellars, and the horror of those overtaken in their flight was plainly written on the faces of the mangled, disemboweled bodies which were being lifted from streets and sidewalks now that the bombs were coming less frequently. Here and there groups huddled in the deep recesses of the vaulted portals, watching, in fascinated horror, the progress of the flames destroying the last of their earthly possessions. Again, some frantic, screaming mother was being restrained by her neighbors from rushing into a burning ruin in the hope of saving one more child. Thousands were already homeless, and great quantities of the scanty stores and cooking apparatus were gone. Stomachs emptier than ever before would go to bed that evening.

To the American it was an hour of accursed impotence. But there must be help somewhere in the world. So the military telegraph line carrying the

urgent gravity of the situation to the silent chief of the war office in Reval stopped sending reports of the progress of destruction, and sent a cry for assistance. From the General Staff it went to H.M.S. Caledon, from whose mastheads it flashed on to the watching British grayhound way south in Libau, thence to Stockholm and London, and still farther on to the banker who had moved from Wall Street to the Place de la Concorde so as better to dispense the charity of millions of his countrymen.

One car had been hauled out of range by the engine in time to save it sufficiently for use. It had neither heat nor light nor windows nor seats. The covering of all the upholstery had been slit off by some poor wretch who surely needed it more to cover nakedness than did the officers to sit on.

Both generals returned with the American, to see if a united front might not obtain further supplies from a more than willing admiral. Sir W—— C—— had been sending ashore everything, from overcoats and guns and shells to gasoline and oil; but they were like the two little fishes among the multitude, and there was no one to work the miracle of sufficiency.

IV

If anything more was needed than what had been experienced in common during the day to make them feel the warmth and confidence of comradeship, the dark of the car effected it.

'Do you realize,' said the general, 'the influence the United States has acquired throughout the world by compelling Europe to believe her action was entirely disinterested? Do you know that we look to you above all others as the ultimate guarantor of our new-won liberties? We really believe you are actuated by pure idealism, and no selfish afterthought is prompting what you

undertake for us. To us the League of Nations seemed like the message of a second Messiah. Is your great leader so steadfast and courageous that he can stand by it in the face of great pressure from all around him? We all look to America as the promised land. How can you help being our friend, or seeing the tremendous power for good you are capable of proving in this little country of ours? You came into this war to put an end to autocracy. Had you not come, God knows what our fate would have been — probably of the same interest to the Emperor in Berlin as was the Province of Syria to the one in Rome. You can't leave your work half done. You have struck off our shackles, opened the prison doors; you cannot now leave us naked and starving, with a new and even more bloody oppressor than the old close at our heels — how close, you have seen for yourself to-day.'

It was indeed a problem. How were the fields to be tilled which we were passing through? Even if the men could return, there was no seed to sow, no capital on which to begin. Thirty per cent of the small remaining stock of horses was diseased and too weak for work owing to lack of oats or corn. The withering hand of Bolshevism and the thieving grasp of Germany had stripped the land bare. Factories were idle for lack of raw stuffs; the alcohol plants stood still; even the flax was ungathered. Poor ruined Finland could give no more credit. The two regiments of Finnish soldiers of fortune had just embarked, being unable to fight longer without pay. A handful of bank-bills as thick as a pack of cards would not buy a pair of shoes. The currency was absolutely worthless outside the frontiers. Metal coins were unknown, and reprints of earlier issues of postage-stamps were used in payment for smaller amounts of kopeks.

At the recent elections to the Constituent Assembly, the total population of a little over a million was represented by no less than seven different tickets, varying in all shades from the Social Revolutionary and pure Bolshevikistic to the Conservative of the German-Balts. The Socialists were returned in large majority. They intend, first of all, to nationalize the land, for they believe this would prove the panacea for all evils, past and present. The nobles are to disgorge; that is the main point. As to the absorption of the land, or its proper or partial cultivation, that part of the problem has received scanty consideration. Some forty hectares given to every citizen capable of using it would amount to only a third of the area of the great farmlands and forests, and this much its owners, seeing the sword of Damocles above their heads, are willing to part with at pre-war prices. But that will no longer satisfy the Socialists. *All* must be handed over, without a kopek of remuneration. The manor-houses still standing are to be turned into schools. When one asks the Minister of Agriculture who is going to finance it, with the country already far over the brink of economic ruin; where is the farmer's seed to come from and with what is it to be paid for; and a plough and farming implements and fertilizer, and a farmhouse to live in; and a horse and a cow, and a sleigh and a cart — there is no answer: such problems have not been reckoned with.

v

And so we talked or thought throughout the night, until the engine, in the gray fog of the morning, coughed into the Reval station. We had unawares picked up a car loaded with plain deal coffins and carrying soldiers from the front on their last visit home. The comrades who awaited them were play-

ing a strange Russian dirge. There stood wives, sisters, and sweethearts, hiding their red eyes under pinafores thrown back over the head, or behind the festoons of leaves interwoven with tawdry tissue-paper flowers. We uncovered as they passed, at least a dozen of them carrying the unpainted boxes on their shoulders. Entering the city through the old walls with their crenelated towers, the procession in homespun coats wound through the Lange Strasse and the other main thoroughfares, always to the same sad dirge, always played out of tune. The gates they passed through still bore the Cross of Denmark with the three lions rampant. A motley throng of fighting-men made continuous cross currents on streets and sidewalks, meeting in an eddying whirl in front of the Goldene Löwe. Country bumpkins, conscious of their new uniforms, who had never smelt powder, as they had only just been enrolled in Copenhagen; Finns bleary from the debauches of the last nights previous to crossing the Gulf for home; Kossack, Kurd, and Siberian; Swedish officers, recognizable by the three golden crowns on the blue ground of their buttons; British tars rolling or punching their way through the throng; German-Balts in steel helmets; Jägers in green. Half of them had on their arms laughing, screaming girls, with whom they were utterly unable to communicate except by unabashed smack or pinch.

For a moment the human current endeavored to divide and leave passage for a group of officers and civilians trying to pass, the former scarcely distinguishable by any insignia from the ordinary private. Every one of them looked as if he had sprung from the people — fitting leaders of the new citizen republic.

Among them was Leidoner, the commander-in-chief, who had the self-con-

tained, gentle air of a student of theology. He had the entire confidence of the ministry and Constitutional Assembly, and was even trusted by the various unruly divisions holding the fronts. Though an Esthonian by birth and sympathies, he had belonged to the old imperial army and wore the ugly maroon-gray trousers tucked into high Russian boots. Despite all modern radicalism and separatism, he still carried with pride the double-eagled insignia of the Imperial Military Academy on his breast. The deep-set dark eyes in the pale, sensitive student's face burned with feeling as he talked of the army's needs and hopes with K—, a captain of the old imperial navy; still Imperialist and Russian, heart and soul, wearing unchanged the uniform of his old master, directing in the separate Russian staff building the group of old naval officers now coöperating with the new-baked Esthonian navy.

Its chief, 'the Gross-Admiral,' as he was jokingly referred to, stood beside

him. Prior to the great upheaval, he ran a tug-boat when business was to be had, otherwise turned to any profitable trade that presented itself and did not seem too palpably dishonest. He was rigged out in an old Russian naval uniform, and as there was only half enough gold lace on hand to make the requisite number of stripes for the sleeve of the commander-in-chief of a navy, he had met the emergency by merely running the stripes around the upper, visible side of the arm. As admiral he had proved himself brave to the point of recklessness. He was willing to stick his own head into the Bolshevik noose upon the slightest suggestion, and had the confidence of the British admiral. They passed through on their way to the old gubernatorial palace upon the Dom-burg. No notice was taken on either side of the absence of any salute.

Thus the stream flowed incessantly, just as thick during the entire night as during the day. Esthonia was at war, and Reval did not sleep.

THE CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB

WORDS THAT SING TO YOUR POCKETBOOK

I MAKE my living with words — none of your literary gentlemen turning out odes to Olympus, problem-plays, magazines stories where the innocent heroine commits indiscretions indiscreet enough to titillate the most fastidiously exclusive readers — nothing so fine as that! I make my living weaving words into a song to serenade your pocket-book.

There are hundreds of us golden troubadours, and our music comes to you from every side. 'Dawn-glow Silks have hues like the twilight'; 'Buy an Hour-glass Clock and your time will be as faithful as the Tides of the Ocean'; 'Breakfast without Wine-rich Coffee is a disappointment'; 'Sunlight — the soap that could wash away the sins of the world.'

You sit there after supper reading your newspaper or the latest issue of your magazine. You are interested in

the ridiculous new schemes of 'the best mayor our town ever had,' 'the railroad strikers' demands,' or 'the last revolution in Russia.' It makes no difference to you that Golden Glow Tea is waiting on the shelves of the nearest grocer to be bought. But something has happened! A few weeks ago Mr. Bouncing, owner of the Golden Glow Tea Company, decided that it should make a difference. He has determined that you are to prefer it to every other drink; and so he hires me — yes, sometimes a little of the money that he pays finds its way down to me — to tell you how delicious, how fragrant, how utterly irresistible is Golden Glow Tea.

What is tea, anyway — ugly, shriveled, dried leaves which color hot water a yellowish brown, which make it taste unpleasant and keep you awake, unless you are used to drinking them! You don't sell a man an auger, you sell him the hole. My problem is not to sell you tea. That would be difficult, indeed. I've got to sell you that magic spell which is brewed nowhere else but in a teapot; I've got to make you think of that spell as a part of Golden Glow Tea.

So I sit at my desk trying to recall all the delightful associations I ever had with tea. I draw in my breath and bring back to my nostrils ghostly odors of the fragrance of bygone tea-parties. There's a certain cosy fire, a green tea-set, and the snow falling heavily outside; a cold tramp, that ended with red cheeks — and a steaming cup of tea. There steals the memory of a woman sitting in a tall chair like a duchess, behind the richness of the silver pot and shining cups. Oh, there are a thousand such memories! Breakfasts, splendid sunset times, and midnight madnesses. Tea — the very thought of it begins to drug me with its enchantments, with its fragrance. Haunting pictures of Japan-

ese hillsides, and sunshine, and blue skies are winnowed back and forth by soft winds.

And so I grip my pencil and begin to weave the echoes of my memories into a song of tea. By and by, if I'm lucky and have sweated hard enough, I have written a piece of copy that reflects the witchery of my memories, that sings out to you to stop reading about the President, and stocks, and German perfidy, and take a moment to hear how tempting Golden Glow Tea is, to realize what you are missing until you have some yourself.

Or it may not be tea that Mr. Bouncing sells. It may be just something like a steel monkey-wrench. Then my mind feels the thunder of the mighty hammers, pulses with the roar of industry, and sees the 'Niagaras of hot sparks' leaping from the burning steel. I spend three days talking with smudged-faced mechanics about round-shouldered nuts, brittle edges, and barked knuckles; and instead of a delicate legend of tea, a chorus of endurance, strength, accuracy, tough steel, and service rings out from the page. I can't choose my subject, you know — and I've got to make my song echo all the way down to your pocketbook, or it's no good.

I don't waste my time getting a preponderous mass of reasons, making lucid arguments flawless. Not if I am wise. There may be a hundred reasons, but a beautiful syllogism never pushes your hand into your pocket. I've got to break down that solid wall of inertia which surrounds us all, so I grasp a far more potent weapon than pure logic. When I write my song, I strive to use a power that has moved the world since its beginning — the language of the poets.

Someone has said that writers of advertisements are the poets who have failed. Perhaps, from the advertisements you have read, you are inclined to

think them the poets who never were. A real poet once said to me that they were the poets who had succeeded. However, be that as it may, young as the advertising profession is, the experts at it have learned the power that lies in poetry to make us act, and it is toward poetry that the advertising of the future and the best advertising of to-day is tending.

Of course, at first you will disagree with me. You will quote advertisements which are mere execrable blots on human consciousness. You will feel offended that poetry should be linked up to turn the Wheels of Trade. Gentle reader, there is a power in poetry; and cunning Trade — like a seductive mistress — uses whatever she may to further her ends. Has she not gone into the hidden depths of the mountain? Has she not shackled the lightning, and wrested homage from the very breath of the winds? Do you think she will ignore the flame that burns in the human heart?

Somehow in poetry, as nowhere else, there flows along, side by side with words skillfully used, a current that carries us beyond the intrinsic value of the sense. Where there is poetry, we don't need elaborate reasons. A little poem can say more than volumes. A little poem can wind itself about our hearts. Shelley says, 'The poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' To move a people to morality were indeed a great task; but if poetry can do that, how much simpler to use it to persuade a man that for a dollar he can have hours of pleasure and thrills with Mr. Swashbuckle's latest novel, that he can sleep until the last minute and always be sure of waking up with a FUGIT alarm-clock!

Amy Lowell has said that words are sword-blades and poppy-seeds. You can cut, or you can drug with them. Personally, I have a pleasant habit of

falling in love with words. Not long ago, for a whole morning I was thrilled with the sonorous tragedy of the word 'plangent.' I remember a child once who was completely fascinated by 'murmuring.' She went around the house repeating it over and over. A Broadway producer told me that the reason Granville Barker dressed the fairies in his production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in gold and gilded them, was because 'golden' is the most beautiful word in the English language. Think of the joy of reading Keats — the words he uses, somehow, seem to sparkle and glisten like jewels in moonlight, half shedding the very hues of the rainbow. And long after we have laid him down, long after we have let the sense slip away, the glowing still remains.

And there, gentle reader, you have the secret of the most intelligent advertising. It glows in your memory long after you have forgotten the sense, long after you have forgotten that you ever read an advertisement. If it was touched with poetic fire, somewhere in your memory glows a phrase, a word — or perhaps the mere atmosphere of some emotion that comes floating back at the recollection of a name. So you instinctively associate the idea of elegance and luxury with this automobile; the idea of purity with that soap. An automobile is no longer a collection of steel and rubber that moves enveloped in a cloud of unpleasant smells. Soap is not just a pungent mixture of oils. Your imagination has touched them. They become like a country lane glorified by sunset, or a bit of water that mirrors the sky, or a necklace that once adorned the throat of Francesca Da Rimini. A spell has settled over them.

By this time you are thinking, 'All that you say is very good in theory, but for the life of me I can't think of a single case.'

Very well, gentle reader, here is the first one that comes into my mind:—

A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

What a monument of argument! What a poetic figure! Could anything be more delicately alluring! The phrase sings itself into your memory. It even scans.

Here is a passage from an advertisement which has run in dozens of current magazines. Where in all literature will you find more magnificent cadence or a greater atmosphere of loftiness?

HE WALKED WITH KINGS

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in Hebrew, in Hungarian, in Polish, in French, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

These are but two. There are hundreds of examples calling to you from every side.

As for the crass, dull advertisements—of course, they predominate. Probably they always will! It may console your æsthetic sense to know that, as a rule, they are not so profitable as the others.

I am not defending the use of poetry in advertising. I am not extolling advertising. The short of it is, good advertising makes the public buy, and most good advertising has a touch of poetry. Many a starving Chatterton to-day is making a comfortable living. Artists are no longer penniless, but grow opulent decorating the advertising pages of magazines. While this is not artistically ideal, it is humanly more comfortable for men of doubtful muses.

But that is a personal matter. All about us Trade has usurped the cloak of Euterpe. 'Tis a strange and potent camouflage, and one which those who love the muse and her eight sisters must find a striking aspect of the age, and interesting enough to be observed. And as for observing it, surely that is easy, for impudent Trade has slipped right in between the pages of this book—nay, whether you will or not, she has crept into your Holy of Holies. Who, then, may deny her entrance?

THOSE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG FRENCH LADIES

I suppose it was all my fault. I had got to know her quite well, and we were sitting on the grass looking across the harbor toward Roscanvel. The circumstances somehow emboldened me to quote some lines from du Bellay, whom I had been reading. They contained a reference to strawberries, and we had just had strawberries for lunch, so there may have been a gastronomic as well as an æsthetic element in the suggestion. Or perhaps I had a vague desire to distinguish myself from cowboys, with whom I sometimes suspected her of associating me. She was very young, and such methods were excusable. Anyhow, the effect was *nil*. She finished the quotation, and proceeded to remark that du Bellay had more or less stolen it from Propertius.

This really interested me—not the Propertius, but the young lady.

'Oh, yes,' said I; 'and where did you read Propertius?'

'At school,' she answered; 'but I really read this particular bit in an Italian translation.'

An Italian translation of Propertius! I made a mental note never again to lay any claim to 'culture,' but felt very curious as to how many other things this young lady knew.

'Did you learn Italian at school also?' I asked.

'Oh, no, I have always known Italian,' she said, in a tone of voice that I might have used if asked whether I could read and write.

'What else did you learn at school, then?' I pursued.

'Oh, we worked very hard,' she said, 'and were supposed to learn history, French literature, Latin and Greek, mathematics, and philosophy, and then, of course, music and a little painting. But I never learned more than spherical trigonometry in mathematics — I do not care for the subject.'

I tried to look as if dropping mathematics at that point were an unpardonable crime. She continued, —

'Of course, I left the Lycée before finishing, to go to England with my father. So I know very little. For instance, I can speak French, of course, and English and Italian and German, but my Spanish is really very poor, and I have an awful time with Greek.'

'Mercy!' I exclaimed, 'how awkward if you were left alone in northern China!'

And then I was sorry I said it, because she was obviously hurt, and suspected me of thinking she was 'showing off.' But I knew she was not. She was very young, I repeat, and I knew her quite well — we had discussed the future of Christianity in France. Anyone who had maintained that she was deliberately trying to impress me with her education would have been unworthy of the honor of knowing her at all.

Now, I don't know enough about France to say whether my companion was far above the average or not. But I knew another girl, thirteen years old, who had just finished what I considered a fine copy of the Mona Lisa, and who accompanied Paris singers on the piano. Furthermore, I found that most French girls whom I met held most decided and intelligent political opinions. They could dissect the black heart of M. Malvy, and estimate the Socialist strength in various parts of the country.

God forbid that I should pretend to understand French girls, American girls, or any other girls! But I am not alone in my ignorance; many other Americans must have been struck by certain differences between their friends at home and their friends in France. Most of these returning Americans would shudder, as I do, at a discussion of 'The Higher Education of Women,' or any other phrase that suggests 'a series of lectures at one dollar for each lecture or five dollars for the entire course.' But won't they feel vaguely that it would be nice to discuss Hearst, or La Follette, or Alfred Noyes, or Robert W. Chambers, with women as well as with men? Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't. Perhaps they will thank God for the manifold blessings He has bestowed on the American girl, and forget those He has not. I did not meet any French girls who knew anything about baseball or who could use a typewriter. But then, I have no intention of trying to become a sporting editor.

